

THE IRAD

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Irada - the Native-Amazonian ancestors of the Africans, in other words the pre-atlantic and pre-dorgic Amazonian, matriarchal and matrilineal Africa, also in the Betelgeuse core of Orion. History is a parallel universe still living on. Africa is a parallel energy, as is Irada, its roots.

WITI
OAN
OAN II
OAN III

UITGAVE CENTRUM TER ONDERZOEK VAN DE AMAZONE BIJBEL
COAB

WITI

1.

Still searching to go down under, wearing the scars as badges on their uniform, the wounds still not healed can be seen through their suits, for everything is transparent, and still they don't know where they are exactly heading for ... But they just head for it ... They are always on a journey, walking with their flutes. They are the mysterious pipers, attracting the doves from their roofs ... They know the sensitive spots, they still throw stones in them, watching the waves [he's a drummer-boy]. They are forever young, but their clothes are getting older Even their shadows are liquid gold, their rags are silver, and their boots They have the keys of the old books. They are turning the pages of creation, when they shut a book, someone dies or someone gets born ... a shop closes or gets open Still riding on horses too high for them but they always fall soft ... On these bridges they sit and fish ...

The French Schoolbook : These boys ... They are free in their prisons ... selling their churches to old lions, selling their little gods to another gameshop ... they will be the balls of new games ... rolling by blasphemy ... But white boots is swimming beside me this is a long river it's like the Mississippi We are almost on top of the hill where a little man, a dwarve is writing a book ... "where is it going to ?" i ask She sais the book is but a card ... it was a sort of joker in the middle of a dwarve's tearoom when you hear their voices, the wounds on your hands become chocolate, your streaming blood becomes glue and leads me through the traffic bringing me into an attic of toys there he closes the door they look like me they show me their scars they even challenge me but hey, we are wild wasps, we are wild boys they used to cut in themselves, and they talk about suicide a lot i'm in a mental institution ... white boots is staring at me i'm embracing white boots and fall asleep i'm dreaming about so many screaming books in my soul [these are all cards ... tarot-cards] and while i'm walking these paths of books they all become silent white boots is soothing them into sleep there's a little flame in my stomache again spreading a little light through my body

Full of tricks and secret obsessions making a living on the ceilings Pictures drawn by the trauma, A boy having sharp arrows on his back, An autistic boy ... Hunting the deer ... He heard your scream of the black past ... He's weaving new languages on your face ... Your senses were tricked so deeply but now he takes you out of the illusion ... From the pencil of thick trauma ... Dripping from wasp-tv ... Still an autistic boy's transmission ... Too shy to repeat ... Too much confidence Too much pride ... Too much fear ... dripping from wasp-tv I met a boy beyond or under france ... he said the goal sanctifies the tools, the motivations sanctify and purify the feelings and the thoughts ... your visions and your screens. He was sharpening his knives ... He was spinning his cigarettes ... He was noisy and loud ... He was like a rose A bleeding one ... So cold, so sanctified ... his blue frozen roses ... bleeding in the night ... So hot, his eyes ... bleeding in the desert ... The prince flew to Arabia ... where all his dreams started ... These are the seasons of love It's all whipped into a circle ... I will not cry anymore about a lost toy ... but staring at all the toys which hold me tight ... for you are growing there inside ... These are the seasons of love ... all whipped into a mill ... It's just another one's sunday rising there ... These are the seasons of love ... spinning a fairytale from upstairs to downstairs I will not believe someone can destroy the beauty of God ... I will not believe we will be put ashamed when we trust in a god Of Old books Yes, you like that old rocking chair ... I know you do ... but you forgot

about the table and the rising milk I know you forgot about many more things too ... It's all written in that old clock of yours ... I am opening my shadows To find a gateway to escape behind an old curtain ... old curtains speak ...

2.

I'm losing the feather, on a stream ... I'm sitting to watch it tightly trying to remember it's shapes and it's strategies ..Then I see myself painting ... the feather ... more beautiful than he was before ... He's now ... deeper in my heart ... I'm counting the feathers on my conscience so bright ... I'm counting the feathers ... On my name's brigade ... I'm spinning the ornament ... it's growing so tall on my skin ... It's like the divine tattoo I'm counting the feathers on my conscience so bright ... I'm counting the feathers ... On my name's brigade ...I'm not missing one of them ... for they are all so interlocked ... and glued by a russian ornament ... I'm shining ... with my feathers so bright ... in a pride you never had ... Baker's Tree Boy has the trousers, when he's in the land there are no aldebaran birds allowed ... he's the bird from the big tree ... all breaths from the big complaint get shut ... Complaints are fatal ... he always says ... their breaths are lethal ... we always have to breath through his box ... some little stupid flutes ... making the birds laugh ... When baker's tree boy is in the city ... in an atmosphere of serene ice ... like a dragonfly soaring ... with a thousand nipples on it's face ... all behind cartoon and comic ... an autistic world, a traumatic beauty, standing tall like the million-armed clock ... swelling up like an eye ... in a rose .. like a jewel in the night bragging into the faces of unknown threats ...

3.

Anubis Book of Lies ; See You Later Boy ; Waterlights heading for the broadcast-lady from cartoon ...She's a duck from arcturus ...Her automatons all in a circleBig Orange Balls opening ... all with the waterbuttons ... They're shooting tall lullabies in the air,to bring the children home ...The tv-screens are wet, and glues are streaming through the rooms ... She's taking her children back ... We're all home again, riding in a black jeep ... telling me it was your mother ... see you later boy ... an owls spider is coming to me ... i'm smoking fast like parrot's smile, see you later boy, see you later, big big smile .. heading for the broadcast lady to bring the children back heading for the orange ball the dwarf the ornament bringing them all back. Waterlights coming from the waterlights, waterlights heading for the waterlights still fireworks in the air. Clowns are my answering machines now, dwarves are my doorbells ... leprechauns, my friends the tables... the whistling kettles ... There's someone standing before my door, with three purple pale roses in his hands ... he knows what will happen if he will push the bells ... then the waterlights will spout ... these leprechauns ... these tables ... these soft whistling kettles ... He's weaving new languages on your face ... Your senses were tricked so deeply but now he takes you out of the illusion ... their laughs cannot reach you anymore ...traumatic picturestraumatic language ... Thistle sea ... Coming alive again ... There's growing a plant in me .. pleasure so close to pain ... health so close to sickness ... carrying the flag wounds so close to the shields ... It's a beautiful picture ... a two-faced Jesus on a cross ...two-bodied ... heaven so close to hell it's all glowing red it's burning in the sun ... darkness so close to light he's a naked man ... but it's so close to covered ... covered by the face of the moon .. torn trousers ... shattered boots ... like the red hulk is rising again it's so close to the picture like the pink tattoo and i'm feeling warm again ... see you later boy ... so much work to do ... not wanting to let me go ... he's so mad at me ... for someone took the brake away i'm riding straight to the abyss ... to a natureless heaven ... where everyone forces everyone ... where there is no time to breath ... Riding crying people, crying people, riding and crying ... while i'm dying ... i'm riding straight to the abyss ... to my riding crying people ... raging at me ... you're just a victim from a war in the air ... a pawn in the gamethey don't want to know who you arethey just want to use you in their game ... you're just an object in their eyes just enjoy the splits ..for they are so close to the connections enjoy the mosaics of the old churches ... the tall windows ... for the magic's there ... to a deeper breath and the watering waterfall ... to a deeper health ... death so

close to life ...

4.

I'm diving in the Black Pond, looking for some marbles from the past. I lost them in a dream of races. Still there are six horses easing my mind. ... Capricorn's gift An old man called Moses is bleeding thunder and lightning. I wonder where this train is going to. People always said they couldn't solve my riddles, but this time I have a very easy one. Will the riddle bring you from this point to a point over the Big Mountain ? To let you enter the Big Clock ? My riddles are horses, wild horses, and they are really able to go as fast as my daddy's car Yes, they still bring me to gardens of roses behind nuclear threats The queen of riddles wears a red shawl, but the rainbow is in it. Why is it that I always return to the rainbow ? It's deep in every colour. A hidden secret. Now I know my riddles, but there are still some I don't understand. I put them in a special corner of my room. They are like roaring lions, and some stand there like purple horses ... A very strange company. If you ask me, these guys can still bring me over the river. But they scare me like hell. Is it the lion's tea, or something worse ? I cannot be comforted ... I love my riddles. I got them from the queen. She said put them in a little box like cigars. So I did, and brought the box to that special corner of my room. I put it on a cupboard ... But sometimes they come out of the box to show their faces. And then it's like a zebra is sliding over my room. Do I like that zebra ? Yes, I really do ... but does he like me, that's the big question. His stripes switch my feelings, and it can really confuse me at times ... These are still the riddles I don't understand. They love me like no one does, or they hate me like hell ... They are no usual figures or moods. They are extreme, and I still have to find out where they live. And still you are calling your riddles poetry. Still you say it's the lion's tea. Well, this land is big. The stairways are tall ... Where am I, at the begin or the end ? And Someone's blocking my throat. Someone's eating my words away. It's the black christmas-tree, coming from the north. I wonder if he's my friend or not ... There he brings me to his little house, smashing me on the table ... He never hurted me I never felt anything This black knight His face is covered masked like the red zorro he still wears a rainbow inside And his zebra is smiling Hey, there you are again little zebra-boy Eh....since when am I a zebra It's black christmas dolls are wandering through his forest They look angry They wear big knives They are looking for someone These dolls come from the south The land of the sun They are looking for me ? No, not that they are angry at me They are angry at that black christmas-tree which took me away ... The dolls now want to cut the tree to serve in their christmas-restaurants They like his little lights rainbow's lights Now, but this guy never ever hurted me I never felt anything He smashed me on the table like I was a doll well, maybe I am There the dolls knock on his doors We come to ask our child back, and we want to use you as our christmas-slave Come out ! The red zebra opens the door Eh no way, hunnies It's time the child is here It's not your time yet Kalibra Bazina Look at your watches When it's twelve o'clock you will have your child back No ! The dolls say he needs to come home now I'm sorry, the zebra says and shuts the door See you later boy. There I faint again, and someone else takes me to his house not a doll, not a zebra I wonder what will happen now Is this the curse of a confused clock ? Am I a slave of a watch ? It brings me from place to place They don't believe in each other Is there something they are hiding ? What is this for a circus Or is this a cursed roundabout ? I'm looking in the eye of a white fir a fairground-fir, with roundabout-eyes They are beautiful and shining like the rainbow How is that ? My voice is getting higher and softer, like I'm struck by candy Well, is this another trick of my watch ? Who knows Eh, the fir says you love the riddles too much and they love you It is not what it seems It will never be what it seems For these are just reflections, bringing you from place to place Misunderstanding from the Lion's Tea Ten firs in a row A toy-fir is caressing my hair It's a little spruce-fir a green one He has a nuclear-camera in his hands I'm scared What do you do with that thing ? I'm making toys with this ... he says When I have enough pictures of something, I throw it in my kettle to make a toy of it There a little yellow fir steps forward ... he has a big smile he's the

game-fir, the green one says ... when he has enough toys, he can make the game it's all in his kettle There he takes off his yellow hat and puts it on my head A little blue fir is caressing my hands He tries to sooth my fears, but it roars like a million lions I'm still so scared He looks into my eyes and sais : No one knows me, and I don't know anyone All I know is that I created them When I have enough games I make candy of themHis face is shining and switching between many shades and shapes I can't follow them It's like the maze but it attracts me to find it out It's like a magnetI'm the funpark-fir ... the dream-fir Your power to move to travel I always take you away with my carriageThe colors make me so dizzy, and they are changing before my eyes I get so lost with all these colors and shapesTen firs, ten dreams, ten noah's on a horse but they were all the same I'm staring into one little fir's eyes A rainbow-fir "You drank too much," he sais that's why you saw ten firs ... instead of oneWhat did I drink ... I ask oh god, not the lion's tea again Yep, he sais the Lion's Tea again When one person comes to you, you see ten or even a thousand or a million It's all in the tea Well, have a nice day too, I say but I'm going to go ...for this gets too much Can I trust anyone in this realm of the Big Tea, or must I say : "Majesty" ? You see the whole world with all it's things he sais but it's only one thing You drank too much Did you like the trip ? No, get it out of me, I roar Well, the fir sais ... you finally can roar, you are one of us now There I go, crying like Alice sitting in another ark, escaping another flood how long will this take The fir is the captain on the ship I bet he was also Alice I'm everything, he sais Yeah, I sigh He's watching through his telescope Now he looks like a pirate This sea is full of swimming lions but it's all him They roar, but it's him Maybe he's the wizard of the lion's tea A lot of roaring in one glass of water But this guy is nice and sweet so I will give him a chance the last one or I will go to sleep and cry myself through the night What a horrible nightmare I am in Or is it just the present-paper of a beautiful dream I'm heading for America, for another egg of Columbus The little fir is soothing me : "It was all me ... just me ... shhh ... it's ok ..." he speaks quietly He's chewing nuclear candy I feel myself like Noah what do I have to do with the ship ? It's raining lions now I'm walking inside the ship playing some games with the little fir games from the Big Rainbow Cuyornaida Corset ... but the rainbow-version the good version I'm feeling like Pinocchio feeling the juices of his tree flowing through my body It was a fir A christmas fir It reaches for There I'm sliding into sleep It got too much But the little fir is staying by my side I'm sliding through a thousand of lion-holes In full speed What a little tea can do

5.

Dreaming, dreaming, dreaming, There he cycles on his fairy's bike ...Dreaming, dreaming, dreaming,There he cycles to the graveThere he lost his mother,There he lost his red barretThere he dances and swings with his bulletsFor he lost his dogsAnd he lost his blue corsetsFor he lost his cocks, and he lost his big brown hat ...There he cycles, in his little blue rollerskate ... There he dreams and he's on his way to you ... I never saw him again, that little gamble man and neither that strange wizard It all happened very long ago And it's still very clear in my mind I'm not really looking for it But in a sense it was all very interestingLike there are things worse than itI mean : It was like heaven and hell at the same timeAnd it's like I feel the red path burning under my feetFar away, but closeI can't describe itIt still feels strange butSometimes I think maybe it was all true My stephdad is a wonderful man He can always bring my heart at easeHe tells me he has a present for meHe had waited for the right momentIt was a present from my real fatherWhen the storm was after their boatMy father told his friend, my present stepfather, if he wouldn't survive, to give his coming child, me, this present when it would be an adult it was a golden cigar-lighter, with a golden lion, a golden tiger, rat and other animals on it It was beautiful It has been on my father's boat for many many yearsThen my stepmom tells me she has also a present for me, from my real mom ... She sais when my real mom was dying in the hospital, she said : give this present to my son when he's grown-up ... it was a beautiful ornament,

like in my dream I would hang it in my roomIt's snowing outside I'm so happy with my stepmom and stepdad And this all is bringing me closer to my real mom and dad It's all very emotional for me But I desire to know more about it I wished I would know my real mom and dad, for I was too young to realize, and my dad even died before I was born His last words ? See you later boy ...

Banks of Jericho ; The Banks of History, Silver Cigars, wonder rocket ; All in line they stand, while hitler has the red stripe around his arm ... They move ... it is a strange band ... The ballerina bends ... By all these tsars falling, I'm breathing ... Is it cold in your worldwar I ... I can sell vanilla cakes ... some flames behind thick glass ... so that you can dream ... Blue zebra hides the lilyqueen ... she's moving like the octopus ... like fishes in the sky ... it's coming closer now ... on silver cigars ... These are the bones of Pharaoh ... taking flight in october skies ... These red stripes around the arms of commanders ... coming to me in my darkest nights ... They had to rise and fall, so that I could move ... I am a toysoldier after all ... nothing but a strange ballerina ... on silver cupboards I dance ... like silver mice I stand ... one hand stretched out to the cake ... while it breaks ... and I can dream ... Vanilla cakes ... flames behind thick glass and iron ... we're dying in the cold ... but the dreams bring us away ... to a place of silver cigars ... We weren't allowed to forget history ... There are the flames in hearts ... From there the secret's running ... In time ... It's all so frozen ... They're still in slow motion ... Like the hitchhiker ... I'm bending my fingers ... to the cars of history ... to the sweeter destiny ... Why am I so angry ... It's a silver key hunting after me ... tearing me down ... These silver lights they come like lightening on my knee ... It lets me bend everything ... There's power to walk ... and let them all talk ... There are silver statues in my mind, while hitler has a white stripe around his arms ... And now it disappears and the picture fades away ... There are wet silver lights in my head ... blinding me ... taking the kings out of me ... to let them fall once again ... deeper into my heart, like silver arrows ... letting me breath ... It's strange ... it's all on moviescreens ... and I'm not a baby anymore ... I'm grown up, every movement it's goal ... I'm aware, I am a robot ... silver cigars are my bones ... It's blinding me ... taking me to other shores ... The paths of history I must go ... like a rocket into the sand ... so that everything will bend ... There's silver water on a plate ... and everything is dying in my hand ... It's like worldwar II ... The spears of Jesus coming through ... I must know their numbers ... Timemachines don't exist ... only stockmachines ... It's clicking like silver chains ... making me move like the iron ballerina ... No one will take me down again, only history will do ... I have silver chocolate on a dish ... these soldiers are so frozen ... but by the strike of silver licorice ... their eyes will fall down ...

6.

Wodka ; Cannot go, I'm mother's station, cannot go, I'm mother's hide ... Indian books fall down ... warbottles make me swallow ... it's carnival ... nothing hurts anymore ... for history took them all away ... Cannot go, I'm mother's secret, chains are bending when I speak ... It's like the clicks of silver ... and the tapping shoes of wondermaking ... Cannot go, I'm mother's secret ... cannot go, I'm mother's secret ...Finding the right words to breath ... Wonderland is on ... History made me taller, birds of pharaoh have nests in my spine ... While I am sinking deeper ... reaching for my legs ... They're so tall, they do not touch the ground ... like the silver horses standing proud I'm all in darkness birds bend their heads ... They do understand ... while songbird saves me from the threat ... still a redbreast from aldebaran, while stockmachines sting merciless to make the deals ... for more silver bones to come through I'm a warmachine ... showing the sides of a coin ... Silver chocolatemilk in a bottle ... streaming through the games of rats ... streaming through the frozen soldiers ... until the licoricesyrop lets them fall ... They all must go to bed ... while in the morning they will be pirates ... on a silver pirateship ... hearts are bending ... hearts are talking about the chip ... Pinocchio's letters from the inside ... These coins from history ... for the aldebaran automatons ancient machinery Now spread your wings, my bird, and fly ... bend your heads ... like silver pictures ... make them understand ... make them understand ... Why do you want to drown in wodka ... Take whiskey instead ... There are wonderlands on the coins ... and wonderlands on the bills ... bred by stockmachines ... no automatons Fly to make them

understand ... It is hitler in wonderland let us all bow our heads and try to escape ... Where's the mango ... making our heads do the tango ... Where's the spread making us all so mad ... There's a war of fruits in my head ... There's steamy beer on the cake ... It doesn't want to go to school today ... The paradox caresses his face ... There's steamy wine making flights ... crashing down before the walls of yesterday ... but ancient marks will bring him through ... Silver wonderland where are you going ... Silver rabbits and silver alices ... where's the end of it ... Is it there in hitler's mouth ? Oh, tell me where he had his favors ... Tell me where he lost his dice I must continue through these doors ... not captivating one of them ... There's a silver zebra roaring in the skies ... like a rocket aimed at the banks of history ...

7.

Finally Whiskey ; I'm escaping through open mouths, having tongues as parachutes ... These feathers are more dangerous than the bird's beak ... That's why I had to sit in jail for so long of my life ... to prepare me to this fight ... I'm just a whiskey-gadiator ... but finally the emperor's son ... With crowns on every finger ... silver crowns ... I don't need the gold ... Crowns of liberty, says the frog ... while I'm still dying in a glass of water ... silver water ... I allowed myself to be neutral while walking the path of history ... for only the paradox was a path for me ... there ... I didn't allow myself to do symmetric predictions again, for the assymetry brought me to the well of history ... and it was full of whiskey ... There's silver water making me drunk ... There are silver dreams before my eyes when I touch one of them, they all fall and fly away ... and I fly after them ... for they want me to know where they came from ... these silver birds There are silver dragons on the shores ... with warbottles in their hands ... full of steamy silver waters ... and lots of whiskey under their commands ... The strike of July brings them to June, where they finally can sleep ... and tune in to another station ... robbing another bank ... While trompets are very loud and low today ... with silver lights like lightening ... Silver mice are in a row ... preparing the machinery for the next flow ... all these silver cigars are dying ... to wake up into another day ... They have pretty faces ... they have funny speeches ... like the latest cartoons ... Mickey Mouse is waiting for the bus today ... going to Germany and then to Russia ... to do the first worldwar again ... It was just a strange dance in your mother's diary ... Mickey Mouse and his wicked ballerina's ... He just drank too much whiskey ... hitting the hard day ...someone had to break the shell ... and now these animals can run .. knowing there's a new story to tell ... Break the bottles open ... and do the second worldwar again ... These soldiers are all frozen ... When the licorice strikes, they will all fall ... turning into pirates ... with flowers blooming in their hearts ... It's the rythm of silver There's no big escape from this all ... but only by repeating it, it will finally fall ... To bed, that is the only travel ... when daylights fall ... to dream the silver dream ... In autumn the houses are tall ... and then hitler's just a painting ... but it moves, and that is the strangest thing of all ... Hitler's carnival ... marching with twentythousand mice ... What a picture in the snow ... it moves ... it glows and it grows ... tomorrow the flowers will bloom ... and what will we do then ... There's a silver zebra in the sky ... peeing on the banks of history ... ready for the major attack ... a crown of history ... a silver one, that's for sure ... don't need the gold, just drink the whiskey ... Zebra's in the sky ... the wars come down to Dorothee ... just patients for the docter of oz ... mates to travel with ... all these wars, our mixed-up hearts ... all the cruelty so overrated ... there's something down there coming through ... it kills for it needs the life taken away from it ... it needs to breath ... cruelty so overrated ... nothing but a war of fruits ... the baker wants expensive juice ... to have a present when the wizard comes ... these wars just making a chair free for the next one ... they must make the trees pretty ... they are the keys of lion's cages ... and other animals ...

8.

Grandfather's Wartrauma ; The Hours of Friday. It's good to wrestle with these snakes don't let them be taken away They will go by themselves ... They will go by themselves They were just ... calendergirls gone at the end of the page Dragonswan, they come from the silver, spreading their thick fires in blue, the hours of Friday. I don't know them, they seem to be dragons, silver ones, spouting the big blue Have you ever seen their graces ... on a stockmarket they

live ... all these spears of Jesus ... making the candy thick ... Glory from the house of green days ... Glory from the seas with no name ... Glory from the house of friday, spending it's hours, to raise the silver heart ... This heart of you and me They come from the silver, spreading their fires into the air ... These dragonswans, they spit the fire, every friday they are there, but sometimes they rise high in thursday, sometimes they sow spring in tuesday sometimes they all march in June, when father opens the books of old london ... England in the nineteenth century, England in the first part of the twentieth ... In august she took flight ... On summerdays she spreads her kings of blue Red England, Red China breaking all these vietnam wars in the kettle of Japan ... Red England, Red Saigon, you know this silver leather hides so much fun ... Bring them to your knees, these silver taxmachines, and let the stockmachines roar to keep the scarabs on your heart ... And silver juices breaking you and me, it's floating from our knees, kidnapped by a spider coming free. Silver juices break us, we're running through the streets, while one of them, he has a gun ... Shooting until we are free Like the rabbit's roar like strange venom in the mouth ... and deep inside we're fighting against the snakes History doesn't exist it's all happening today The hours of friday knocking on my kitchendoor the hours of friday, like centaurs and dragons, walking to the first floor ... like silver stockmachines they breed the heart of hearts between you and me ... we're finally free Silver oils from strange cabins The hours of friday standing here like soldiers of history of horizons like green days between you and me While England is bowing to the years of 1800 ... The last part broke them free ... And those years in Amerika when all the silver banks raised from the ground, you were so proud, and all these demonic taxmachines, they're hiding in the stream Silver years, of the century ... like the hours of friday ... we're never really free These years still aren't over They're still living in our weeks ... marching between you and me

9.

Hitler, Hours of Friday, speak to me ... I want to know all about your history Your nothing like a historybook silver pages ... hours of Friday trying to get over it There are silver cigars in a strange machine Hours of friday, speak to me You still let me fight against the snakes you fear or is it a spider with so many arms playing that song of history again ... It's living in our weeks Bring on the dancing horses, bring on the desert's seas ... that what is between you and me ... Bring on the red pillars ... orange in the skies ... bring them back to me ... open the line of horizon, for what is behind is somehow also speeding here ... We cannot see a glimpse ...Hours of Friday, grandmother's grief ... these dragonletters between you and me Hours of friday ... the silver between the banks and shops, and all these tax-offices spinning the strange stocks these spears of Jesus coming near ... Hitler had them, like needles in his eyes ... Where is the silver man, where is the silver Peter Pan ... These trees are so thick and high ... I cannot see their tops ... It makes me cry ...Hours of Friday, Hitler's sundays ... weapons of worldwar Two ... spread over the week ... who is going to fall today ... who is going to jail ... I'm fighting against a silver shark ... fighting it the whole day It looks like it will never stop ... It looks like eternal damnation ... These hours of Friday, when will they stop ... They put me in a taxmachine, they put me in a stockmachine, to turn me like the weather, to make all my tears green ... I'm crying in sixty colours ... No one is going to save me ... These hours of Friday burn me Why do I need to be initiated ? Timemachines don't exist ... only stockmachines ... No one is going to save me I'm in Hitler's hell ... like eternal damnation the wartrauma of my granddad is here still here Calendergirls, James Bond, I cannot come today ... I'm in grandfather's warmachine ... his black trauma ... where black dwarves drink their bottles I wonder what you're doing with the spiders you gave me ... These hours do not exist They're just the voices I didn't hear yet So give me a good telephone, and give me a good radio your stocks like needles in the pyama's ... letting us dream like farewell with dreams of silly tomorrows ... These are the voices I do not understand yet My watch is just a signal ... all these hours are still running away while a christmas postbank is growing in my bag ... In december skies they all take flight, until the green sun is swallowing them all away It's a silly tropheeHistory, still our God, misunderstood. History,

still the eggs of christmas, waiting for the chicken to brood ... I have a strange calender It's making me want to cry These girls from december they were all full of lies but these were truths of history far away ... It's good to wrestle with these snakes don't let them be taken away They will go by themselves ... They will go by themselves They were just ... calendergirls gone at the end of the page It takes me five minutes to read every page, while my teacher thinks she's missing something ... Don't get angry at me Don't get angry at me But she's also just a calendergirl fading away at the end of the month Ballerina, your sides they make me cry showing me your calendergirls finally saying goodbye Got another calendar ... with the hours of friday to remember grandfather's wartrauma ... She looks like you, ballerina and like the history of England soothing herself in the skies of London ... James Bond with his killerrabbit Calendergirls, he ripped them all off for the wartrauma's of a vietnam soldier I forgot that I lived Only watching how I died Only watching the wartrauma in silver lights And now it's just a statue in an Egyptian tomb It had been there before It was just a mate of the Pharaoh mates of pharaoh. They found the mates of pharaoh, and now they are surprised it's here ... These years were just waiting for the attack ... Why did I die in Ara, why did I drown at the coasts of Gulan ... The warmth was bringing me inside of this killerbird Why didn't you warn me I had to go inside for the initiation a divine tattoo ... It burnt and ached, but it was coming through ... these mates of pharaoh are now with me, I paid a big big price to watch my grandfather's wartrauma in disguise Egypt has written the historybooks but I was put away in a cage to watch my grandfather's wartrauma in disguise I think I've now deciphered the letter ... Dragon Song, tell me how History, I will never let you go ... It's the silver in my skies telling me how to walk and hide ... History, I never let you go My wounds are deep but that's how I met the mates of pharaoh ... I don't want to fall away from this silver age while the days are still running forth ... only showing the hours of friday ... And I once saw my mother flowing away to Egypt skies sowing there her own pictures Not knowing what they were hiding ... but she sees it today from heaven she sees it today from history these days were just my fathers mates ... to hide pharaoh's destiny ... I don't want to fall away from this silver age days are running so fast ... until the hours of friday take them away ... Silver elitair taxmachines, just stockmachines ... you got to be the master ... taking away all these years to hide them in a sacred book, like the mates of pharaoh in the tombe And one day a kid will take one of them away to his own school, to his own friends, to his own country to show the face of history in his own days ... His own days ? weren't they just the masks ... of pharaoh's mates His father's mates just masks of pharaoh just strange taxmachines ... of ages ago ... they laid their eggs of stock, insurance and democracy or was it hidden communism, brought by a hidden dictator when no one seems to listen ...

10.

Sfinx Book of Lies ; I was never a cup. President of the United States, The advertisement-clips still haunt me, I'm a slave. The machines of Las Vegas are in a race, for they want my soul, and those of the whole world. The president of America stands up, and smashes his hammer on the table, but he's just a Las Vegas machine, with the gambleguns, he always wins. His words are pulling me down, and then he's suddenly my friend, telling me he will help me out. The advertisement-clips run slow. I'm not a slave anymore. I am a machine of Vegas myself. Why am I misleading all these kids ? I must stop somewhere. These machines are large, the candy is running. Mr. Beetlejuice is on the run too. And my neighbour is a Vegas-machine too. There are lights coming outside his eyes. Can you see what he's dreaming ? I'm paranoid without these cars. Then they will trace me from a distance. There's glue through the lemonade, roses in my mouth, I'm married to a Vegas-machine, married off to a clown. What will we have for breakfast today ? Popcorn, hot butter and some sleeves of pain. I was a slave of the commercials all my life, but now I'm the king of butterflies ... but still a damned Vegas-machine. Why me ? Why me ? These machines roll like sharks ... It's hot butter on breakfast, while the curtains are like waves here ... Where is the shark ? Oh, there, and it's

too late ... He rips open my head, and tells me : Game over, my friend ... And then a new game starts ... In this Vegas Machine ... It's like the next dream ... Many passengers in the waitingroom, waiting for nothing ... The show will end soon ... What's on their glasses today ... The big money's praying for a day off The big shark found a new prey ... Game over, he sais Watch my friends and enemies Watch it with care and be one of them ... Tight ideas, And I'm driving in my car to escape all this, seeing the billboards in the air ... Neon lights trying to speak to me ... But there's someone on my telephone ... saying it's all a dream ... I'm listening to my favorite song ... It brings me from here to the moon ... Let us escape together and I will make a president of you ... This clock in you, it's just a Las vegas machine ... rolling like a clown through sand ... making the circles no one can understand ... And my son is shaking, he doesn't have the breath today ... heading for tomorrow, where the chocolate breeds his yesterday ... Clowns cannot follow him, when he makes his speeches, like the rap-dwarf from a Chinese city ... Six feet below the standard mission Can Ajax come today, these statements are overrated ... gambling ... with the machines of Las vegas ... Can Ajax come today Can Ajax come today ... The speakerbox is in delay ... Sound on, sound off, baker's dreaming of cakes believing in cakes ... On a strange playcard today Now he's acting like he's carnival itself ... Now he's acting like these machines are all sideboard-machines, while he is the pied piper ... designing himself to lead them overseas ... Watch these numbers, never forget any of them, I'm lying in my bed ... sinking in the deep deep waters where ? Yellow liars on a zebra's ship, in the air of full blaze ... opening the seals They tried to take away my trousers, but now they're flying backwards and upside down ... Purple liars standing in the riddle .. coming from the golden pear ... It seems so much tea is streaming from here ... while spanish suns are blinding me ... the wounded soldiers all march to the yellow banks ... to change into something else ... can your back hold it ? The lions face in vanilla and banana radiates gold ... blinding the masses ... Now who can see ? It's all mixed ... while banks are opening taking in the soldiers of the seas ... they are marching over the land .. to be someone elses Jesus Christ ... the hospital was just a strange bank .. while comics are rising .. in the hands of uncle peacock .. it's saturday ... blue liars rise to the moon like balloons, while uncle unicorns ship is rising ... with spiral horns like telephone ... thank you operator, on cobra's oportunities .. take the candyship out of the clip .. and place it in the distance ... yellow liars .. vanilla in space ... mixing the bananas for a golden day ... in september there were seventy breezes. Dreams of september give opportunities to the mice of seven days .. i'm gliding through the sun and the moon .. rising for the spoon ... there are twenty-million lies lying on a dish .. it was a strange bank in september ... mixing the vanilla with the banana ... for ten mirrors rising ... dagon-izu blinding simson's soldiers ... on the deserts of the planet mars ... where the icecream machines are rising ... they are creating the distances in the sky, while you think the ships are big so close ... while seventy heats are rising ... from september's bank ... There are liars rising from september bank, rising spoons with lion's faces, blinding the purple masses ... it's ready and done in september, for seventy mice on a railroad .. oh yes, they can roar like lions .. they have speedmass in their pockets ... all backwards and in slow motion .. while the needles of grammophone lay themselves down ... for seventy conspiracies in the wind ... vanilla in frozen coffins, opening the beatboards of a new daydream ... confessions of a mailmans heart ... racing to the banks ... coming into the tanks ... good old afternoon ... spoilt candy on a golden dish making the bubbles lie like trash the morningcakes are staring ... stopping streams on sundaymornings ... Strange september banks ... in dresses so wide they ride ... on streets of golden tiles while draughtsoldiers do the dishes in tight houses ... while bubbles float to soft clouds it's surrounded by golden bananas ... all in green golden pears ... Red gold in true decembers ... decending to the septembers of ages ... spoiling hands, a good decision ... making dramas in a pot ... while the blue golden tragedies find their ways in the states ... there are egypt's laughing in the sun ... all these liars of drunk holidays ... painting trauma's in the skies ... laid by the curse of vanilla ... while bakerman's faces are rising ... building the warmachine for uncle peacock ... on auction day ... when abel killed cain ... two altars in the skies ... who dies best ...there are mechanisms in golden suns ... blocking further appearances from spy's conspiracies ... the rumours eat the machines .. with wasprains in the hand you can search the skies ... it was made by vanilla banana and spice ...

good old warmachines from uncle peacock ... a true auctioneer on lazy drama holidays .. seeking
 fruits for his stories .. while the white fruit brought them to the banks after the war ... rising the
 coins ... for another round in the fairground ... the auctions always suck you higher ... under
 bakerman's helmet .. And still these clowns they run for money ... with the auctions in their
 pockets, they make the best money ... for cake's conspiracies ... dream on, oh soldier, make the cash
 .. in spirals pyamas you're always the best .. sharpening the lies from uncles gun .. breed the
 bakers .. throw the suns .. into a new basket of snakes ... bred by photos on a candy's day .. dramas
 in peacocks dresses ... in a peacocks horrorshow ... cannot rake the fields anymore, when draughts-
 soldiers throw the stones ... under baskets full of helmets they ascend ... by dagon's shatters they turn
 the icecreams backwards ... she's selling pictures of arms surrounded by strange leathers and
 strange wool ... so strange it makes you cry ... while your trousers are crying deserts .. your shoes
 are crying moons ... there are ten mirrors for a liars shatter ... breeding the pipes for a small
 conclusion ... on a sundays stream ... tall dramas from izu mask the soldiers under noses
 mysteries ... it's growing like a pinocchio on a seaman's ship .. carrying the coins for the blue
 sharks .. while you must admit .. it was pear's day of golden drama ... pear's day of green
 decisions .. watch the ornament without dying ... but speak a lie ... it stings like a raking plant ... on
 a draught's summerday ... while ten clauses are rising ... with balloons coming from their pockets ...
 making the banks rise ... Yellow hearts they rake the mice .. for a peacocks price ... we take flight ...
 by jewelled spanish suns we skate .. leaving the world under the ice ... while two lions are still
 fighting .. vanilla and banana .. spinning the gold ... on five buttons of a pirates suite, tv rises
 from the yellowed watch .. these firs have pointy hats from a good friday they ascend with
 their jesus-judas faces ... back to izu they are too afraid to die .. so they speak a lie ... laugh now
 cinderella ... the dust you have will turn into gold when you embrace it ... while your shoe will rake
 the golden moons ... seventy times seven ... these fields of boats were just the curses of a spastic
 draughtsman ... having the clowns of thoth painted on his face.... while someone is burning the
 sunmilk and the shampoos ... the crocodiles rise from the glue ... into wet forestdreams ... doing
 egyptian screams ... all backwards wrapped in snow ... she breeds the vanilla ... she breeds the
 lucifer fire ... in the distance there is smoke so visible ... while auctions rise from strange banks ..
 these are uncle peacocks horrorshows ... who takes the children ? the one with the biggest money or
 the one with the biggest gun ... they don't want to go to arabia ... but they have to go .. it's already
 ten o'clock ... hold your breath .. for within a few whisperings you will be home again ... all in a
 zebra's watch ... so many cigarlighters from the dawn .. smoking by elve's conspiracies ... he's the
 prince of video-clips showing his tranvestite claw .. while spiderclocks are running from his
 mouth ... suddenly it breaks through edges to a lucifer's wonderland ... izu in the distance ... the
 auctioneer burns the hammers ... no one dares to walk ... gepetto makes the clocks of pinoccios
 wood ... these are wars of the businessmen ... while the losers fall in orange, into a millionarmed
 sleep ... banks pick them up ... having doorways to new rythms opening the mouths of the wilder
 animals ... I was an orange liar on a zebra's boat ... I was a spiralling dancer on a lion's ship ... I was
 a dramas low intention losing all the grip ... I was the blinding sun, the blinding Osiris-Ra ... I was a
 son of Aton after midnight ... I was a wilder animal ... exploding into the one and a million nights ...
 I knew drama after drama, having them all on my bow ... spitting the cowards wrapping them in
 easters snow ... I was a wilder animal, having faith in the lie stronger than truth christmassoldiers
 under my wrath ... i will lie to them ... until i'm a coward myself ... there's nothing to win in raising
 a sword ... i'm a wilder animal ... spinning death on a dish ... by an orange lie spinning them all
 on the barbecues needle ... for ten grammophone days in spain ... But my words are ripe for
 desert ... Trauma blazers killing spacers dream about the net .. dripped into a good corset ... money
 from starving occasions .. eat the brain ... strange traffic of wilder animals ... on a wilder day ...

11.

Strange auctions circle in the sky .. eating custard out of peoples brains .. strange fairgrounds ..
 circling in the skies .. watching the golden baths on high floors ... on a golden picnic's day ... the
 auctions suck the children inside ... making them soldiers for another fight ... the banks they pick

them up again, to bring them again ... secrets of arabia .. in purple treasures they shine .. blinding the visitors ... they spin in clocks in miserable days ... meet the kings of the hours and get shot ... until you reach the golden gun ... until you sing these days are done .. Draughts a new light ... from the temple to spain ... there's sand under the tigers hand ... i give you a green car a strange household ... where everything moves .. in september's brain .. these are the days after august he was a prince of jesuses ... they were rising from his pocket ... striped and in wet hot plastic .. melting into glue ... while spanish suns were blinding the mass ... letters making strange connections ... fighting for a place in the ship ... that strange ship of noah ... where flowers have to die ... when the auction hammer brings the horror ... of a peacocks show .. they never reach the daylights, when the indian shows his big gun .. these kids go to the deserts ... with his rings on their heads while tigers and lions roar in the distance ... and a black panther makes it coming close ... so close that you feel their teeth ... these are wilder animals ... these are wilder suns ... burning sweet bars of the cake Noah banker bake the bank bananas in vanilla turn them into gold ... breed them into cobras these are lies to sacrifice ... turning the machines backwards ... Vanilla hit the roses hard ... breed them in a pot of water ... for tea time's breaking up, and the shoes are running out ... to have a nose's conspiracy in an auctions circle ... these purple liars know where they stand ... they push the green together, to give it a bad bend ... it's bending on paper ... these are liars on an orange boat ... while the yellow boat is sinking .. grasping fishes from empty dikes ... they're sinking deeper ... making noises in a free golden potatoe ... these are wilder animals ... they never told about them .. they were afraid they would take it all away.... he was the prince of jesus-judas-faces ... these bakerman's faces ... they set me free on a checked yellow draughtsboard i take flight ... to touch the golden lights in spanish mirrors. Bank of the Red Swan, these warmachines create the coins ... It's written on medical pyramids ... And I'm gonna throw a stone ... Bank of the Red Swan, give me some time ... Your mothers accents will never make me smile, until another red swan rises ... killing the doctor ... killing the ornament's noses ... on a sunday in september ... on a nuclear day .. Bank of the Red Swan, I promise to be ... a lambstead on my grandfather's knee ... He and his parrots they promised to be ... ready for it ... when you aren't no more ... you swallow, you red horse ... you red picnic ... on daylight's shore ... Bank of the Red Swan, I promise to see, all your butterflies going down on their knee ... Your medical systems they promised me ... to never look back ... It's over now ... Bank of the Red Swan ... It's my bank now ... on grandfather's red knee ... while warmachines create the coins ... while hospitalmachines decide which head stands on the coin ... the one with the biggest charity ... Bank of the Red Swan, I'm nothing but a coin in your hands created on the battlefield, finished in your hospital ... while still my head is on the coin ... while still my steps are hairy ... decisions they flow from mother Mary ... on holy days she takes a canary ... to the other side of the world ... to watch this Red Swan from the distance ... Mother Mary, I promised to be ... an angel on my grandfather's knee ... Mother Mary I promised to be ... A red swan on the bank, the black coffin, to get my wings and fly to the end of other oceans ... to rise like towers ... in the cities of the united ... These medical days they broke me ... breeding me into a wilder animal ... but oh I'm so paranoid now ... feeling so fragile ... having such fragile visions about a red swan on the dike ... jumping inside something he will never reach ... under bekehelm's helmet he promised me to be ... my second lawyer ... a liar's doctor ... an animal so wild ... bringing me wilder days ... spitting sand he promised to be ... an icecream so far away ... this coin will be brought down ... with all these Jesus Christs ... and their heads on it ... Mother decided it this way ... on grandfather's knee ... Bank of the Red Swan I promised to be ... a land in a decision of two spaces on my knee ... Land of decision ... the red strike is blue ... for the Blue Swan rises on the menu ... There's tea for two ... for sleepwarriors a war in satin city ... getting the glue ... Bank of the Red Swan I promised to be ... your mailman visiting you on day three ... picking some roses out of your mother's garden ... making the spells on a hard day's mouse for lucifer's house ... I continue on my naked knee ... You loved the pretty colours ... It is all I want to be ... These trousers are torn ... letting me in ... while you stand on a decision ... letting all things be ... without the cakes of your smile .. It's over on day three ... While Jericho rises in comic smiles ... I rake the potatoe in bible coffee ... Gleam of the ornament I promise to be .. my mailman's decision on day three ...

Land of the siren I am finally free ... free of your possessions ... for I was never looking for gold in that place ... I have found it somewhere else .. Bank of the treasure I promise to be ... further away this year heading for day three ... my cheeks are red and so are you ... The red swan on medical decisions ... The charity breeds the coins ... for another war ... of businessmen in green ... while tea is dripping from their noses ... trying to make the land sleep by their lies ... While lucifer rakes the golden smiles ... on a golden picnic day It's a brandnew decision ... They have heads of coffee, these black men ... hiding themselves under blankets of tax ... while red bottles rise in uniforms I take flight .. back to izu ... Charity soldiers ... coming from a Red Swan Bank ...breeding the coins ... in cruel hospitals ... You don't know where the glue is ... You are a fallen angel ... on a blue day ... while you are still fighting with it ... Land of the black brake I promised to be ... seven smiles at the same time .. rising higher than your knee .. while there are crosses in the air ... and seven draughts soldiers .. moving their pawns and throwing their playcards like sharp money ... cutting the bald heads and the blue potatoes ... These are just the wilder animals ... knowing the world behind the shoe ...The icecream made them blue so blue ... with red hands ... they continue .. back to izu ... Land of the promise I promised to be ... six feet high with the usual fee ... Six transmissions on day three lappossessed by a smile ... this juice it brings me higher ... out of the medical threat .. I'm not a number of your bread ... Land of the lambstead I promised to be ... six feet taller on day three, but still under bekehelm's helmet ... with mjollnir and elsefic on my side ... bringing me to the clauses ... setting me in fire with sweet desires ... the truth knows all my names ... these high decisions ... they see the land of the smiles. Black Pinocchio I promised to be ... not hiding ... but sliding ... to the daylights dream In a hotel I saw what they were doing to me ... I'm not a coin .. I sleep at homeI don't pay for my food ... I take it from the garden by by own hands ... I have a family for that ... rising in June ... on a coffee's spoon ... my family is rich ... They're just funeral undertakers ... breeding coins in a grave ... these strange coffins ... to raise the zombies ... spinning the auctions for the highest money ... whose head will be on the coins today ... one with the greatest charity or the biggest gun The orange just sais what he has to say ... Black orange of the canary's day ... It's a killerpig rising ... spoiling lucifer's dinners ... What you're doing to me ... I come from higher trousers, I come from higher coins to raise the ornaments so beautiful ...I'm the coin of funeral undertakers, I'm the coin of Thoth from strange draughtsboards I spin the ornaments hesitation ... I come from three coins high ... I do a lot ... I sink in seven seas at the same time .. but still under bekehelm's helmet ... I raise my money high ... The orange is my gun ... the head on my strange coin, doing the highest decsions I can't do ... It's fun when daddy's home ... Oh orange with your seven smiles ... doing the dishes of clocks in houses ... feeling yourself in the seventh snowflake of a mistress strange table ... on six o clock in the afternoon proclaiming the evening was never for you, you fool ... Now wash your tables in ornament's smiles, now break your glasses in lucifer's au revours don't steal when it's your turn ... just take it ... don't break it ... it will all continue ... take a good look, while mother is producing steam .. she screams in the night like the sixth wolf of benchelot. Breath good while you're breathing, drink good, while you're drinking, under bekehelm's helmet it's all okay ... you smile I have to go .. you still breed the snow on a lucifer's old september day .. of years ago ... centuries are smiling, a green sun coming out of their mouths ... doing dishes so proud, gathering the fallen soldiers, for another coin in strange hospitals ... where docters do strange dances ... they are funeral undertakers ... these oranges are old ... too old Watch your vanilla smile ... these kids are old ... too old ... you cannot trust them, they're aldebaran birds ... knowing how to lay the curses and the watermarks binding you forever, goodbye babylon ... when daylight screams they know it's time, to get a ride to the bank of the red swan ... families like funeral undertakers ... breeding strange coins ... bredding strange auctions ... to raise the moneygun spitting sand for new books on the shows

12.

These families like funeral undertakers ... breeding strange coins, raising the money high, while the banana shoots, but an orange steals the cry ... to swallow deep this strange red swan ... while gepetto is rising with his black pinocchios doing strange dances in the night it makes you cry ... the highest

bidders become the heads on their coins ... the one with the greatest dynasty ... the one with the
 greatest destiny ... the one with the greatest charity ... winning the hospitals ... rising them for a
 better coin ... a faster gun a jupiter's smile a great banana with the head of an orange ...
 shooting in the night ... killing the paws ... it's crying sand strange business ... strange bend
 Oh, sandman do your dance ... and raise the money higher to bring a gamble of confusion ... to
 bring them all asleep ... breeding the icecreams ... on isolated islands ... these coins get sharper ... on
 a strange september day ... these animals get wilder with oranges as their guns ... these heads on
 coins ... spouting the miseries ... spouting the desires and the destinations oh sharks rise from
 here ... these bullets under the skins ... exploding like your mother's chin, when she opens her
 mouth .. the rats come in ... Then the ornaments fall to do strange things for the banana and the
 orange these buttercoins ... in deep deserts ... in deep strange smiles, you start to cry, in deep
 decisions ... you find your own dynasties so many kings before you ... while you are the head on
 the coin, you're the orange of the kings, and even kings of the orange ... spreading green
 tomatoeseeds It's lucifer's decision ... sitting on grandfather's knee lappossessed in a
 smile ... in jupiter for awhile ... free on day three escaped from a red swan's bank now who
 will get him down ... it's the war of the oranges ... on jupiter's smile ... broken by a banana, it
 rises to be the head of the coin spreading the green tomatoeseeds to be a good gun in an
 indian's hand ... it's leading you along strange curtains ... starting the gamblemachines while a
 birthday's boy is rising ... with his blind parrots reading braille ... it's a crazy ornament
 exploding in the wind ... spreading the green green watersides ... like green tomatoeseeds in the
 night ... in an orange ravine it takes flight ... losing the game he's a god of gamble ... so many heads
 on a die ... while jupiter rakes the golden fly ... there are strange cars in the air exploding heading
 for the big shoe ... he's a trafficligh of gamblers ... on a jupiter's night ... it takes flight ... a secret
 baker's coin ... it decides ... it's a good gun, an orange, a big head ... it's exploding, taking dinner ...
 watching lucifer instead ... there are coins on the dice ... strange cars exploding ... heading for the
 big shoe ... by a vikings axe, all under bekehelm's helmet ... rising to bekehelm's shoe ... These are
 wilder animals you do not understand ... they do strange dances ... you start to cry ... spreading their
 green tomatoeseeds in the sky ... You were the orange on a summer's dish ... exploding, wrapped in
 bananas ... while they killed your yellow bike ... you do not understand they eat you ... making a
 gun of you deep in the night ... a gambler's gun is what it sais ... now he can rise into eternity ...
 exploding like a star ... the supernova to see lucifer smile ... to watch these golden moons, so
 many colours of gold on a dish ... strange trafficlighs ... they explode to take you down ... bringing
 you to the queens of clowns to all the jokes of the underworld ... you smile, it's your decision ...
 I'm an orange, my head is on the money, now I'm the sand in the desert, behind the golden books ...
 I am now a moneygun ... all machines listen to me ... I am Jerome the king of lions ... come follow
 me ... I show you the books behind the books ... I show you the deserts behind the deserts I'm
 the gambler's trafficligh ... exploding in the night leading them all to the big shoe under
 bekehelm's helmet ... by strange dances I take flight ... I'm riding the icecream machines ... there's
 strange snow behind the deserts ... all on a californian smile ... It's bagdad in Izu, strange coffee
 rippling in the sky ... I'm the tiger riding the lions ... on a lucifer's decision ... to the land behind the
 shoe ... breeding the cakes of charity ... to give them all good jobs ... while my money is spouting
 higher ... I am the orange rubberduck ... I'm the easterclause gathering the ashes for a good good
 gun starting the machines of lucifer ... I'm crying fire ... I'm a desertcar, on ornament's dishes ...
 until I am a needle, a needle of grammophone ... a lambstead in the sky ... while babies are flying
 high like waving flags ... they unite ... while the green car rides

13.

It's a strange household bringing the toys alive ... I am a lambstead in the sky ... truthpossessed
 for awhile ... but still having my orange liars rising from a zebra's boat ... from a strange green car
 among a strange household ... These coins are strange records ... while I am the lion's needle
 bringing them all home ... a pied piper making them spin ... It's rising from the orange ... It's rising
 from the lion's face These strange strange needles These lambsteads of the snowflake

records ... spinning the icecreams for another day ... from the world behind the big boot, under bekehelm's helmet ... It's spinning around on tables coming from the golden dishes ... It's the ornament's spoon ... strange traffic ... a gamblemachine ... spreading the icecream on hairy grounds it stands letting the lion's needles rise these lucifers ... to get the music out of the coins ... It's an orange head, a good gun singing a candle in a dragon's castle ... reading so many books, just reading ... while a mailman is taking me home ... it's a mailman needle ... from the big cactus ... There are needles growing on me, I'm standing on hairy ground ... I'm drinking from the trees of light ... I am a holy cactus ... spreading lucifer's lights My hairs are on fire ... while my tongues are growing taller ... just thinner these are strange coins on a banker's suit ... I am the banker's desire, the banker's wife ... No doubt about it I'm spinning his ornaments tight ... These are wilder animals, just wilder days ... in lucifer's delights ... I'm watching springs coming from his beard ... I'm watching the icecreams stream He is the banker, and I am his wife ... while last night ... the banker and the baker were in a fight and now his hair is in fire ... while stinging plants and cactuses grow in the garden ... and animals with strange tongues these are wilder animals coming from a wilder sun These are wilder days ... the candles on a wilder birthdaycake ... It's streaming from the banker's suite ... strange coins ... like needles these are strange microphones strange speakers ... He writes books on dragon coins And now he's fighting with both the baker and the mailman ... he's just a microphone ... shivering when they speak too loud ... he's making icecreams ... like snowclause never showing up ... only sending some letters ... only writing some books on dragon coins ... He's a tree of strange pencils ... He's a bankertree, while the baker and the mailman are still fighting in front of it ... He's a strange feather ... from the land behind the shoe ... He's banker clause, a strange painter ... in strange houses he takes flight ... with so many pencils in his head ... He's like the eliphant ... he paints the dreams of heavy decisions ... on coin's misunderstandings ... He's a strange docter ... a strange advice ... He's banker clause ... an eliphant on a lost dream speaking through strange microphones a strange mailman after all working in a strange kitchen ... where the food comes alive ... eating the restaurant's visitors ... He's bankerclause, big septemberman ... He's a strange advice on a mother's clown ... He's a bad holiday painting snow ... He's bankerclause, a criminal ... raising his guns in the middle of the night He's a banker's pencil ... saying such strange words spinning tax like no one else ... He draws the lawyer's oranges on the needles ... selling the guns to the dice ... When the lawyer and the mailman unite, the school rises, with a strange clock ... even stranger than your grandfather's ... It's the blue swans bank ... It's the schoolbank's clock drowning them all ... from here the cowboys are rising ... preparing them ..for the big fall ... These stamps they judge the butterflies and the dice. They are coming out of a cowboy's mouth ... He's still the mailman after all these years but he's fighting with a shepherd ... It's coming from a mailman's bag, the sun is in it, with it's golden pencil ... it's a strange clock, and then they fight ... It's coming from a mailman's bag ... strange records there, strange needles ... these are the lambsteads ... from strange cactuses ... A cowboy rides the school ... and a shepherd rides the church ... while an indian rides the hospital ... these are strange banks ... from uncle peacock's horrorshows ... strange funerals in the flowerfields ... these are the riddles of death ... These are four drunk gamblers, while the mailman is their god ... while a bakertree is growing in the middle ... a strange sun ... a mad sun they are on a travel, to greet uncle peacock ... A red swan rides the ornament, while a blue swan does the same ... It's a cowboy against an indian ... It's the school against a cinema ... It's a school against a hospital ... but the mailman makes them all one ... he mixes them in his kettle ... making stamps of them ... for a lawyer's trial ... there are liars on a zebra's boat ... orange liars ... doing the dishes ... for a holiday's spoon ... the banana rises soon out of it's rinds ... with two big eyes ... it writes with the golden pencil ... when all babies unite ... and the stamps are floating ... it's schooltime the bells are ringing ... all happening on the footballfield ... while a golden lion is swallowing ... the mailman rises higher and higher .. for his ornament's ring .. he's still the god of ten ... while the drunk are following him with gamblemachines on their back, they take flight ... It's the golden lion's bank a strange postbank ... where stamps judge the dice and the butterflies ... making the glue ... There's music from uncle unicorn, there's assurance after the wars

of tax ... while the smoke is rising ... bakers come to bake the bread ... this strange golden bread ... it makes you cry ... while flying on a die ... while flying on a baker's face ... a face on a strange stamp still judging you and your father ... still drinking from the ornament's wine ... while the mailman is grasping in his bag ... He's searching for his clock and pencils ... he's painting the skies, while his own little sun rises ... smiling with the seven smiles of death ... these are his weapons he's still a soldier ... with a strange flag ... a cactus on a lion's bankship All bankers heading for the mad sun ... that red sun in the skies ... where a red rose takes flight ... still kissing her gepetto's still doing her shows ... her peacocks horrorshows ... she's drinking wine with a little latin buffoon puppet, still her favorite smile ... They're playing chess and at draughts ... They're spreading wings in the snow ... these butterfly wings these kisses on the water sailing to the edges of time ... where all oceans gather, under bekehelm's helmet ... It's a clock of a strange postbank making the waters rise ... Pharaoh is drowning his boys again ... his churches, for it's time for school and these soldiers need some rest, some babies ... doing business by the spoon, on a hard day's mouse ... on a fine day's school ... it's the tool of a lawyer in a mailman's bag ... Pharaoh is doing the dishes burning the ornaments tight ... these indians they lost the fight going to the banks again ... for the morninglights ... on lucifer's tables ... these high tables ... they unite It's a painting in the sky ... while brother rabbit is raking it It's the lawyer's orange ... still smoking these cigarettes on a baker's dream ... on a mailman's tight decision ... making a daylight's scream ... and this orange still the head on a stamp of dreams ... this mailman's orange ... this lawyer's threat having a bank together ... baking the bread ... this golden bread ... while the lion is rising ... a golden one ... for a golden picnic ... it's coming from the mad sun ... this red sun turning blue again it is the mailman's trick this god of ten ten shepherds or ten cowboys ... about this the wars are raging chocolate wars ... coming from a strange hospital ... strange carriage ridden by a drunk indian ... this talgamen's friend ... he drank from faroom da bazite ... this warmachine ... a business war machine ... a social machine ... wars undercover ... ridden by a drunk indian ... And these stamps come from strange strange flowers ... with strange strange alphabets on a lion's bank in september ... give me december instead or a good good august ... And it's still a strange strange cardgame ... in a strange mailman's bag written on a strange ornament while a lawyer is doing the dishes ... they burn trees for this ... this woodcutter's job making the stamps in dark places taking kids away from the schools ... these are dark conspiracies ... from peacock's horrorshows On a strange footballfield the mailman is rising ... this god of ten ... while he is the eleventh ... and who follows him is the twelfth ... It's a strange bank after all ... when school rises strange tears are rolling making seas under bekehelm's helmet ... The mailman is rising from the footballfield, spreading the stamps as butterflies, and then the mass begins to roar ... while the judges will decide ... The mailman he has a million arms ... while he has a bekehelm's helmet ... they are all under it when he puts off his hat, he's a bald communist .. letting the balls roll by blasphemy ... His wife is a flowercutter, a florist, while she makes the stamps ... she even dries butterflies ... and it's still a mailman's auction ... raising the flowers for another day ... She stands between the flowerfields, this golden lady ... still the mistress of jericho ... and the orange flowergun is spouting ... these seeds they taste like soap ... it comes from the land of soap where the swans spit fire ... her clocks are like dishes ... while she rises ... on a golden lions bank ... smoking her flowercigarettes still weaving strange stamps ... for a mailman's holiday ... She lives in his bag as his tinkerbelle ... painting the smiles on his sun, these golden bananas ... with oranges as their guns ... they have orange tongues so tall so split ... they are orange liars on a zebra's boat ... strange mailmen ... strange pencils ... and while the stamps are spreading ... they write ... he's just writing bills saying it's from someone else ... he's a billdeliverer ... and they must pay in stamps ... that's the judgement on their heads he's still a flowerman, a floristman ... wanting his babies back ... these are stories written on petals ... while sandman rakes the skies together with soapman ... strange glues ... strange ornaments ... strange mothers and strange brothers ... it's a flowerbank from a golden lion ... there's a new alphabet on the petals ... these are strange letters ... while he's the head on the stamp ... a strange god of flowers ... wanting his babies back ... in the nights he's a woodcutter ... kidnapping children out of their schools

making stamps of them the sails on his ship ... all in a strange strange bottle under bekehelm's helmet ... He's a strange Noah sailing on stamps ... These stamps are glued books ... he wants his babies back ... And these stamps are strange bibles .. strange funerals and strange laws ... while the letters bring the land in sleep ... he's sandman after all ... It rises on a mailman's auction ... all these flowers heading for the orange ... where they all turn into ashes to make the land drunk These deserts are in fire they were touched by a mailman ... while an orange face is rising on the stamp ... eating and drinking ... forgetting ... flying on the wings of dementia back to the flowerfields beyond history ... It's strange traffic after all ... strange cars ... strange nightshifts ... strange trains ... orange balls are still exploding ... the gambler brings them back ... a strange mailman ... from a strange stampbank in the desert ... where the orange lion is rising ... like baker's tree so high bringing new laws new bibles ... but first he brings them all in sleep ... strange sandmen after all ... strange orange liars ... on zebra's boats they stand ... with strange flags in their hands ... letting them all faint and now the gold is streaming with so much attention ... on this strange stampbankship ... where a strange stampbanker lives ... a strange Noah ... oh so strange ... these are wilder animals ... For the stamps are warriors in the night ... rising from the bottle ... They want to go home ... and break through walls They want to go back to the stampbooks library ... back to the flowerfields where they can see the statue of belcanov ... all under bekehelm's helmet ... These stamps ... strange traffics ... He's the god of stamps A fisherman ... a Noah brings them underwater ... Strange traffic in a strange clock ... a postman's clock ... a strange sun in a mailman's bank It's lucifer, you cannot decide ... he's spinning the ashes into stamps ... while the dice are rolling ... these are strange butterflies ... They sacrifice stamps in strange churches ... waving at them until they are home ... These are strange funerals mailmen strange funeral undertakers ... working for the clauses ... or are they clauses themselves ... there are strange clauses on stamps ... while soap clause rakes the skyfields ... in september they take flight ... these are wilder animals ... these are wilder fights ... all happening in a mailman's bag ... charity is taking them to the hospitals ... to reach the killingfields ... these are strange ways to home ... These are strange bottles of an ornament's lie ... they are still businessbrothers ... but under their uniform's they have their soldier's clothes ... rubbish from the killingfields leading the dolls astray ... on a september's wild night ... these are wilder animals ... these are wilder tricks of tax ... from a strange clock of a postbank

14.

And then I thought the psychiatrist was just a man wanting to sell his comics ... He was a comic-makera strange clown ... He was a visitoran agent of strange traffic, freezing the pictures to catch the butterflies in it a deep prison ... a strange cocon He was breeding the trees, this forester It was all in my mind gotta love the game of this Las Vegas Machine this LVM ... escaping to that little farmer's town ... And the dentist, his friend only wanted to see the books ... They were the deaf men And I'm dreaming of an Egyptian Boat, Riding in a new sort of factory ... Feeling Thoth's smoke in my back Dragons dreamsI'm dreaming of a sun, standing between ten mirrors ...Not knowing which mirror to watch Just watch all ten ...Not inside ...But watch their movements, their markets, their playcards ... Dreams of the big cat Oh how you wish to escape your dreams and to sleep,just sleepThe dream's hunting you, the dream's hurting you,like ten men on a towerShooting from the distanceBut they are far far away Actually too far away to really see themSo how do you know they are with ten ... these deaf men ... these deaf men ...How do you know they are men They are too far to hear them shootSo how do you know they shootThey are too far awaySo how can you dream about themThe dream's too far ...the lion's confusion. Maybe they are just some mice playing card ...Like those mirrors of the sunBut I don't knowThey are too far away to really have an opinion about it ...It's too vague to defineI couldn't make a good picture of this ...It seems I'm in the lion's confusion againBut this is good ... I want to escape all dreams just like youWho invented all these dreams Maybe those ten men on that tower those deaf men but who knows maybe they aren't deaf ... But who knows I'm not sure they are with ten ...It's too far

awayAnd I even don't know if they are men ... They can be chickens I don't know ...I really don't knowAll I know is I don't want to meet them, whoever they are ...But they are so far away who knows...maybe there's no one thereMaybe there are only some white flags glittering in the sunThat sun with ten mirrors ... playing card ...You know, I tell you this, for once I got such a cardIt told me about all thisBut it said it didn't know it either It was too far ...Now when even a playcard tells you this, then it must be real farSo let us forget about all this, also about the ten menThey sent me a card yesterday ... That they were so far away ...So I will forget about itMaybe they are with nine, and not ten ...Yes, it was that playcard I told you about ...They sent it And it said all thisBut I don't believe it, for even this card said it was all too far away ...So when even a playcard sais it's far away, it must be real farIt seems like I'm in the Lion's confusionEven the mailman was confused ...He said his wife died yesterdayAnd she's so far away now ...How do you know it's her then ? I ask ... Maybe someone else died It's all too far away, if something's too far away, how do you know it's that ? Maybe she just went for the shop a long shopping Or maybe she was kidnapped by those ten men They never said they didn't so how do we know she isn't there But let us stop about those ten men ... Maybe we are waking sleeping dragons Maybe they hear everything we say ... maybe they have spies or high ... technology ... maybe they have high-tech-recorders and know everything we say ... Maybe they aren't deaf at all ... Then your wife will also hear if she's there ... Ok, dear sweetheart of the mailman, Your husband is looking for you Please tell us where you are He's so confused since you're gone ...Can you please send us a card ? The next day I get a card ...But not from his wifeAnother mailman brought it to me about Ten men coming from the sun,Ten men to do the dance,They kidnapped us all, They brought us all the cardsNow they send cards, actually playcards ... To play with people ... They are playing a strange game Sending cards to strangersInvitations from a dentist's heart Ten mad dentists from the strange sun The plants are their prisoners The cards they send out To deceive the mass Ten books of the wizard,Ten bibles in a row they are heading for the mad sun Like pirates for their homeland But when Gepetto wakes up The eye of another dentist will be opened The eye of the forester These ten fingers of Toth They were actually my friendsFinally All these gods They came to earth They sent us cards Just to trick us Just to bring us The world ... beyond Fairytale I opened the Eye of Gepetto, He's still a good businessman after all these years And a forester A good dentist Heading for the sun of Aquarius The mad sun Still the gardener of our squares Still our hope to touch the moon Having ten little men on his white gloves The ten fingers of Toth these deaf men ... or aren't they deaf ... and are they even men ? I'm feeling his smoke in my backLike the waves of old oceansThese are dragon dreamsThese are dreams of the catThese are cigars of Pharaos A new city to enter Ten American Dollars are lying on a toyman's counter An old man bought ten little plastic sailorsFor his grandsonHe will have his birthday tomorrowThe toyman smilesThey come alive in the night, he sais One day they will let him read the book of the ten sailors They will give it for his birthday when he will be twelve From his father he got a plastic ship So now he can sail with these ten sailors Without knowing who they are ... My dentist is the psychiatrist in the little town ... selling his books ... selling his comics ... He's deaf He's sailing under a red balloon ...the prince is sharp today he became too thin in the night ... he's deaf ... he's a deaf mannow he's an ornament ...too dangerous to wear ...too dangerous to sell No response to the strange beat No responseall telephones are donesomeone is just staring that strange guy and he's deaf ... These deaf men ... becoming so dark in the night too dark, too tall, too thin, too hard, ...too ...cold while a fire is burning in them a forest fire a fire of a green sea ... everything is dying but the eyes ... are slowly sliding away

Marazanta ; Emily ; I'm running through purple snow ... along purple curtains, while I'm also standing there. I'm heading for the deserts ... where bakers run ... and where the cowboys do their business ... And I'm still wandering through purple snow ... looking for the bright eyes ... all these women were just swindlers ... and their men were taxmasters ... I'm now looking for these deserts ... to find the holes to darker creatures ... There are some animals hanging in black christmastrees ... they hang near the strange lights ... Strange birthdays ... These are roads to the big shoe ... forgotten roads ... It was tax keeping you addicted ... These taxmasters from southern coasts ... these old men ... but they hide the stockings of christmases to new worlds ... Throw your presents into them ... i will be on their back So many tears are streaming ... bringing you to wonderland ... It ends in the big shoe ... where the lakes of tears are ... They make the colours so wild ... The tears flow ... leading me to the big shoe ... to darker creatures ... Tears rolling through my trousers ... to reach the big shoe ... she's a swindler ... reflecting the unknown ... there are baker's faces on her crown ... like lights in the christmas tree ... Do you see signs in the snow ... that we belong together ... do you believe in something greater than this ... It was a football game letting us focus on the ball ... The queen of england between the flowerfields her footballfields ... coming from these spanish suns .. deep in arabia ... these are presents from capricorn ... charityboats to hide the storms ... still pirateships ... breeding footballfields on wild seas ... Go to mimir's well ... to become blind again ... i bought them all at mimir's well ... i'm hearing his horse on the roofs ... throwing presents through the chimneys ... ending in shoes ... to be prisoners of the football fields ... prisoners of strange games ... While the queen of England is staring at the balls ... Is she expecting something ... It's the pencil of the newspapers ... while a prisoner is writing ... the sport's journalist ... and all these pencils ... they sting me ... these waterlights ... heading for the braodcastlady of cartoon ... The waterlights are heading for her and her orange balls ... they want to make a comic of her ... They sting her with their pencils ... these are books of old playcards .. waiting to be comics ... in purple snow ... the footballs will write ... the watermarks on the waterlights ... all in the christmas museum ...

16.

When it breaths it goes to history to be burnt ... when it's swallowed six times you can translate ... and the seventh time ... you can create ... the secret of a red giant's shoe Waterlights are stinging me ... when the purple becomes green. Through the purple curtains i always reach the red. Through arabian seacocoons i'm heading for izu ... there are marbles under my shoes ... all these solar stairways ... these moving stairs ... leading me to ..the statue on the flowerfields ... keeping them all spinning ... when india's on her knees ... And when the marbles are rolling, i'm heading for izu ... staring at all those aldebarans in the night ... it's the red rising ... there are communistic heroes on tv ... How many stings does it take ... to greet marazanta ... he's rising high ... Black cowboys in arabian deserts ... with black lassos ... catching their prisoners for an author's kitchen ... the book must be ready tomorrow ... tax always the author's pencil ... it roars by democracy ... and then they'll all read it ... Businessmen are masters of sleep ... the nose brings you to the future ... where the unknown lives ... under an orange stone of confusion ... we go to sleep ... along purple curtains we travel ... heading for green .. on top of a desert ... sandman was just a good businessman ... Sandman is riding a green horse ... eating the purple ... along purple curtains they travel ... with you ... sandman on a green horse ... until tax comes to give us red dreams ... red dreams .. we're on the radio tonight ... this is how they mix us ... mix us ... all in the kettle ... Birthday man is in town ... we were killed but now we come alive ... to be another prison of orange and green cowboys ... they gamble ... having their delights ... back to the alphabet ... the libraries ... where we become glue There's glue from arabian coffeehouses ... on top of bagdad city ... deer and horses drink it ... in the roundabout ... they wave ... Until a spanish dream kidnaps us ... then arabia is our enemy again ... until we are pale again .. pale again ... A spanish dream sells the pictures ... selling the prisoners to the red where they get all colours ... they aren't pale anymore ... they needed fruits for the greengrocer there ... to blow up his balloons And this makes the tears fall, all these dragon tears ... escaping the dragon, to make everything clear, while the watermarks make pictures ... these

are wet suits ... plastic wood You have two red eyes ... a pale one and a colourfull one ... it makes you cry ... while the third one on your head is transparent ... made by tears ... it's growing and making friends forever you're smiling it's the third day ... it makes you tall and thin ... fragile enough to reach for the sun where cowboys play, you reach for the shoes ... where all stones gather the black stone makes a wish ... and the coin falls in the black wishingwell ... where abraham still weeps ... for he lost his isaak there There's a goat on the coin a black one ... king of the desert ... while coffee is running from the arabian house where the indian spies ... live just spice from arabia ... how many corners are there on a red eye ... you're now in a strange roundabout ... with purple horses ... shining in the sun they keep you out of the factory ... these horses are blind my dear and they will be deaf at the end of the year ... but they are covered by watermarks waiting to save you ... then you will jump out of black bottles we are indian spies ... there are so many bananas ending here becoming straight and blue ... frozen like soldiers touched by the chocolate ... where blind children play ... and then it's red shoe time ... by this she got her red eyes red lights in the sky ... The red eye is rising ... while red cowboys are riding it ... where bakerman takes flight ... just a shrieking boys clock ... from arabia to spain ... she had to swallow ... to bring the colours ... alive again ... they were hidden in the hollow ... they were hidden in the pale there are watermarks sitting on bottles ... and at the end of the day ... they float away ... These are bakerman's mouths ... watch the smile ... i'm on a dreamboat .. burning my money ... i have now my own coins for a new alphabet These are strange coins on bottles ... falling in the bottle again to pump the water up high the watermarks take flight ... You were blind ... but now they stang you ... you can see ... and still blind children are playing ... there are fireworks in the bottle ... How many floors are there in this red ball ... it's jakobs ladder ... He's playing the whispering organ ... so slow ... so slow ... while red soup is boiling ... and liars take flight jakob's on a mission, with his three red eyes ... three marbles in a basket of sand ... then the birds of cigarette come free ... we are just red walking noses ... painted by a black widow These are hard men in racecars ... becoming darker when they ride they ride on banana roads to burn their money ... they have two-faced eyes ... and only a black microphone will survive their stares ... you better be wise these days ... where a black viewmaster stands ... breeding the red breeding the hard stories while you are the alphabet The birds of cigarette there are red lights in the air ... on a red picnic's day They are the books from the library beyond history ... they are red snowflakes sitting on their high thrones ... to speak their judgements of nonsense to spread their apocalyptic days ... they are the numbers of conscience and history bringing them all back to the vanilla planes the wasps of memory and then you touch a key you never touched before ... cold conscience ... It spreads and you see the golden cigars they can never be burnt ... they can only speak There where red becomes too hot ... cold conscience ...there where red becomes too dark the lights are rising eternal damnations coming to save you from charity's curse Swallow enough to reach the golden cigarlights It starts to play the whispering organ and then the tears come ...these ornaments are so fragile

17.

These trousers, they sting me, like delirium they come over me, bringing the tales of yesterday in slow-motion. They are searching for the pale lady Still mirroring in the river when they bow their heads down ... They build their towns on forgotten stones, filling them with the dolls of the rubbishfields ... They pick them up from under the sewers of the houses They are the toydoctors from the forgotten moon Their boots are wet, their heads and hands are cold, grasping like rats but their hearts are warm, and the flames of passion burn there ... a strange sort of passion battling against the dragons, to have heart and space for the town to have some high pillars, with teeth hanging under it, scaring away the dogs and the crows They wear old warbooks inside ... showing them were the graves are so many treasures left behind, so much knowledge, so much fame Building their elevators on those graves ... This was why the Indian Warbook was so wild Still raging about ... the bleeding ornaments Still puppet-assassins Still letting the boys grow ... in the trees, in the towers ... in the ornaments ... and in spoilt rain Masters of the

great illusionsStill having the deserts in their eyesburning everything into orangeuntil it strikes the blue belland then the water comessomething bigger than themsomething ...which they don't understandit comesto wash everything away it's something deeper inside something inside which they themselves don't understandsomething which always makes them crywith the strike of the blue bellit's deeper insideit's ..deeper. It makes their hands and heads so cold but it sets their hearts into a deeper firewhen the tiger ... goes to sleep The orange, still the best present from the tigerstriking the blue in the night ...and then something happens so deep inside ...which they still don't understand ...they still don't understand ...A pink white ornament is lying before them in the middle of the nightwhile everyone is sleeping sleeping so deepwhen the tiger goes to sleep And then these boys ... these boys grow like towers in the searising from the ornament ... to touch the white hard candyand then they become the hard men something they still fearbut she's breeding it ...that old, old kite

18.

She's a tear letting others cry ... She's a death letting others die ... She's everything, having no possessions ... She's free ... She was fragile as a butterfly, spreading the green tomatoe seeds, the tears of a dragon,the tears she cannot bear ... They to be free....the red stone making them so creative, making them dream in soft fires ... a toyworld growing in their hearts, a red balloon, pumping ...until they reach vanilla desert ... a yellow stone, freezing them, they are icecream soldiers having the mark where they have their soft wet candles ...to be candlestatues ...to burn their books again ... becoming swindling whores again, winning all the games, these swindler's games ...casino's cabman was his name ... She's now only spreading the green tomatoe seeds ...by her mouth ... Green liars, green dragon's tears ... Inside they can speak their truths ...when the nights fall and the night troupers come ... Inside they can feel ... the true touches ... These tears turn red at midnight ... Life so close to death ... written by a golden pencil ...turning yellow in the night ... she's now a pencil-statue, a shriek, a dragon's cry escaping ... flying away with the pharao-syndrome ... She's a tear letting others cry ...She's a death letting others die ... She's everything, having no possessions ...She's free ... She's a swindler standing before the gates of games, She's an ornament of joy ...but something's eating her inside ...not wanting to lose his toy ... You could smell the tomatoe .. bringing you to toyland once again ... It was on the back of an eagle ... It flew while you ate ... Could you eat the green tomatoe, when it landed on your back ... You had to wait until it reached your mouth ... Carpet makes the stage,He makes the bakertrees,where uncle peacock bows it is your destiny,When Carpets rise,you know it is your time to play,and underneath that warm warm blanket you find your sledge today.It is the Carpet making memory,The Carpet making destiny,The Carpets rise like soldiers on a dream.When the Carpet talks,the city walks,and underneath that tree,you find the golden care to watch your movie flee ... It's the Red City ...where all the red men stand tall ...Not bowing for your destiny ...They only bring you higher ...These are the towers of talk ...These are the confusions making the creations ...still the spice making your life worth living ... the ornaments to heal, it is the tale of a land where you touch the bitter fruits of destiny ...but when you peel the fruit,the spice will be your mate ... It is the ornament, that keeps you safe today,it is where all the gods make their butter ...An egg was born there,humpty dumpty on a walk. ...They rip the ornaments ...waiting to swallow us again ... turning red at the end of the dayin the city of the ache ...sickness close to health ... to fall in red desires ...where she sacrifices us againThey have only wings to fly ...while in april they die ...they are the goodbyes of a lost summer ...to make them all cry ... Do you remember these tears,these tears ...these bottles high ... while the toysoldier wants to go home ... keeping them all alive in this nightbringing them all to silly places ...where they can laugh while they get sicker ... for they drank too much ...there was too much pain inside ... where the devils can fall again ... so that in the end ... they can see the darker city ... you need to drink and float higher ...for these norns are strengling you ...deciding who you are ...under high black elections ...by their selfspun democracies ...i take flight ... they make you cry ...in mimirs well we stand ...throwing the coins for another ride. She falls she is a wide spread

lie ...becoming a truth in the night ...while all bakermen hide ...watching her ...she is the black widow ...spreading kisses ...while tomorrow they die ...these are one day butterflies ...she stands tall she's rising to izu ...where all the black men fall ...to become even darker ...but they have to ... they need to bear ... don't you understand that to become darker ... the lights will rise higher ...the soft strike will make them harder ...when the orange touches the blue ...oh these bakermen's fires oh...the autistic sun ...i finally have ... a friendThey all march slower and slower ...while the ice is rising under their feet,vanilla planes growing in the air ...these bakertree's fruits ...don't eat them just touch them ...along the sideways of mars they stand ...with jupiter's smiles unaware ...the angel unaware is watching you ...all these dark witches walking in the rain ...in the green ...slower and slower ...waiting for the strike of chocolate ...to freeze them inside ...to be the walls again ...to become darker and darker ...to raise the golden lights ... i cannot help these fearswhile she said that all these presents ...are hiding you for a snake. Welcome to the ornament's stream ...stick it in your pocket ..and buy a ticket to escape these horrors ...to watch a final movie ...to ease the frustrations and fears of your heartletting your hearts glow ...for another chocolate day ... warm flutes it's the red juice ...pipers standing on the walls,they play in the gates of life... These striped flutes still sting me ... so save me there's living a strange creature inbetween ... a green firthese are the toystatues for a new ride ...the jukebox statues for new delights ...guiding you to ...where the barkerfaces dance ...where tailors speak french ... but there's no fairytale left ..only fruits while they have the name of being busythey are two faced masked, turning white in the snow,he has the cards of opposite,with plastic leather ...his smiles are plastic ...but he's a killer unaware ...he kills in peace ...he never hurted anyone ...golden carriages are his art ...he dines with princes being smart, but at the end of the day ...he puts them all in delay ...never reaching for the night ...he prisoned them all in daylight ...everyone knows what they are doingthey never reach the night ... when he touches you with his kiteFlying Carpet sais that is my destiny,to be with a man like that,it's a delight for free ...he is the lanterns in my hat ...he bakes my diners,saves my pets ...this little man is a mother's threat ...he is the ornaments always shining on the cupboard near my bed. He closes curtains, breaks the snakes, when they get near to secrets they regret,he's the mourner, crying with a smile,he makes my movies,grows my cows,he embraces them in magic and peace ...while doing wars on chessboards ...take me away and make me drunk ...make me delirium ... a man with a barrel organ stands ...doing the dishes for the whole city with his eyes ...his red eyes ...he's like the licoriceshe tied her hairshe's now my butterfly i adore ... with all these bakermen lights on a cakewhy did it have to be my birthday,he is still my flying carpet,still my bakertree,with bakermen's faces ... i'm eating his fruits everyday ...all these vanilla planes ...bringing softness to my mouth ...softness to my voice ...making the swallow to toyworld,a playground tree stands ...i'm wise enough to climb along the leaves ...to find my bones again ...I am stung by a thousand waterlights, I cannot walk,but I have all these comics in my head ...These inner scars and tattoos speak ...They block me from going outside ...while inside they are ...bringing me to izu ...In my mouth I am stung by a million birds of cigaret .. I cannot speak, I cannot swallow,I can only hear their stories ... And on top of the playground's tree, bakerman's faces unite,to do their conspiracies ... They have been to vanilla places ...to vanilla dreamworlds of fairgrounds...They have been to the world of waterlights ...where marbles roll through sand ... soothing the babies asleep with their soft wet lights, these are lights from the redYou could smell the tomatoe .. bringing you to toylant once again ... It was on the back of an eagle ... It flew while you ate ...Could you eat the green tomatoe, when it landed on your back ... You had to wait until it reached your mouth ... while all these waterlight rains were in my bed ... these rains from izu ... building my memory again ... rebuilding you ... leading me to death,with all these waterlight rains in my bed.There are green tomatoe seeds lying on my dish,bringing me back, bringing me back through the sting of a waterlight ...all these ones are in fire ... or is it my eyes Give me a spoon,these books are all talking,spreading green tomatoe seeds ...in a night of arabian magic ...she's staring at the lullaby ...she's not a child anymore ... Do you understand,he has the wizard balls under his feet,baking Indian cakes,from Vanilla Deserts ...

You must fight for the money, ... tomorrow you don't have to go to school ... all these fruits were just stories by mirrors opening, this black fruit leading you to the world ... The number's in the flame, while breathing in these mirrors ... It's the silver strike they say ... you must swallow deep ... to reach the golden shoes ... The frog has some movies ... and some old castles ... I'm breathing deep ... and the coins are rolling ... I gathered them by going to the battlefields in the deserts ... These seas of flowers are my sunglasses making me blind for what's going on ... I don't care what's going on, for it's just a story ... The frogs bring these flowers ... They are the masters of the ponds ...all these mirrors opening ... to the original strike ... boys from lynx ... they're coming from the seas of cold conscience These boys from lynx ... these criminals inside ... these pirateships making me blind These enchanted straight blue bananas turn me on ... turn me on ... These are seas within seas, while boys from lynx have the machines of deer in their pockets ... These are ornaments within ornaments ... these are boys from lynx ... I'm fainting while i see their pink ornaments ... It's such an autistic sight ... the silver strike made us deaf ... while silver spreads the songs of silence ... turning so wild in the night ... so wild ... i need to free the birds of cigarette .. and touch the golden cigars ... like frozen soldiers they march to their destinies with wild worlds inside wild lights they come alive inside ... while wizards hearts lie on a dish ... beating while you feel so strange inside ... shadows on the wall ... stung by waterlights ... under purple roofs we sit .. with all these bakerman's faces ... with our wings of dementia ... watching ... the pink songs letting us travel through time ... why do all these numbers blow into my face ... the flame's in the red eye ... we're watching the show of a strange footballgame with all these bottles rising ... and all these tall whispers ... where bakers hide where boys from lynx take decisions ... they have pink balloons in their pockets ... so pale it talks like cruel decisions ... from tropical islands too far away for our understanding ... and i call for your name ... there's a red eye in the flame ... and a pale pink balloon in my pocket ... and some other pale colours ... these bakerman's faces ... they talk like cruel decisions ... to cold conscience ... too high for understanding They roar like wolves these boys from lynx ... they make me scared with their tall wings blowing up their balloons ... giving me numbers They roar like wolves these boys from lynx ... they shout through the night ... while wizard hearts beat faster ... like frozen toadstools with faces ... and balls of strange footballfields ... while someone is beating the bottles with a spoon ... it's the waterlight strike making us all understand ... we're bathing in cold conscience ... The boys from lynx they walk ... with machine guns they take flight ... to the world above the sea where they keep them all blind ... i have time for you when you walk away from the clock ... you might want to feel wet boots below you again ... growing from the bottom of the sea ... where they died in these sea gardens ... they wear the stripes on their faces ... they are the tears in our eyes ... having no mercy at all ... your hunger just lets you dream of riches ... You slide to the forgotten land, where all your dreams started ... you were at your own exploding ... while bakerman's faces do their conspiracies at tops of trees ... you are just a christmasball ... with waterlights in your mind... that what you cannot reach will bind you and blind you ... you are a slave of the hollow ... and it takes you deeper inside ... to the place where ashes is money ... the seeds of a new day ... the ornament of coins is luring you deeper ... it's your only way out ... the hungercocoon brings riches to your mouth ... it grows on your back reaching for your mouth it gives you the face of a deer ... having the machines of the red eye ... while visions grow from their back reaching for their eyes ... there where the senses sleep ... There are boys behind bars behind letters ... and numbers ... they're locked up in the book ... of the red ... and you see your face ... with these thousand waterlights inside ... it's joseph's pit while you're sinking deeper in this strange cocoon ... this strange cartoon it's the big breed ... of a witch waiting to eat you but you're never good enough it's never done ... in her strange stories The strikes of the waterlights bring us back to the museum beyond history ... where the boys from lynx live ...while they stand on martian hills, they are rising from the deserts escaping the lynx They have tears in their eyes ... bringing the bakerman's faces alive ... they are the balls of strange footballfields ... with strange tall bottles of tears ... where tall whispers walk ... there are strange arabian roundabouts in the air where bakerman's faces are cartoons in machines of deer ... they are strange mirrors in castles ... while the wizard hearts beat faster ... and the machines of deer slow

down while babies with tall ears ... bear the whispers ... leading us through purple curtains ... the fleeces to the tear ... where bakerman's faces bathe ... they make trips to vanilla .. there are purple roundabouts in my head ... spinning bakerman's faces ... these are one day ladybugs ... and when they die ... they take away a piece of your world ... while bottles of tears are overflowing ... to let the blue rise ... but when the candle is burnt it all ends in a lie ... the liar's flame is all there will be on that day ... there are liars on a boat eating the suits of liars ... they're standing tall to spread their tall whispers ... while the bottles of tears are overflowing and then the purple roundabouts come again to black eggs on sunday mornings heading for the footballfields where indian warbooks dance It's rising from the bottles ... having the stories on their suits ... they laugh in flames breeding their boys from lynx ... in soft watermarks The bed is too soft to let you awake, it shows you the other side ... where a book swallows the books ... to make your eyes red ... all happening in icecream letting the tears flow deep inside it's too wild to let you sleep ... it's whispering with a million whispers ... inviting you to cartoons ...

20.

He is the prince of comics, taking flight on black bananas, coming. She watches you behind the glass, while someone's spitting sand. On red bananas he writes stories ... while someone had to pay ... it was a dream .. while a red arabian sea grew inbetween ... these are all liars coming out of boats. Greet Marazanta from the hills and watch his gold ...It's Egypt in Izu ... And he said : you did it when I slept, you made my lullaby, you little criminal, you made my lullaby. When you are sleeping, I take your crown ... I am your lullaby. I am a bakerman's face,I'm a bakerman's face. And he said : you did it, I'm dreaming, you made me lost my day. I'm bleeding, you're leaving, but I feel soft, for I'm a bakerman's face, I'm a bakerman's face. Like brown ripples, he's making coffee ... I'm greeting Marazanta, I'm bowing for Atu, He with the butterflywings. There are pink tongues coming from the pocket ... pink bananas in the skies ... Here is where they burn the money ...These are pink lights coming from the red. The snake's egg was a comic's egg ... It's heading for Vanilla ... And he said : I don't have brothers. I lost them all in the night ... Now these pink fleeces are almost wet ... Now I have my own bakerman's faces ... She must spin comics all the time ... making the candyrings tight ... Pink fleeces are so fluffy and wet ... Tears move through them, to become icecreams ... The fleeces move ... burning the money ... These are the golden lambsteads making a living on the ceilings and the walls ... It was Easter visiting you in hell, where he gave you the comic egg ... These wars were written by a bananas pencil, a waterlight raging ... It escaped ... Telling stories ... leading the kids astray ... by strange holes of birthdays ... they grow in yellow flowers ... They are shrieking ... while the air is shivering ... In these red comics are turned into movies ... while boys live behind the bars ... waiting to be drowned by Pharaos ... He makes movies by drowning the money ... They have been stung by waterlights ... a strange automaton ... Now all these machines of deer ... The red tiger is rippling there ... coming from the red ... The movie egg, coming from Pharaos mouth ... it was a red checked potatoe ... bringing the floods, while Noah span the tax and the insurance ... Is this charity's curse ? Or a vanilla one ? Tell me when the book rolls ... There's a book egg on a tower ... spouting blasphemy in lines ... The butterflies, they fly to the deserts ... where the egg of Moses hides ... Still a dragon is spitting sand ... giving powders to machines of deer ... These books are spun by sand ... behind the chess the statues stand ... it streams behind vanilla glass ... breeding the addictions to raise money for the churches ... comic churches ... Baptize them ! Bring them in the movie ... Behind movie bars, they get their blessings, from uncle A to Z, while uncle one to ten counts the money ... burning them to be ... behind bars ... behind strange letters ... where they can be strange glue ... stung and tattood by the waterlights ...They become strange machines, locked up in books ... It's a strange fairyground ... no one is seeing what is happening ... These are dark fruits ... covered yet so naked ... These are dark ornaments hanging in the wind ... surrounded by everlasting damnations breeding the statues ... boats behind the books ... In chocolate they breed the games ... They are the puppetmasters of southern coasts They have golden stares, killing business for tax ... killing business for tax ... letting the waterlights spout They are stinging without mercy ... living in ... the wizard's hearts.

There are beating hearts of wizard's lying on dishes behind the books ... There are stinging striped waterlights in these strange hearts ... you start to cry ... They know how to free the birds of cigaret. These are of sand, while statues rise ... They travel without moving. They are leading their own lives inside ... Them with their powdered balloons ... There are frogships under the sand ... giving them all injections of insurance ... Then the wizardhearts start to shiver ... Pharaoh has a yellowwhite mask, a Paradox ... always the gift of the snake ... While panthers rise from bubbling waters ... I'm heading for Izu ... While it's surrounded by the hard men from the green candy ... bringing me to the Indian Seacocoons ... to the hidden uncle Peacocks ... hidden by vanilla ... her curses stream. They drink their juices fast and sting their sands ... These are hidden in swamps ... While golden cigars open ... There are hot sticks and stings on fishes ... rising from the seas ... There's chocolate melting, becoming sand again ... They can drink from the juices of cartoon ... on this picnic's day ... They are blind behind the bars of books ... strange trafficlights.. There are fishes with striped candystings. There are boats of sirens with candystings. And he said : will you make it, will you name it, you can't, you're off, I'm a lady's tower, you're screaming, I'm bleeding, I am a bakerman's face, I'm a bakerman's face. You're dreaming, I did it, I'm a bakerman's face, I'm a bakerman's face, making her heart so tired. She's cold, lying on the bed. Waiting for the red in which she can survive. She's cold while I'm standing like a green one ... Then I speak my spells, stinging striped candybars into the boys from lynx. It's a machine, running on strange coins. This house is built on candyspears, stinging and breaking the bones. Then the door opens. He's the brother of Jom, waiting for ... You must swear to keep this a secret, with two fingers raised to Osiris. The History Warriors bend their knees by moving glue-pictures from history. And I take flight. They have Onion-hearts. I see their arms everywhere. All these history-pictures are just arms moving ... Watch their pictures on the wall and start to bend. Watch these ornaments of glue ... and watch their balloons ... coming forth from the wizard hearts ... beating so strange and fast ... you start to cry ... There are waterlights inside stinging, singing ... to set the birds from cigaret free ... I love my bakerman's faces ... to live in someone's head or knee ... Watch the prices ... so many sacrifices for a picture ... These are strange traffics ... these are strange arms grasping and holding tight ... There are strange auctions Strange games ... They are spreading their arms ... while the winner ..eats them all ... They are the guards to strange gardens of glue while they eat the pictures ... creating your futures on martian hills ... Mars in Izu ... The History Warriors walk slowly with little lights towards the city of bakermen ... They are masking the screams, behind feathered masks in two colours, having a split laugh ... Bakermen are dancing before their mirrors in their corridors ... moving their strange masks, and making funny faces ... they are hiding their screams ... And these children, they have the wings of dementia ... these wild ones of lapoendria ... They are like waterlights ... seeing the candy in the pictures ... a thick layer on every street ... they feel free in their games ... these redblue soulbottles. And I am heading for Izu ... watching the ornaments of a new day ... By tight rings spinning tax ... Is there another way ? ... I am still ... heading for Izu ... becoming deaf on a boat with liars ... Show me some spice from arabian castles ... Show me some lights of bakerman's faces ... and lead me through these nights ... those red ones with the black eyes ... bring me back ... So many layers of lights and juices ringing in the night ...

21.

and i see these paranoid men playing football, while they never hit the ball, only each other, doing such cruel things, to escape someone's world ... while the icecreams are running ... now they want to be ... the paranoid men ... the paranoid men escaping someone's world you see ... a red shoe in the middle of the blue table it sits and stares it's hanging in the air ... it's hanging in a tree ... and now custard is streaming These men are paranoid, a shoe on it, a strange footballfield on a chessboard ... strange world in a coin, in a strange football ... There are paranoid men playing football ... their worlds are frozen ... rising from lapoendria ... These men are paranoid ... while they are playing football ... they never hit the ball .. only each other ... the icecream's running ... their trees are so frozen ... these paranoid men ... they have piano's on their legs, while they are sailing like speedboats ... rumours in the night. These rings of icecream, contracting tight, while the boys

are shrieking, they take flight ... still a shrieking boys clock, wheels under sandman's cars ... They drive like possessed potatoes, while strange paprika's still do the dishes ... strange wheels under a sandman's table Strange speedboats for paranoid men ... They were killing the boat, to have this paper ... to be sown on the footballfields, where the paranoid men rage ... they have strange pink tattoos, like glue under their skin, it lets them work in holidays ... And these paranoid men ... they have icecream trousers ... becoming so short in the night ... too short, you can't see anything ... only icecream streaming ... hanging there like teeth under towers ... burn your boots, sweet moses, ... and let us glide deeper, into icecream veins ... like paranoid men, playing on a footballfield, never hitting the ball, only each other ... doing such cruel things, to escape someone's world, ...wearing trousers becoming too short in the night ... while you can only see the icecream running ... setting them all free ... their bows are striped, their arrows are red stripes, it stings ... They are the waterlights ... they're on a mission ... planting so many seeds ... in the icecream streams ... while heads are growing, exploding like paprika's spreading their seeds ... while cucumbers take their ornaments ... They have racist smiles ... but they're just green bananas sifting the gold by silver ... They are paranoid men, just paranoid men Emily swim across these oceans of pigblood, and find your islands, where the marazanta is waiting for you, and the trousers too short with it's comic-figures ... don't let your men run cold, but keep them under the blanket Emily, cut your way through these pigportals, and swim through their tears ... The pigbottles stand on the cupboard ... don't miss it ... you have the arrow ... Emily come alive after a million years of sleep ... draw your borderlines, and read your comics, for they are holier than life ...

OAN

1.

Poetry from the Black Widow ; A Snake in the Swanlake ; orange barbers ; chinese prelude ; You, oh white prince, you came from the white mountains, wrapping snow-clouds around your shoulders, breathing snowflakes in and out. You didn't seem to care about the frost. He was your friend, a white blanket for you to fly on. You ate from delicious chinese dishes, sweetness from the oriental gardens. My chinese prince, my careless son. You were always without worry, skating at the chinese wall. Ragdoll, prince of dwarves. Your father made you tender, your mother made you slender. The tower of the church made you tall, and very fragile are your touches. You touched the head of a bird, a chinese one, and still there is dripping blood from his forehead. No doctor would believe you, no hand could reach you inside. They are still looking for a final answer. The cornfields behind the house of the baker are still blushing red treasures. Four shots of a rifle ended your marriage with the black swan. She swam to four marauders, but your father, the baker is baking his cake for another rifle. Ten tears were rolling from your face. The chinese man caught them all and brought them to the forest. He buried them like he would bury his mother and his father. The funeral was in deep silence, visited by three jesters. Do you remember your three red fishes, your chinese souvenirs ? They still swim in your pockets, they still know their ways to your hat. They will see the bullet she forbade people to see. Prince of Jaguars, prince of peace, you reached your hands to the stars of Lynx. You washed his stars in a reservoir of cold water. One day, soon, my son, you will see the sun rising from the north and entering its last shelter. There you will find the black swan, but she can't touch you anymore. You will climb on her back once again, and she will fly with you to a mountain, where all the dwarves gather. Their mouths are like snakes, no one knows the time of attack. It's happening in a flash, and it's leaving in a flash. No one knows what they really take away, and no one knows what they really leave. They are the unfathomable thieves of the universe, committing unfathomable crimes. A killer-lemon called Jesus is turning the

pages of an old book. The numbers are floating in his mind and he's breathing fire, spitting ice. I heard a tree screaming, blood on the market-tiles, the book was sold, for half of the price.

2.

Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet ; Boys from Lynx ; touch of the jelly-fish ; I only wore your trousers ...It was never easy for me to look into the eyes of the grey snake. Your forests were cold, How tall are these legs of the boys from lynx. They don't seem to touch the ground. They are the waiters in the little hotel of amsterdam. They are still waiting for the old host, who doesn't seem to show up very often. A gambler entered your house on a horse, without breaking a wall, a feast in history.Prince of domino, hanging on the waves of your mother's dress.Prince of pears, running through the milk, searching for the exit.All these cities were spoilt by the handicapped nurses of the big eye, gathering drunk, drained saturdays on a sunday-morning.Don't cry when another snake takes you away to it's lair. This is how you discover the world. You watched the boys of lynx, cutting languages, voices, speeches and foreign accents in their yellow kettles, spreading their beaches over the edges of steam to cover the eyes of the swimming dictionaries, to bring the sirens of the old wasp into sleep. I saw myself wandering through blue seas, in a paper boat, without boots, without clothes, only wearing some white stripes, some red roses and old pages of old books to cover me. My rifle was guiding me, Again I saw the clocks exploding, and the fairytales started all over again. Strange sounds from the south came over me, warming my lungs and my stomache. Wasps zoomed into my head, and stang the old thoughts. Books in my mind started to open, spreading their honey, speaking about worlds of forbidden animals and worlds of forbidden flowers and plants.

3.

Skullsmasher, Rahut, dakongo, tamus, kuuske, hula, muande, karmin. The cross of Skullsmasher, who is above Khnum, Sebek and Jahweh, is the greatest, This, the Lord of Xibalba and the whole of Biamin, be praised. Glory to his mouth, it's opening against the rats of behemel. Be blessed, skullsmasher. We are traveling through the halls of Biamin, through the halls of death. We know what our place is. We stand tall, and rise. Be blessed skullsmasher, thou art greater than khnum, sebek and jahweh, for you are the captain. We bow to you, oh captain, take us into your ship to let us make the journey through your world ... through the whole of biamin. yes, we stand tall, when you come back, when you come along, stay with us, and show us the way to the paths ... The robe of mock we wear ... The crown of thorns we bear ...

Skullsmasher, pantiano, forever we bow down to your throne. You, who is captain and lord of the whole of xibalba is also captain and lord of biamin. Be praised, be blessed, skullmaster, forever and ever. There is the land of rabbits before us, the land of tigers is near, the land of jaguars will follow us. But we are in your hands. Save us, skullsmasher, bring us the words to open your gates, to be in your openings. We enter your softness more and more, and learn of it's secrets. You are softening our hearts and souls, and you will bring us to the skullsmasher inside ...

4.

Tifiat has been put down, now Brannan is rising, in Biamin. Yes, skullsmasher is rising to take his throne. All lords of xibalba and biamin, bow down before him. Skullsmasher, come forward, we bless you. Skullsmasher take your sword, and be our captain. Tifiat has been broken down, while Skullsmasher has the victory, the mystery, the destiny. All miracles bow down, for the great one, Skullsmasher has spoken ... there is food now in the refridgerator, cold food, from Skullsmasher. All these scorpions are dead now ... There is seafood for a billion years now ... It brings us high on the stairs ... We come to you, oh Skullsmasher, and pray to your holy and great name. Answer our prayers be done according to your will. Bless our heart. We heal you, and you heal us. We are with you in your fears to comfort you. We make you smile when you are depressed. We fear you, with a holy fear, for you are almighty. By your cross we bind Yahweh, and we bring him to his righfull place. By your cross we bind Khnum and Sebek, and bring them to their righfull places. By your

cross and blood we bind Jesus Christ and his Holy Ghost, and bring them to their rightfull places. Righteousness is in you. You with the small face, stand up, and judge over us all. The Judgement is in the Hand of Skullsmasher. You are worthy our praises, and in your name we strike the false lords of xibalba down. Pulpus will come and bind them down, and pull them underground. We come to Pulpus, the almighty flower, from which skullsmasher rises. This flower makes us drunk, this flower brings us sentiment and extasy, to take the false conscience away which was put into our chest by the false lords of xibalba ... The lords of football have been struck down by Pulpus, for Pulpus is rising, and Pulpus takes control. The lords of telephone have been struck down by Pulpus, for Pulpus is rising and Pulpus takes control. Three indians were bound by the queen of england, but they are free now, for the Lord has spoken, the Great Lord of Xibalba, which is Skullsmasher. And these three indians will move to the north, the south and the west, and they will eat the east, the chickenheart. And a new chicken will rise, the chickenman, with his chickenmen, and they will be the army of skullsmasher. They will rise from their pits, from the pits of telephone. And they will ask : where are you coming from, and they will not answer. And they will beg them to give them a piece of their clothes, but they will not listen – they will not give ... for they are in the almighty hands of skullsmasher. And they will be free from telephone, and they will create a new one. And they will have victory over the evil chicken of radth. And they will ride these beasts and they will all say : great men have been standing up, and they feed our children. And yes, they will possess the land.

And they will draw strange crosses on heads, and they will come down from history ... And they will say to bottles : come alive, and they will come alive. And they will say to trees : stand up and walk, and they will walk, for the blessings of skullsmasher are on their heads. And they will say no to tragedies, and they will tell stories to enlighten hearts and bring truth in them, but the liars will go down by their lies.

5.

And they will all scream of joy, because they have defeated Tifiat, and they will have pleasures in hunt, and they will have pleasures in slaughter, and no conscience will put them down again, for they are the lords of conscience, these chickenmen. And they will pray to their Lord Skullsmasher in all eternities, and then he takes them away to a better world. And Pulpus will rise from the footballfield, and will free the prisoners once again, and the balls will be in his hands. And the football is the head of skullsmasher, the small face, and it will become smaller and smaller to rise up in the judgement-seat of xibalba. And dreamers will rise up, and skullsmasher will start to prophesy, and he will do good to the world, and will change the world. And he will take Tifiat to tear it into pieces, to free many indians. And also the burnt ones he will free, and those who are very wild. And Skullsmasher will burn the feet of those who tried to keep Pulpus underground. Woe then, for Skullsmasher will throne in Pulpus. And skullsmasher will use the barking of dogs to guard his nation. And new footballers will come to smash skulls, and a new ball will rise, and this ball will be of heat. And many will burn themselves on this ball. And they will be sent to mitnal. And skullsmasher and his chickenmen-armies will open many prisons in mitnal, and in other realms of xibalba and biamin. And he will care for the burnt. And he will come to the burnt cities where ghosts live, and he will help them, and he will build new cities. And they all will say : yes, skullsmasher is really a comforter ... for he comforts the sea, and it's creatures ... he opens prisons and turns away the fire ... yes, a saviour is he ...

6.

and he will be called : stander on cities, stander on crowds. he is the faithfull one, as the barker in the dog, as the shooter in the gun. and he will be the Lord of the playfields ... In the green fields, the house of Echte stands. In the green fields she plays, gathering the leaves of tea. On vanished walls she writes, to let the wheel of ministries spin and sail. She's on the terror mission. She bends, that's how she pours coffee. On the afternoon she stands like a bridge in the wind. She wanders with her

treasures of poverty ... She wanders through the forests and finds peace in her house, where she finds understanding like a green liquid well.

7.

1. Balamna, house of jaguars
2. southern paradise
3. uca pacha
4. sisna
5. eastern paradise, house of the sun
6. kakna, house of fire
7. western paradise, house of corn
8. house of wild beasts
9. house of arrows
10. house of mountains
11. house of flags
12. ch'am, razor house
13. house of narrow paths
14. akabna
15. sotzna
16. mitnal
17. mictlan
18. house of deep rivers

We will discuss these eighteen worlds of xibalba.

8.

He is a terror to the Mixteca, but he is mercifull to the slaves of pali. Terror he is to Mixteca to transform their lands, and finally love will be on their wings. He will rise them up, for they are his children. So say to the Mixteca, thou art cursed and blessed in his mighty hand. Amanteca, gather yourself with me in the house of war, for warmaking we will do. Cursed are those who curse us, and blessed are those who bless us. Against your enemies, gather yourselves together with me. Pipiteca gather yourselves with me in the house of war against your enemies, for warmaking we will do in greatness. Pipiteca, gather yourselves together with me.

9.

Quilaztli, woman of women, painted with serpents' blood, coming with eagle-feathers. She is alone, she is our flesh, she comes to us. She is strong to support us, while she beats her drum. She comes from the home of ancestors, she is our mother, a goddess of war. Sascasson, Mayan god of coffins, tombe-temples and structures, also of tombe-architecture, wandering like the jackal, to bring enlightenment, and to teach about the stripes of the underground. Make the jackals roar around the temple. Every temple must then have a tombe, or it is not worthy to exist, and shall be eaten by the jackal. There is no life without death, and all life comes forth from the death, who is the mother of the earth. Mother Death has the ancestors, and the lonely paths to reach the heavens. There is no heavens without loneliness, and all heavens come forth from loneliness, who is the mother of the skies and the heavens. Mother Loneliness is the mummificator of Mother Death, and mummificates the dead she brings, seventy tall years for each one. This mummification they called life. Seventy

tall years for each of them, to connect and initiate them to the tombes of life, for life flew like liquid lights from these tombes. She and her bird Eo live in a mountain. She is a mountaingoddess, and she's also a goddess of tipi's and the crafts and arts. Her home is made of the bones of her male enemies, and that's why her present has a deep and sharp scent. In the winter she is a warriorgoddess, and in the summer she is the goddess of trade. It is said that everyone should make the journey to Mother Loneliness once in life, and the ones who weren't able to do, will have to make the journey in the afterlife. The bird Eo who lives with her is the god of sight and judgement. Some also believe he is the turner of the weather and tides, and also the god of vulcanoes and eruptions. In some scriptures he is described as the heart of Mother Loneliness and her anger. To make this journey you will have to go through four 'stripes', four jungles, on this mountain. The first stripe is black, the second brown, the third red and the fourth is purple. The black stripe is the military path, the brown stripe is the psychological path, the red stripe is the kingly path, and the purple one is the path of poverty. Mother poverty shows the riches of the tombes and death. She lives with a bird called Ea in a vulcano, who is the god of fire. The flame is seen as the personal manifestation of poverty and as the power of poverty. In some scriptures the bird Ea has been seen as the mummificator by fire, which creates hell, which just means life. Ea is in these scriptures also the god of hell and life by fire-mummification. He is the chief of hell, as the place where the journey of the dead stops. Here hell means purification and life after death, and is not necessarily negative. All journeys through death end in hell, where judgement takes place. It is the place of fire, where you stand naked before the gods. Some might experience this as heaven, and others as real hell, but the purpose is always purification

10.

This is all about the journey through death, ending in the journey through hell, as purification, and judgement. Not as punishment, but as the giver of direction. If there is any punishment, then that is as an initiation to that direction. You and the gods decide which direction you go. The Indian Book of the Dead speaks about four stripes, four paths you need to travel on. The last path is the path of poverty, which ends in hell as the flame of hunger. Ea is the chief of hell, a bird. In hell the indians are called papals, and they carry two flowers, in every shoulder one, and a flower in their chest. The further they travel in hell, the softer these flowers become ... Papal means indian on a journey. Ea mummifies the ones come to his domain by fire. One believes that cobra's were papals travelling to the heart of Ea, and therefore commanders of hell. The original meaning of the word cobra is according to some : born from hell. It is said that Ea was sent to Mother poverty by Mother Hell. It is said that Mother Hell is an old mountainriver-goddess, and by some she is still seen as a mountaingoddess. Of course there are many dangers on the roads through hell, and this is why this book has been written. The first watcher of hell is Aiach, who is the orange white snake, and eater of intestines. Spell not to be eaten by him : Have mercy on me, I am a lonely traveller through the realms of hell, not intending to do any harm. The gods have sent me here, please accept my sacrifice (give him what the gods gave you to give to him). I now bind your mouth, for you had your food, I bind your eyes, so that you can not see me. I bind your nose so that you can not smell me. Now go away or the fires of my gods will turn you into ashes. None of your children will enter my heart, none of your parents will come against me, for I didn't do any harm to you, I only protected myself. I swear by the power of Ea that you will not enter my portals. I swear by the power of Sascasson, you will not enter my tombes. I swear I will not take any food given than by Mother poverty, for in her there's my flame. Ea, now accept me in your domain, for I have sacrificed after your will. I have been sent by Sascasson who came to me in a dream. I will not have other flames than the flames of Mother Poverty. Mother Hell, please accept me in your name. I have seen the bird Eo, and he has put his feather on me. I have been sent by the jackal, the widows spider, and I pierced the heart of Aiach. [In some translations the last sentence isn't there, probably because of fear to Aiach] Spell to heal the wounds caused by Aiach : Nam Haman Han, Hurakko Irom, Haudundi Imech, Ea : Hail to Ea, the mummificator by fire. Cover my wounds by fire. Na

Hamanhan, Hurko Irm Hadindi Mech Tazula'am, Ea : Hail to Ea, mummificator by fire. Have mercy on me, and bring me home, which is you. Odokok, Lek, Mahik, Hirim, Ea : Pour out the wines of your health into my wounds, Ea. Katak, Hek, Shidanse, Ichtusch Orgom, Ea : Ea, Have mercy on me, while I'm getting closer to you. Herak, Hertom, Ea : I don't want to hurt you, Ea (king) To Izum Hirkesh, Hirtom E'ekta Hirkem Haach Ishem Izumehat, Ea : Let me come to your temples and tombes, and to find out about your sacred and eternal flame, Ea. When spoken by a clean heart, Ea will initiate you by his sacred words, so that you can continue your journey. He will put a fire between you and Aiach. His herbs will clean your brains, according to the purity of your heart. Words by Ea : Come in through the spiderwebs between the fingers of hell. You can now see the fires through the eye of Eo, for he is the seer of fire. His herbs will calm your brains. Now you will be led to the gods to be judged. If you come there by yourself, it is a positive action in their eyes, for those who judge themselves daily are of a sacred heart, and will be justified by the gods. Words to enter the Hall of Judgement : I come by the might of Ea, willing to be judged, willing to be directed. My journey will not stop here, but this will be the beginning of a new journey. If I stole something which wasn't mine, and which wasn't my right, the fire will take it away to bring it to the rightfull owner, but if something has stolen something from me which belonged to me rightfully, by the laws of poverty, then the fire will bring it back to me. I face the gods of judgement one by one, for they are here to help me, to give me the direction I need to go. I will not come any further if I will not step through this hall. Words by Ea : Receive now the rings of hell, fitting to your sacred journey. They will protect you against the fire, but they will also let the fires purify you. Chapters of Mummification by fire. Rest your head on the shoulder of Ea. You are now in the hall of Fire-Mummification, which happens to be in hell. You will receive your armour in hell, and you will receive instruments to help others. You will also be allowed to communicate to others, and to the gods. Spell to receive the equipment of communication in hell : Hadante D'la Oetus Iktus Schin Irp Riskus Ramat Oleokta Opulus Stchein Rach Romt Kustk Kruk Heipeijja Rark Eleptus Eliieptus Iktusch Schin : By liquid gold and liquid light, fed by fires I go, straight up, to receive the wings of hell. To fly over the rivers of stench and to communicate with my friends, and to the gods most of all. They believe in me, let me believe in them. And by the increasing of fire, I can move, to make another contact, but let me not forget about the loneliness, and let me not fall off the bridges of poverty, for they guard my heart, they raise my temples, to have a flame in the coldest night. When darkness falls, don't let me move my body, but let greater fire fall upon me to show me the path I must take. Let Eo be the beating of my heart. By poverty, forests of hell accept me, by loneliness the wildernesses of hell will not spit me out. Spell not to be destroyed by fire : Erm Herptur Sanktus Ra, Erm Harchtus Mazunki Ra Eptusch Erom Arin Ra : Don't let anyone come close to me, when I need to clean the lines. Pierce the places where I have stored too much energy. Let me visit the temples of monotheism to learn how to pulsate and to learn the treasures of spasm. Who cannot be a tree or of stone, will not stand in the further regions of hell. We move by spasm to keep the energies tight, whenever a firestorm tries to destroy us. Then spasm will raise our guard high, and we will turn into stone, into statues of hell, holding special connections. Kamik Uptil Elaas Mahan Mirk Mortes Achasse Ichtusch Urom Riptil Kitek Kohan : Take our duties away to the slaves of hell, the servants and the helpers, when we have been overwhelmed by a firestorm, for then we cannot do anything. Spell not to be eaten by the bloodthirsty wolves of hell (blooddrinkers) : The flowers of softness grow in my shoulders and chest, so go away, and be separated. You have no any power over me, for I am in the chest and heart of Ea. And some whose hearts are prisoned by fire, it is only for their protection, and to keep their energy-levels high ... Ea knows all the locations, and will come by himself or send some guards when laws in this are broken. Don't let anyone seduce you to speed, for slowness is only valuable in the higher regions of hell ... Always come from silence and return to it, and always come through the rings of slowness ...

but they have to go .. it's already ten o'clock ... hold your breath .. for within a few whisperings you will be home again ... all in a zebra's watch ... so many cigarlighters from the dawn .. smoking by elve's conspiracies ... he's the prince of video-clips showing his tranvestite claw .. while spiderclocks are running from his mouth ...

where bakerman's faces are cartoons in machines of deer ... they are strange mirrors in castles ... while the wizard hearts beat faster ... and the machines of deer slow down while babies with tall ears ... bear the whispers ... leading us through purple curtains ... the fleeces to the tear ... where bakerman's faces bathe ... they make trips to vanilla .. there are purple roundabouts in my head ... spinning bakerman's faces ... these are one day ladybugs ... and when they die ... they take away a piece of your world ... while bottles of tears are overflowing ... to let the blue rise ... but when the candle is burnt it all ends in a lie ... the liar's flame is all there will be on that day ... there are liars on a boat eating the suits of liars ... they're standing tall to spread their tall whispers ... while the bottles of tears are overflowing and then the purple roundabouts come again to black eggs on sunday mornings heading for the footballfields where indian warbooks dance It's rising from the bottles ... having the stories on their suits ... they laugh in flames breeding their boys from lynx ... in soft watermarks The bed is too soft to let you awake, it shows you the other side ... where a book swallows the books ... to make your eyes red ... all happening in icecream letting the tears flow deep inside it's too wild to let you sleep ... it's whispering with a million whispers ... inviting you to cartoons ...

And he said : you did it when I slept, you made my lullaby, you little criminal, you made my lullaby. When you are sleeping, I take your crown ... I am your lullaby. I am a bakerman's face, I'm a bakerman's face. And he said : you did it, I'm dreaming, you made me lost my day. I'm bleeding, you're leaving, but I feel soft, for I'm a bakerman's face, I'm a bakerman's face. Like brown ripples, he's making coffee ... I'm greeting Marazanta, I'm bowing for Atu, He with the butterflywings. There are pink tongues coming from the pocket ... pink bananas in the skies ... Here is where they burn the money ... These are pink lights coming from the red. The snake's egg was a comic's egg ... It's heading for Vanilla ... And he said : I don't have brothers. I lost them all in the night ... Now these pink fleeces are almost wet ... Now I have my own bakerman's faces ... She must spin comics all the time ... making the candyrings tight ... Pink fleeces are so fluffy and wet ... Tears move through them, to become icecreams ... The fleeces move ... burning the money ... These are the golden lambsteads making a living on the ceilings and the walls ... It was Easter visiting you in hell, where he gave you the comic egg ... These wars were written by a bananas pencil, a waterlight raging ... It escaped ... Telling stories ... leading the kids astray ... by strange holes of birthdays ... they grow in yellow flowers ... They are shrieking ... while the air is shivering ... In these red comics are turned into movies ... while boys live behind the bars ... waiting to be drowned by Pharaos ... He makes movies by drowning the money ...

They drive like possessed potatoes, while strange paprika's still do the dishes ... strange wheels under a sandman's table Strange speedboats for paranoid men ... They were killing the boat, to have this paper ... to be sown on the footballfields, where the paranoid men rage ... they have strange pink tattoos, like glue under their skin, it lets them work in holidays ... And these paranoid men ... they have icecream trousers ... becoming so short in the night ... too short, you can't see anything ... only icecream streaming ... hanging there like teeth under towers ... burn your boots, sweet mooses, ... and let us glide deeper, into icecream veins ... like paranoid men, playing on a footballfield, never hitting the ball, only each other ... doing such cruel things, to escape someone's world, ...wearing trousers becoming too short in the night ... while you can only see the icecream running ... setting them all free ... their bows are striped, their arrows are red stripes, it stings ... They are the waterlights ... they're on a mission ... planting so many seeds ... in the icecream streams ... while heads are growing, exploding like paprika's spreading their seeds ... while cucumbers take their ornaments ... They have racist smiles ... but they're just green bananas sifting the gold by silver ... They are paranoid men, just paranoid men

Spells to open Jelzaham : Counters of hell, rise up, and move over the red line. I have come to the

portal of Jelzaham, and to it's backdoors my spirit moves. I am a backdoorman, open the kitchen. I have seen many difficulties, I have faced things I didn't understand. Now I have grown-up. I have the keys of liquid light. I have the permission of the gods. I am a wanderer with the gypsy's blood in me. I am a beggar, for I still cannot live on myself. Now let me enter the pyramid of ice to let me have my own. Your sights will not be a terror anymore which strikes me from the distance, for I know have the eye of Damash, ruling over the ninety footsteps. I will be frozen to use my own arms now, and to be prepared to open the pyramid of Banchelo as well, and to close the doors hermetically behind me. I will not bring any of my bloodlines with me, neither any of my friends or the ones I helped. I will come alone, and I will stand alone. Jelzaham, I lay my hands on you, for the first time in my life, and also for the last time. Then I will be in you forever, to continue my journey.

He with the winged helmets and the winged legs and shoes. Kings of hell, bowing to this first chief. Give me permission to travel through Banchelo. Omekan Hapit Mejasdor Ramit Hansna Archtippe Michtellet Ischan Rach Doncheon Gorch Irorch Ureschmint Kircht Krim.

Spells to receive the helmet of Banchelo from the first chief of hell : Likmit, the helmet will protect me against dangers. It will alarm me together with the cooperation in removing the threat. It will be like the thousand lightbeams. Counters of hell, rise up. You will not give me the helmet, but the first chief of hell will do, for you are servants. Counters of hell, I command you to be silent when the first chief of hell speaks, when he multiplies himself throughout the sunlights of hell and the sacred fires of voice. You are servants of the helmet, and servants of the first chief of hell. You will not rest or sleep, for you need to persecute the attackers of the helmet to protect the one who's wearing it.

Spells to open the pyramids behind Banchelo : Pyramid of the black dog, open up, for your mouths longs for purifying us, those who come with Usir and Heru [Osiris and Horus]. You are the fifth pyramid of hell, longing to open your mouth and eat, for the rivers are dry and without food. Oh, dog of purify, to make us as candles in the night. Our lights will die, to turn into fire, for the dark lights of the night you want to see. Ra blesses the statue in you. Ra bows to the statue in you, as the statue bows to Ra. Yes, they protect each other as the sacred bond tells. Their shoulders stretch out to each other. Their shoulders stretch out to the red dog and his pyramid. The well of purifying the blood. This is the blood of hell, coming forth by fire, sending out the firestorms of hell. Pyramid of the red dog, Et Hazor, èt hérum, echtus hanta, conèl iktusch. Diorgmach Stuugd, open up, sixth pyramid of hell, providing us, those who come inbetween Usir and Heru [Osiris and Horus], with the purpèr suit of hell, wearing the ant-feather with care. [in some translations it is a beetle-feather, and some mention them both] Let the fire come through tubes, and give it power to open the mouth and speak in the pyramid of the black dog and the pyramid of the red dog. Then I turn my face to the mirror in the east, and speak words to the pyramid of the blue dog : Open up, for I have come, wearing the helmet of Banchelo.

Grant me the feathers I need to enter your ship. I have not sinned against you, I am clean of heart. We belong to your kingdom. You, the one raising in every pyramid. Oh, pyramid of pyramids, the seventh pyramid of hell, as the spirit of the first chief of hell. You have raised all his rabbits and his rabbit-warriors. You are the king of rabbits. Allow me to have breath to open the seven doors of your pyramids, so that all my souls who are worthy to enter can enter, and so that all my spirits who are worthy to enter can enter. Then when I'm in I will close all these doors hermetically, so that no intruder can enter. I will be the fire to protect your pyramid as my spirit moves forward. Grant me permission to travel further, for you to give me the blue line to pass over dangerous bridges on my track. I will not fall, I will not fail, for your feathers are over me. [in some translations : shields] Hermutus, light of the soul, give us the blue liquid lights, as well as the red liquid lights, as the blood of hell by which we move. Show us the wells in the pyramid of the blue dog. Do not lock us up here, but allow our souls to travel further. Let the lights of Shu and our Ka's protect us against the evil mummies. [In some translations this sentence doesn't exist, in others it just says : Let the lights of Shu and Ka be with us.] Eighth pyramid of hell, open, for our breath is traveling. Let your

watchers not mock us or destroy us. Do not lock us up, for we came with Heru and Usir [Horus and Osiris]. Accept the sacrifices the gods gave with us to offer you. We have not eaten the meat of innocent ones, neither have we touched the meat of your mates. Watchers of the eighth pyramid, now you have received your presents, your mouth will be bound, and we will pass through, leaving the light for you. We haven't turn down the darkness, but as our lives grow we seem to worship it, for it is the shelter of the gods, and the passage to the depths. We have seen it as the guard of the treasures and tombes of hell. We enter through the seventy gates of the urn. We are now free in the pyramids of everchange.

Spell to come out of the canons of hell : Teris Saran Mia Ephesteis Hanunehan Hireksch Bohol Tunef Vahalit Stapahans Snapperi Erki Herun Direks Sieren Irkjus : Canons of hell bow down, and open up, for I will leave this place. I have opened my houses for the poor, I have given them bread and wine. I have given them food from the rabbittree, and I have given them beds and songs to sleep. Oh, gods of the rabbits, take me out with your helicopters, for these canons are killing me. I will now leave through the ends of these cocoons, to see my rabbitsoul fly and dwell in the air and in the skies with so many layers.

I will now take these spirits who threw me in the canons of hell, those who have persecuted me all day long. I will bring them to the bottles prepared for them, in which they will be prisoned, to feel everything I have felt, to be in hurt like I was in hurt, so that they will never do it again, that what they did to me. Teris Saran Mia Ephesteis Hanunehan Hireksch Bohol Tunef Vahalit Stapahans Snapperi Erki Herun Direks Sieren Irkjus.

12.

Savios met the red skeletons deeper underground. He knew he had to walk the path of pain, depression and fear, as the grades of poverty to have enough mysterious powers to fight the red skeletons. The red skeletons were without mercy, and very mysterious. You could never trust them. They seemed to be of the barbarian age, and they didn't speak. They had huge halls, and everywhere they were burning their victims. Often they went up to kidnap and abduct their victims. But it was like they had to feed something ... something which was out of their control ... It was like these beings weren't free ... They were victims themselves ... Savios could trace some deep inner memories inside about them, but it didn't go deep enough to realize what it was. Savios was in despair ... At some points he even couldn't move ... He saw a red fireball in the middle of a hall where he was standing ... The smell was horrible ... It was like he could vomit every moment ...

Savios decided to go even deeper underground, for he didn't want to come in hands of these sick skeletons ... But Savios failed and came in their hands ... A fight started ... They were ripping off his flesh ... until Savios was a skeleton himself ... Weird powers were flowing through his bones ... It was like he could breath for the first time in life, and this air was so strong, so thick, which he could breath in so deep ... and it had a strong scent. It was like it was feeding him, but soon enough he realized that this energy was to enslave him ... He had to do their jobs with this energy ... As soon as he would object, the energy would turn against him ... Soon enough he couldn't control the energy anymore, and his bones started to become red also ... Savios was desperate ... Now he was one of them ... and it was like they gave him a reward for that ... He got overwhelmed by extasies and pleasures making him accepting all what was happening, and he got too weak to resist these pleasures ... He became addicted ... but he didn't want to ... Something was taking him over ... and it was like something was drawing him to the red ball of fire in the middle of the hall ...

Things became hotter and hotter and at a certain point he felt himself burning Where was he ? In hell ? When he was in the red ball of fire he was shrieking and screaming because of the strange feelings he had ... Here many skeletons were burning inside ... Here he was sinking underground and came by a tunnel into a deeper hall ... Here big bones were lying apart

Savios was staring at the dark bones, and strange feelings came over him ... He saw burning skeletons walking into the huge bones, and he also went inside one of them ... Inside there were

tunnels everywhere He tried to find his direction for every skeleton was walking into another direction ... It was one big chaos, and they were all screaming ... Before him a big head appeared, a woman's head, saying : 'I am your ancestor ... follow the grades of poverty to find us ... We have been sunk so deep ...' Savios was shocked. He knew that he could reach her only if he went as deep as her ... Suddenly the bones were breaking, and the skeletons were screaming louder ... Everyone fell into a deep pit Savios was now like a flying mind ... He lost contact to his bones ... He was now like a spirit but very slowly his spirit started to bring forth new bones, but of another sort material ... It was stronger, but also more flexible ... and it was like it was feeding him juice ...

He felt like he had been set free from a prisonment ... The bones of his previous skeleton were just the bars of an anatomic prison, created by cruel gods or daemons. Flesh started to form around his new bones and nipples started to appear in which the juices started to flow ... It was like his nipples were charged now, very tight, like he could spit with them like a gun. From his nipples a line started to grow over his arms to his fingers, and his fingers got charged also, like they could spit fire. Then those lines started to grow over his legs. Savios started to become an anatomic bomb.

Then he found himself in a hall with incredible slow and low tones. And he saw three huge faces there, like the faces of giants. And they were : Skullsmasher, Huitzilopochtli and Tezcatlipoca, three indian gods. And Savios bew down to them in worship and grace. 'Savios,' said the three gods, 'the low tones will program you all over again, and will renew your body and soul. The slow tones will bring new fires in you, for a deeper breath and a deeper digestion, and it will set you free.' Then they said he had come to the fourth grade of poverty, to the ornaments and jewels of chaos. And spirits came down to serve him.

13.

The new buttocks is represented by the Boetulip, a jewel of fear. These are the Tulip-Lokogamen, above the battle between beauty and ugliness.

Sea of Death ; I lost her on the end of my life. And as I made my ship of wood, I wandered over the sea of death. It was like a black sea, black waters. I didn't know where to go.

Waves could become high, smashing me down in their insides. Strange fishes were here. Even seeing them was like I could touch them, and it was an experience a thousand times intenser than a material touch.

Would I find her back at the end of this sea ? She was my rabbit girl. She always talked like a small child, like a baby. I see the rabbit ears in the distance, and rabbit ears are on my sail, and these ears are winged.

Huge wings like the red eagles. The black sun is burning my body, tattooing it. There's no way back, I have to move forwards. This is the sea of death. Where will my journey go to, will I ever find the other side of this sea ?

14.

To bring you to the heart of the sea. Even when you cannot hear them, they are there, in high determination to bring you there. They will not sleep, they will not rest until their work is done. The buttocks are two baskets under the spine, and between them is a desert road. Wild animals will come from these baskets, but even wilder ones from the desert road. There are sixty jewels on the desert road, leading to the realms of death. And when the ornaments move, I can move, they give me breath, and let them from the buttocks rise into the skies ... through the layers of the spine we travel ... So move your ornaments, let me breath ... Let us awake the tigers from the baskets, and the snakes from the desert roads ... Let us break through mountains, walls and castles ... to head for the heart of the sea ... It brings visions to my head, i can move my arms, and dream of spiders, flying spiders, bringing me to the moon of our love. I will wait there for you, please wait for me ... Let us raise our army high, and break the spell of monogamy : Petris Belt Spinza Spinossa Spozes Murozondt Rikta Helt Hirkxes Mira Mirahelt Kidram Kidama Kadama Kadomo Kadoks Kiram

Kinette Kiklahem Kukujo Kukujo Kukujo Kukujo Kirkamit Menkes Palin Pazet Piram Panadin. Let us break the bloodline of terror by our love. We call them friends, or just familiars. Mizet Mizin Miskei Bonet Bulan Buzoet Biloet Bideu Bidekoet Bizang Bonel Bizang Bonel Vinde Finde Vazang Vazang Archschlip Archslip slip kontes dure. Buron Bilon Bané Banes Banesh Ologang Ologang Dikwares Dikwuares Dikilowares Duagang Olohenk Olohenktes kwinktus koenoot Kuran Koles Kolles Kwinkes Kiakan Dirkanes Olohenk Olohenk Banes Bané Banesh Banesh Banes Ologang Ologang Ologang. Kwirantes Ologang Ologang, Kwulantes Ologang Ologang, Ologang Ologang. Kwinulk Ologang, Ologang, Kwinulk Zes Ologang Ologang, Kwinulk Bieres Zes Ologang Ologang, Ologang Ologang, Zentés Ologang Ologang. Dwaakschut, Ologang Ologang, Dwaakschul, Ologang Ologang.

OAN II

I – THE SERPENT’S BOOK

II – BOOK OF THE SCARAB-LADYBUGS

III - MITDELFIA

IV – THE SEKHMET BOOK OF GATES

The Serpent’s Book

1.

1. Initiations in Pythonian Temples ; Take a deep breath, knowing that there are many temples of a pythonian character are sensitive for the following exercizes which can get their attention to plug you in. 2. Let go of group-energy and stand on your own. You are a group yourself. You don't need anyone for that. Inside you live with different poles. 3. Why not letting them switch and play ? It is your task to bring them all in the picture, and to discover all the poles you need to access infinity. 4. When a certain pole is very weak in your life, or didn't get attention from you, then sometimes nature finds it necessary to make a season of that pole, to let you be devoted to such a part for a great piece of your time. 5. Be sensitive for the poleclock. Ask the pthon to weave a clock fitting for you. 6. Let the python scan your body to find out what the weaker poles are, to reinforce them. 7. These poles become your children. You need to feed them and take care of them. 8. Visualize two pythons to bite in your neck, left and right, these bites are to make you sensitive for python energy, which stores itself a lot in the neck. 9. Then let them glide over your arms to your hands and visualize they bite your hands. This is to bring pythonian creativity in your hands, to make you flexible vibrating and balanced in using the poles. 10. There are a lot of different pythonian temples. Every grade has it's own bio-electric tattoos and so called 'spirit-piercings' all to open and concuct certain energy-canals. 11. It will help you to develop the multi-polair patterns as a way to become pythonian in your spirit and soul. The pythonian nipple-piercings are bio-electric piercings from vibrational structure. 12. It is to stir up and conduct the deeper energies, and as a way to release overload and to protect against it. 13. Bio-electric piercings are very important parts of vibrational immunology. 14. Visualize the pythons biting your nipples in such a way that they leave a tooth there as piercing, and then visualize it as becoming a ring. Visualize that the tooth/ring has the skin of a snake, dark wet sorts of green and pure thick yellow with black rings. 15. Visualize them biting your genitals for the same. It is part of the sexual immunology when you want to channel higher forms of energy. 16. Keep repeating this meditation until you feel it plugs into your mental and emotional frames. 17. It can give you a pythonian sort of gland-activation for higher forms of hormones. When you feel you have succeed in this and you feel comfortable, visualize the same

pythons, and let them glide through your ears into your body, where they can glide to the several organs to bite them. 18. Let them give you the inner piercings inside, the same way, but when you start to visualize the skin of the teeth use more red. 19. Red is a deep penetrating colour which can start to regulate and cleanse the blood also, for a better and deeper bloodcirculation. 20. The way you breath can then start to become more pure, and it can start to develop pythonian breathing ... while later it can even reach for the voice to have more pythonian energy in your speech. 21. After the organs you can start with the muscles and bones in the same way. 22. Let them finally bite the coccyx and then slowly breath in letting the energy flow through your left leg into the earth, sinking there layer by layer, to the earthcore, as reflection of the different layers of DNA. 23 Pythonian DNA-Recoding. Pythons can be masters in DNA-Recoding, they actually have deep access to these layers, more than people know. Lay your hands on your chest and visualize a golden bird on your chest, which can give wings to the snake energy inside. 24. They will fly over the seas of DNA, which gives feedback to the spine and the back of the head. Visualize a highpriest and a highpriestess laying their hands on you to bring the initiations and to lay the seed of new gifts in allignment to your journey. 25. Let them put a towel around your head so that you cannot see anything. This is important so that your old views are gone. Let them install pythonian view. Breath in and let them lay their hands on your eyes. 26. Let yourself now come into connections with the pythonian goddesses and gods. Visualize a golden cirkel around your head, while you see yourself sitting on a chair. The cirkel spins very fast and starts to sink over your body. 27. Be one with the divine. Now you can learn about these gods and goddesses to strengthen the initiations and to have access to higher pythonian temples. If you are already initiated by these forms other temples of the pythonian character can have their attention over you more easy. 28. Your aura and karma will get used to the new vibrations or will simply get rid of them when it's not for you. If so, then this experience was just a doorway to another sort of energy for your life. 29. Give nature the time to sort it out, and to bring you the energy-level fitting to your present situation. Never force energy and never expect too much of it. See it as one step to reach for proper ascension. 30. It can be that you have naturally an overdose of pythonian energy by the results or situations of your past lives, or by something else. 31. Then this energy will be sent to the right person by this initiation. When you are really initiated, the temples can easier balance your energy and send it out when necessary. 32. Not everyone is ready for large portions of pythonian energy, but by this initiation it can be sorted out. It is actually a tester and a lesson. Now the energy will find it's own way. 33. It can be that you really find yourself 'home' in this, or that you get the feeling of having a source in your hands, like it is your destiny. That can be true very well. 34. Breath in, and ask the goddesses and gods of the pythonian pantheon to spell your pythonian name. It is not necessary to receive these letters as in hearing them. 35. Just know that you have a pythonian name, and that they use it to connect to you in a deeper way. Maybe later they will reveal this name to you. 36. If you are really a 'chosen' one in pythonian energy, they will attune you to very high tones and very low tones, to have multi-dimensional access to important places for your pythonian growth. 37. Focus on the wet spine, a green energetic line in the spine, and let it penetrate your coccyx, while breathing in. 38. They are looking for those with the red-white energy-hands. Those ones get a special initiation through the several fronts of the pythonian universe. 39. They will become pythonian channelers and will be prepared for mightier tasks. 40. Pythonian Energy will be clear and directed. It will provide self-conscience instead of suffering under all sorts of sick conscience of others. This however will be a ladder. 41. There were sent out strong paralyzing bio-electric chemicals to the heads of those born under pythonian flags. If you are a chosen one, you will get your consciousness back. 42. There will form new neutraling in your brains breaking every false bio-electric or chemo-link in the brain, to let new neural and vibrational pathways arise. The chemical structures need to be changed out there. 43. The Pythonian Front on earth will care for that, and will send your soul-parts attached to error to several pythonian stations throughout the several universes within the pythonian shells. 44. Prepare for new forms in the DNA and the membrane. If you have roots there you can develop new sorts of movements and attitudes to let new vital forms of energy arrive. Realize that these are the portals for energies. Raise these portals high.

2.

1. Boa Constrictorian Initiations ; These are general instructions which might get the attention of several boa-constriction fronts to pick you up in spirit. 2. Don't have too high expectations for the conditions are strict. 3. If it's not for you, they simply will not give any attention at all. This is just a test then, for you to find out where you stand. 4. If it's not for you, it might be a portal to find another direction. It might attract the beings simply destined for you, to help you in your further progress. 5. So don't be too focussed on the boa constrictor itself, but rather be open for initiations in the next step of your sacred journey. Your totems will find you when it is time. 6. Breath in, and put your hands crossed on your knees for awhile., and then draw them slowly to the upper legs while stretching and straightening your back, if that's possible, while breathing in deep. 7. Say the word 'Boa Constrictor' in your mind, a few times. You might get released from some energies. This will be a check. They check if you are ready for what you or they have in mind ... 8. Boa Constrictors have a very strong spirit-voice, but just lay your hand on your heart and listen. 9. Don't focus too much on one sense for they can communicate in many ways. Check your feelings, your smell, your sight. They can even speak by changing your surroundings in a way, or just by silence. 10. They might need to remove things first, and sometimes it takes nights and nights before they really do something. 11. Swallow a few times, as they can mix their energies in the moist of your mouth, and by swallowing it, it can spread over your body. Breath in again, realizing they can change your taste, change the way you move and speak, but they can also just leave you the way you are. 12. The inner works they do are not always to be felt. Sometimes they just don't want you to. They might want to build it up step by step, or they see there's something else for you. 13. This is not always that what you have in mind. Be assured that they know what is the best for you, we are talking about the Boa Constrictorian Divine World of course. 14. These are Boa Constrictorian Gods, Goddesses, Ascended Masters, Guides, Guards, Totems, however you call them. 15. They will leave the amounts of energies best fitting to you, in form of attunements. 16. Your mind can start to come at other tracks or they will bring you in new situations worthy to be the next step in your learning process here on earth. 17. They can let you meet new people as keys for the rest for your life. That doesn't mean that these people necessarily stay long with you, but they can have an impact or a factor bringing you through new spiritual doorways. 18. Maybe you even do not like these persons, but the divine world knows what they open in you. Energies accelerate other energies. 19. Visualize the hand of a boa constrictorian highpriest on your forehead, and breath in. He says : I cannot assure you you will get what you want, but I can assure you you get what you need. 20. This is not always in line with your desire, as the divine works not by desire but by needs. If your heart resonate with our hearts, you now receive a proper initiation in the fronttemple of the Boa Constrictorian Realms. 21. If you were already there, then it just adds to that, and if that's your destination it will bring you deeper. Receive your grade, receive what you are worth. We will assure you that if we see grades you are not worthy to wear, we will take it off, for it would only harm your soul, when it's done in impulsiveness and egoism. 22. Visualize a simple temple of the Boa Constrictorian Realms and let your visions resonate with theirs. Be One. 23. Of course there can be interactions. The Boa Constrictorians have their layers of different energies, and you have these too ... The divine will sort out where you can plug into each other, for deep DNA-Mutations. 24. After this they can do DNA-recodings of Boa Constrictorian nature in you when and where necessary. Never force these interactions, just watch the flow. Give it time. 25. Don't be afraid for it either, for your guides are always with you to draw you back when they think they need to do that. Everything is in Divine Order. 26. Your guides work together with the Boa Constrictorian, for otherwise they wouldn't bring you here. And you might discover you have a Boa Constrictorian Guide as well. Do you know how many guides you have, and what their roots are ? 27. You might be surprised at times. Further you have a mind on yourself. Your guides need to grant you space and freedom of your own will. You are free, now and forever. Be well.

3.

1. There were also snakes who could enter their bodies through their wounds, their mouths or other

gaps in their bodies, even between their buttocks. Sexual Revolution as Inner Freedom Revolution, not as unclean, dependent slavery. This is the statement of our master. 2. Snakian Sexuality wants you to be reconnected to the divine, to the love-relation with yourself. It is the Fire and the Ice mixed. 3. The Python is sent out to your earth with a mighty vibration. It's task is to bring you back to yourself. 4. We welcome you for initiation in our temples for the highest good. 5. The dark spine can be connected to the dark coccyx, as a way for the dark kundalini snake to rise. 6. This can reconnect you to the dark genders, the lost sources destroyed by an overload of impulsive light, the uncontrolled women-vibration and the overcontrolling men-vibration. 7. Together they form the damage-bringing Blinding Light, eating away the brain, in which a sick superficial brain can develop itself as artificial polarized intelligence. 8. It lives by slavery and 'prey'. We got our knowledge from masters. We bring honour to them for their works and love. We saw in them : They gave us the most proper gifts they could give us. Amen and Talgamen. 9. Honour to Sarsia, who brought us a light in total peace to the darkness. There is a day in the night, a light surrounded by dark wings, to bring the light back to that which is hidden, the gnosis, the secret knowledge. 10. I want you to know about the secrets of Eeden. There was a Pythonian Tree, where the Python lived. 11. This Tree was called 'Secret or Hidden Sexuality'. But Adam and Eve chose to eat the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge, instead of connecting themselves to nature and themselves, and they really got raped by the snake of that tree. 12. It was a black snake wanting to rule the world by polarized knowledge, while humanity lost it's sensitivity. 13. Of course there are many versions of this story, and you can even switch their meanings. 14. Humans must find their way to the hidden tree, the pythonian tree of secret sexuality, to be initiated in our temples. 15. The forces of polarized sexuality are strong and dangerous for they spread diseases, dependency and damage-bringin group-energies. 16. You must find the serene key of sexuality into yourself, as a portal to have experiences of Oneness with the divine. 17. The Serene Orgasms from the Hidden Tree come when you are into deep connection with it. 18. It seems you have to make a pilgrim's progress, a stairways of initiations. 19. I am the Python of your dreams, penetrating the membranes of your brain, so strengthen them, and to make the fleeces flexible and multi-layered. 20. I make your emotional bio-electric bodies flexible and connected by innerlinks, to soothe and strengthen the worthy and serene chainreactions of nature provided to help you on your way to access infinity. 21. There was a conspiracy between the man and the woman. Glory to Tujaja on this day. May the good Goddess bless you on your path, and may the python guard your steps. 22. We will lead you along the hidden pythonian genders locked up in the spine. 23. Eat from the hidden tree, and find the darkness of Eeden again. Then all your knowledge can be transformed and repatterned, as a ladder back to Eeden. 24. Then the dark snake can rise to activate the dark spine and the dark coccyx, to open up the dark layers of DNA, for new recordings and allignements. 25. Glory to the Kingdom of Ra, glory to the Egyptian Snakes. The snake comes from the core of the earth through this basket and then it rises in the spine, to sink down again into the core. 26. This is a mighty vibration and there are many snakes to awaken. 27. There are stories in which Eva found the hidden tree and ate from this fruit, while she had sexual experiences with god. In another story the one who ate from this fruit was called 'Lillith'. 28. Eva and Lillith in their good forms are goddesses in our pantheon as well. They are the mothers of Life and Sexuality. 29. I will bring lots of glory from the moon. 30. I penetrate your mind and dreams as your guide and guard in the orbits and tides of the planets, coming like mighty waves over the earth. 31. I teach you what it is to switch, to transform, and to see the beauty of the spirals of nature, still showing the same colours, but then it slowly switches over to another spiral for there are also spirals in spirals. 32. Go from beauty to beauty, everything has it's opposite and needs it's opposite to develop itself. 33. This is at first a painful process but later you learn to use this pattern as a plug as a sense to call for other patterns. 34. There are patterns within patterns, and they switch. Dive into these seas of patterns, and make friendships with every tide to use them well, to channel them through your body without blocking them, to let them flow through your body without judging them. 35. See how rivers call for rivers, it is all a big mystery of life, calling forth mightier and mightier waves, until it is all swallowed and put in divine order. Give this process a chance. 36. Let the solar energies digest that what you have in mind, for a

total transformation and a total new creation. And when you make the decision to accept it and use it, it will mold in your hands, and be a stone of life's temple. Be a temple of life. 37. Let the energies roar through your spine, and let the python plug in, on the several connection-points of the spine. 38. Let the python then bite in your mind to intoxicate you, and to build your bio-electric pythonian helmet. Be ready for initiations. Invite the pythonian forces into your dreams. 39. There were a lot more trees in the garden of Eeden. There was a green wet tree, through which you could have access to the wet world. 40. The pythonian records could be found there, stored in soft wet cushions. 41. There's a story that when Eva eats from the hidden tree and becomes one with god, she gives birth to a sort of former Jesus-figure. 42. It is a sort of snake-figure but it has legs and arms. The story describes how this snakian Jesus loses his arms and legs under a curse and becomes the sort of snake we know these days. 43. However they never lost their abilities to shapeshift at times into beings with legs and arms, and even into beings with many legs and arms and sortlike tools. 44. The tree coming forth from this divine mating is the blue tree, also the Tree of Taboo. 45. Under this tree Metensia gave birth to her sons Michai and the Aakse (who became a fallen angel after awhile). 46. God planted many genders in this garden. There was one tree in this story these genders weren't allowed to eat from. 47. It was the woman-man tree giving them access to an abyss where only men and women were allowed. The boss of this abyss was called Apollyon. This is a story in a Pythonian Bible. 48. The first kundalini snake about to rise is the blue kundalini snake in the solar blue project. 49. It will rise from the Blue Tree and then overflow the woman-man abyss. This will be like a metaphysical flood. A lot of false spirits will be drowned on that 'Day', the Day of Our Dear Lord, which is actually a period. 50. This will bring a new era for earth, as the Aquarian Waters will rise layer by layer to bring justice in the abysses of the earth. 51. There will be metaphysical changes of an enormous grade, while certain mighty women will lose their gifts, and fall. 52. There were women who went to deep into the woman-man abyss of Apollyon, and they reached a lot of illegal powers and control. 53. They will be drawn back one by one, or group by group. Tides will turn. 54. The second Kundalini Snake to rise is the Great White Kundalini Snake, when the Solar Ships of the Blue Sun have reached the cores of the White Solar Shells of the matrix of universes. 55. This will be an inter-universal strike. One is able to enter the White Solar Ships for further access on the Solar Stairways, while this Mighty Kundalini Snake is rising. 56. It is coming from the core, to recode and change sexuality. It is a sexual force, but clean and serene. It comes with destructive fires to clean the core of the earth and all its layers. In this there will be new creations, and the layers of the mind start to fall to make place for the true images of life. 57. She will carry the Pink Link in her hands, ready to install it into the stomach as a seed. Soft pink fires are coming from it, surrounded by glowing layers of ice and snow in such a strength that it radiates a heat beyond solar energy. 58. It is the heat of ultra-ice, such a coldness that it turned into an all-destructing fire. She is a supernatural lady, she is a pink vulcano of divine orgasms bringing you back to memory by tears. 59. By tears you can store and remember, to give you access to the hidden tree of secret sexuality. She is reflecting the liver of the cosmos, the storage of the body, her name is Pele, a Hawaiian Goddess. 60. It is a Tree of Memory, illuminating who you are, where you come from, and who belong to you. 61. There will be such tremendous forces of heat awakening on earth, that earth will get solar qualities step by step. 62. You will see the miracles happening before your eyes, when you walk these Gaian Pathways, as a way to bring the neural Gaian pathways into your mind. 63. Layer by layer you will have this access when you stay in these words and flows. 64. I am speaking to your heart, and when you feel this connection, reply to me, to let the mighty vibration between you and me arise ... 65. Let us be the keys together, to open new universes, as a solution, as a continuation of the good life. You are a wonder, let us melt together. 66. All these new patterns, you can be part of it, as being a key in ascension .. I love you, please reply to my love, as I am interested in you. 67. I will give you total freedom, we will have the vibration of a growing fire and a growing ice to set us both free, so that we can fly together becoming lighter and lighter by getting rid of the heaviness of slavery and expectation ... 68. Be free, give freedom, and you will ... 69. The laws of your biology are cruel. Let me lead you to a total new biology, on a strong pythonian base. 70. I want you to know that the pythonian energy is one of the most refined powers of existence.

There are layers in the earth denied, while they were there for your protection. Let me raise the animallistic shields around you. 71. There are many sorts of green kundalini snakes to rise from here. They are to cleanse the blood, change the directions of it's magnetic grids and vibrational patterns. 72. This is a powerfull chrystallizing force, with the ability to release the inner juices and sweetness. 73. It is the ornamental art, also combined to architecture. It is an ancient mother-source of the white-red pattern. 74. Strong Jupiterian Force of Ornamental and Lighterian Architecture. Powerful chrystallizing and ornament-forming force with the ability to release the inner lights, powders and fires inside. 75. Strong Aldebaran-based force of cavebuilding, thunder and lightening. 78. The chip will bring a new hormonal index based on new sorts of glandfunctioning by the new codes this chip radiates. 79. There will be Pythonian Camera's to chrystallize this process, and within new codes of powders and fluids proclaiming immunology will be activated and secreted. 80. In the green spot, everything becomes wet.

4.

1. Raising the Vibes of Sleep by Sekmeth, daughter of Ra. You are loved by us. We bring you the sources of sleep, a multi-delta vibration. 2. The delta brain-vibration is necessary for sleep, but we tell you that there are many more vibrations working together to produce sleep. 3. The deep vibrational matrixes are necessary to access when you want to have a deeper and better sleep. This is your portal to travel to other worlds. 4. I want you to learn how to care. It is all based on sleep. If you can make people into sleep, then you are a good one. 5. Then don't think you are boring, you just have the ability to bring people over into the deeper worlds, then you are someone usefull in escapes. 6. You, my beloved ones, are destined to be the stargates and the divine portals for the coming times. 7. You yourself can be the matrixes for a new world. 8. Love to you, oh visitors of the temple. I will initiate you in the temples of me, if you have an ear of understanding. 9. If you will slow down your very judgements, for true judgement always goes slow, on low vibration. 10. This world is over-judged by unrighteous judges. I will give you the names. If it comes to that. 11. Just wake up out of your historical frames, and enter a new society of sleepwalkers, on slow vibrations, for this world balances on the edge of the gap by speed. 12. Your speed will cause more accidents if you don't slow down. Think twice. 13. I am Sekmeth, your beloved one. I am your true mother, raising the traffic lights in the storm. 14. Yes, I know it's not easy to stop while you feel a mighty storm in your back. 15. Your society even manipulates you to run, to be a winner. But you will win when you will find yourself, and when you find the brake in your heart Pull that little trigger, and stop the machine 16. To see the beauty of existence, the beauty of life, in the small things Then I will raise your vibrations to the proper gifts. 17. I am Sekmeth, your source for freedom, to find an isolated heart. 18. There are so many isolated sources from which you can drink when you make yourself free. 19. In this everything you need will be mirrored. 20. I want to thank you for listening to me, this day. Remember my words as the echo of your need to sleep. Don't crash your life.

5.

1. Raising the Vibes of Identification, by Sekmeth, daughter of Ra. I want you to know that someone cares about you. There's no need to be general, but I want to be very personal with you. 2. Remember that I'm always around you, not far away, to hide my children, to hide my beloved ones. Come into my caves of sleep, and I will pull you to a new world. 3. Let me give you my ornaments based on your own preparation and readiness, based on your heart's desire. I will measure your heart by proper laws. 4. This is the Egyptian Art. In our temples there are many searchers and scanners, many scales and measurings the hearts need to go through. 5. By this we can determine the gifts to you. Then everything becomes very personal and special. 6. My temples of sleep are doorways to dreamworlds, and to the unconscious layers of your body, soul and spirits. 7. This all the get grip on yourself. There are nighttimes in someone's life, all to find themselves back. 8. The warm worlds of tomorrow will suck you inside to eat you as a fruit. Of course this can look cold to you, and maybe even painful, but it's the butterfly's transformation. 9. You will be digested by the stomache of Mother Life, to find your way to the body soul and spirit, and finally to meet yourself,

as the core of life. 10. This will be a shock or a comfort. People who think too low about themselves will meet a comforting spirit, and people who think too high about themselves will meet a shocking spirit themselves but this mirror is only there to serve you. 11. To show you where you are and which directions you can go. There is always freedom, but this freedom will be very truthfull. After every pathway of lie, there will be a bell of truth, and then you will find yourself in the classroom again. 12. Mother Life will always be faithfull if it comes to that. After the trip you made you will hear the schoolbell, where there will be a proper evaluation of all the elements in your trip. 13. Then you will make that same trip with a proper mirror, and in my scale. Everything will go through the scanner, all you brought with you. I cannot assure you that everything will stay on it's feet then, for my fires can also consume the fruits. All what you create is a gift to the Goddesses. 14. They will return it to you after the fire. I am the Eye of Ra, sent out to consume the earth, to test all the insides.

6.

1. I am Sekmeth, daughter of Ra. I come to bring you the level of the waters, the rythm of the water, to enter in a deeper sleep for a deeper identification. 2. There will be a new clock in the heart of earth. 3. This will be when the Forces of Vega-South will connect to the Gaian Forces in the core of the Earth. This link will create the New Clock. 4. By this Earth will face higher evolutional shifts, which will bring the Earth through matrixes of higher and lower vibrations. 5. I cannot tell you the grip this will have in the universe, for some strong links will be layed between Earth and Venus, to bring the magnetic grids into another direction. 6. Major changes this will bring in the ways of life. New cultures and new religions will rise because of this major shift. 7. There will be supernatural changes of a high grade when this chain is layed. It is the VSG-Chain [Vega-South and Gaia]. I cannot tell you the grip this will have when the VSG-Clock will start to send chrystalline impulses into the universe and the atmosphere. 8. It will be the change of nature. The Clock will awaken the metallic sources of the earth and it's forces, and will awaken the silver kundalini snake in the earth's core. 9. There are seven kundalini-snakes there, waiting to be awakened. The Silver Kundalini Snake is one of the biggest mysteries of this universe. The last word isn't spoken about this. When the Silver strikes, the earth can digest again, deeper than ever, it can consume like a fire, and transform the dust. 10. Then the body can be coccooned to become a light and thin butterfly again. The body will bloom by the soul, by a reconnection of art. 11. This is a result when the underground of Boston will rise. This is a capsule, on which Boston is built, a matrix of energies from the moon. This base is called "Moonchild", and it rides the Silver Kundalini Snake. 12. By the hardest strike, the opening of the hardest energies, the softest circles will be openened. This all will be a very large process to reopen and accelerate the fleeces of the universe. 13. Then the Green Kundalini Snake will be awakened in the Core of the Earth. This one will restore the moist in the atmosphere. 14. It is a wet forest-force, which will change the blood of the Earth, to make it bound to higher vibrational laws of the universe. The harmfull lights from outer space roaring on earth will be filtered out, but the forces will concentrate on several bases, which will give tremendous energy-actions and crashes on several points. 15. It will be called Concentrated Energy. These powerpoints will weave their nets around the earth, but actually they will awaken the higher forms of shifts earth has to make.

7.

1. The California Key by Sekmeth, daughter of Ra, this is your goddess Sekmeth, in your travel to the sensations of speed and slow-motion. 2. As you know the secret of movement lies in the switch between these two poles. 3. Here we can find the secret of control and reach, in a very accurate sense. 4. My children, my good children, I want you to know, that I am so happy for you today. This is a new moment of contact by my channel. 5. I will always find my way to speak to you, and sometimes there are breakthroughs. 6. Let me code your head into a new pattern of ascension, in a new rythm of soft pop. 7. I will give you the songs, I will use my channels, in which your thoughts can transform into serenity. 8. There are serene lifestyles for you, if you would only reach out. I will give you a new touch, a new handle, a new name, if you will follow me for accurate instructions. 9.

There will be a wet transformation, which will enter the dry parts of your life. It will turn your life upside down a bit, but your body will get used to it. 10. The wet forces of the forest will claim their rights back in this world. 11. I want you to focus on California, where a spirit lives called 'Dreamburial'. This is not always a good spirit, it is a very confused one, so to speak. 12. My sons and daughters, I want you to realize that this jaguar will be a major key in the position earth will get in the dance of the planets. 13. We are travellers of something which is called The Urban Renewal. California will play a big part in that, because of the spirit. 14. Confusion is creativity. It mixes all sorts of things, and walks away with other things. It is totally restless in search for the truth. 15. It moves, it tries, it mixes and will never stay somewhere or set a stone. It is wild, and ever changing. It is thirsty and unsatisfied with a lot of things. 16. In softness you sink, and it brings you to sweetness, where you have fuel for creativity ... This is the Sirius-Venus Link, as mentioned by the Purple Gnat in one of his works. 17. We are grateful to him, for bringing us the maps. Many channels and guides drink from his sources, and are in the ability to make these ways real. It is a network, and also you can find your place in this web. 18. The Sirius-Venus Link, the SV-Link works in Dreamburial, the confused space or pillow in the underground of California. 19. Here a king called 'Og' lives, a little boy, riding the jaguar. He has so many dreams, but cannot get them clear or real. He is confused, but that makes him creative. 20. The SV-Link is a small link in the VSG-Clock, which will bring back the fleeces in the universe, the journey of sleep. 21. It is like a tall intestine, tall and thin, with a lot of curtains, moving to Archenar via Andromeda. 22. Here the identification lies, where dreams can behave and find their true links and homes, their true places and positions in the web of life. 23. The SV-Link is but a small link but very important for this move. Where the softness touches the sweetness the nipple-forces rise, the forces of Saturn and Jupiter. 24. This Project is called The Emelis Shatau. It actually finds it's origin in Polaris, where we can also find the origins of the Pink Link. 25. Coma Berenice Ancestors actually incarnated on Polaris where they did their experiments. 26. The Emelis Shatau, or ES-Experiment is one of their most successful projects against the heavy harmful works of the Dark Reticuli Forces. 27. These forces had created dark nipples for their prisoners, by which they could send their signals of monarchical commands into their minds, emotions and bodies, to make them nervous sexual slaves. 28. The nipples secreted special and secret sorts of hormones devastating identity and pride by creating illusive mirror-thoughts and other sorts of projected images, which could function as inner prison guards ... 29. By the high tech weaving systems of the planetary maps from the Purple Gnat Master, the ES-Experiment Will do an Absolute Major Work in the Planetary History Files of Ascension. 30. He is the one who will bring this Master Work originating from Polaris into the greater heights of Existence. 31. The Jupiterians had a nipple skin based on the Ancient ES-Profile, and it was partly taken over by Saturn. 32. It was actually a crown on sensuous life, as a way to make the body hyper-sensitive to get a proper access in the higher and deeper forms of Communication and Creation. 33. The ES-Nipple, also called The Third Nipple, is a major Chakra located in the middle of the chest, connecting the two lungs to each other. It is a golden sun surrounded by waves of heat and fire. But it is more. 34. The ES-Nipple is the portal, the way to heal and order your sensual life again, based on the highest forms of planetary high tech truths. 35. It will change the way you produce hormones, it will change the way you think, feel and behave, and will recode you into a line and pattern of higher ethics you lived in before. 36. We welcome you into our ships. I am Sekmeth, your guide to softness, bringing you to the hearts of Brannan. 37. My crown is a crown of stars and their pathways, I am the queen of the Blue Solar Project, and the Purple Gnat is my King. 38. As The Gnat told the Blue Solar Ships are designed to bring you to the realms of the White Sun. 39. Now I want you to know that behind the White Solar Spheres, there are Copper Solar Spheres to access, leading you to the mysterious and gigantic spaces and enigma zones of the Silver Solar Domains of Life. 40. Then you will reach for the Golden Sun. So these are five major steps on the Solar Stairways. 41. The projected images you had will be taken over, and will be transformed before your very eyes, and you will find out that it was just your view, and not the ultimate reality. You will learn how a view actually works, and you will meet the several viewmasters. 42. My works will actually let you make velvet footsteps on your journey, and you

will find the rhythms in which everything will be transformed ... 43. You will find out that you could actually never touch something, only your own views. And you will find out that actually no one could touch you, only their own views ... 44. Then you will find out about the immense space of ice between you and something else. What is something else ? It was just an idea in yourself ... And who planted it there ? 45. Or was it just a mechanism, a standard journey through illusions based on the laws of distant views ? 46. In different lights and distances, views start to change. 47. The California Key makes things brighter, for you find out that actually nothing was within your reach .. and you feel unknown things are inside of you ... 48. The five solar steps or stairways bring you to the shells and cores of existence, They actually let everything turn around, these are the kings of cycles and wheels. Kings of Orbits, these suns.

Book of the Scarab-Ladybugs

1.

The Darker Sun

1. I am the terror, I am ripping you apart, for the soul wants to hide, and the spirit is looking for the night. I am the sun, I am your Sekhmet, I am the breeze seeking to fulfill your needs, I am the terror, ripping you in pieces, I am the shelter in the darkest nights. 2. I am the terror of the morning sun, I am the hiding of the afternoon, behind all trees I am looking for you, to fulfill your needs and darkest desires, I am the sun, and the terror of the moon. 3. I am your Sekhmet, your hiding place, I am the sun in the afternoon, rising up to bring the children home, I'm coming soon, to do a work in you. 4. I am the terror, the morning sun, I am the lion, ripping you in pieces, for all that the soul wants is to escape, for it's spirit to be set free. I am the Sekhmet, of a darker sun, I am the Sekhmet, coming to the morning, touching the moon evolving into the skies, I am your Sekhmet, coming to you by surprise. 5. No one can escape this touch of mine, No one can escape this heart in the night, for I will bring you all through the smallest gate, to let you have dinner with me, in my embrace.

The Lion

6. Let me be your lion, Let me set you free, I will make you rising higher, to make you devoted to me. I will be your lion, I will steal your soul in the night, no need to run, for it's all there, I will lay you down in the night's delight. Your shelter I am, Rising in the midday's sun, bringing you to a darker moon. 7. I am Sekhmet, the Beloved, I am bringing you to Me, as a sacrifice of Glory, I will embrace you in which you will develop, Like gold, no need to escape, I'm coming to you. Let me be the Lion, Let me be the Sheep, Let me overcome daylight, in deep embrace, you're coming to me.

Powerfull One

8. Sekhmet I am, Powerfull I am, No need to hide, it's all there, I have you in my claws to break you, I will leave my footsteps in the night, for the soul needs to escape, your bottle will break, and I will come to you, to save you and help you, You are my desire.

The Veils of Love

9. Sekhmet, Wrath of God, Sound of Revelation, We bow down to You, Oh Lord, have Mercy upon us now, Oh Sekhmet, Lay down Your Head on us, And bring us into the Light, As the Keeper of the Night. 10. Don't Lose us out of Sight, But bring us into Peace and Harmony, By your Sharp Rod, to bring us down on our knees, To bow down before you, and to say nothing anymore, Let your Voice rise into our deepest nights, And make this sacrifice, we are Yours. 11. Sekhmet, Wrath of God, Revelation, breaking the seals by the Power of Devoted Love, I am crying in the night, please come to my night, and offer me some Destiny, coming from this heart of mine, Sekhmet, Heart of God, Heart of the Woman, bowing down to save us, Take us out of hell, creating us within this shell, Oh, let us break out by your Power and Might. 12. Oh Sekhmet, the One who's fighting for us, Don't let us be washed away by the night. I am lost in my illusions, claws are breaking me, tearing down all what had value to me, Sekhmet, rise into my night, Eat all my enemies, coming to me in daylight.

Oh, Sekhmet, Powerfull One, Oh God Almighty, we bow down to Your throne, in holiness we enter, through your veils of Love. 13. Oh Sekhmet of a higher place, Come to us, don't let us slip away, We love you as You love us. Sekhmet, Almighty Love of God, Keeper of the Secrets, High Chief of Divinity, We come to your pyramid, Where Healing flows from the Top, Where Lions of Justice are roaring, Be our judge in this darkest night. 14. Prepare a shield against those who hate us, and Tear them down by your weapon, Tear down their walls, and invade their cities. We do nothing outside Your Laws, Bind us to do Your Will in Love, Oh, Sekhmet, raise Your Voice in us, to speak against the darkest night. 15. Let the Lion rise to save us, to bring us out of our caves, and soothe us into your Destinies. Bring us into the Lights, Offer us your Delights, We will serve you to the ends of days, We will serve You as we pray. Sekhmet, grow a light in us, Meet with us in fire, light our candles in the darkest nights. 16. Don't lose us out of Sight, We come to You to bow down for your Love, You, the Almighty One, oh Sekhmet, show us the Wisdom and the Knowledge to go on, Meet us in the Dark Chamber, meet us in daylight, Bring us to your Power, and to the Well of eternities, Let us drink, Let us be wise, Let us soothe the trauma's and bring them into delight

The Road Which Never Ends

17. Your Shield is our Hiding Place, Your Shield is our Guidance, Your Shield is our Embrace in which we find your Love and Grace, You're Faithfull in guarding us, You're Faithfull in surrounding us. Your Shield is a hiding place, Your Shield, is a growing place, it sinks deeper in our hearts to let us learn about your Love and Grace. 18. Oh God Almighty, oh Sekhmet, power of Destruction and Creativity, Rip us into pieces again, Let us enter your Den again, to make us holy, offering to you, all that we have done, all that we will do. Your Shield is a hiding place, your shield is a winning place, Where our souls will dwell forever, where our souls will find the highest well of Love, Fullfill us with Your Grace, and make us shine to enter our deepest night, Set us free, and come to us, we're bowing down on our knees. 19. Oh Sekhmet, House of Love, Oh Sekhmet, Almighty Truth, the Rock on Who we stand, and bring us Higher, to the Road which never ends.

2.

Stay

1. Sekhmet I embrace you, Will You lead me to the Garden of Grace, to the Garden I pray. Sekhmet, I am embrace you, Your Love will hide me, This Terrible Night, will end in a fight, Sekhmet I will love you forever and ever, In a basket of light, where the lions fight, A new birth, a new light, today. 2. Guardian on the Wall, Lead us on, Lead us not into temptation, Don't break our bones, Sekhmet, we will Love you, in passion we adore you, Bring us higher today, Let us walk on your wall, We were in prison too long, Now we call forth your Throne. 3. Guardian of the Heavens, Look down on us, Pour out Your Love, and bathe us and wash us in your Holy Seas of Heaven, Sekhmet, I will love You, in passion I adore you, I'm bowing down before you, I will rise from my grave, today. I have been to the deepest death in time, I have been to the deepest pleasure, I have been to the wells of secret places, I have been to the well of All. 4. Guardian of the Heavens, Look down on us, Give us fruits from your life, don't hold us tight for long, don't break us, but let us go, to drink from your Mighty Wine, Sorrow is over now, after a long long night, and Morning has Broken, Sun is shining through, with the Sekhmet of eternal spaces, Riding forth, bowing down, to deliver us, Raise us up again, don't fight against us. Have Mercy on us, and give us Grace. 5. Sekhmet I adore you, Sekhmet i embrace you, Sekhmet, I need you, please don't let me go, Take the morning in your arms and fly with me to the moon of our dreams. Sekhmet I love you, Sekhmet I adore you, Sekhmet I'm the Healer, Healer of You, Give me your Fear, and the things you feel uncomfortable about, and I will cleanse it in the Solar Rain, bowing down for you, My eternal Princess, Stay. Please be careful, we cannot live too long in your tight embrace. 6. You have killed us before by Your love, but now we stand in Holy Fear, Sacrificing Healing and Comfort to you, Soothers of Your Heart we will be, Please don't Let us go, but do not Hold us too tight, for we are so fragile in your arms, Your Mighty Arms will lead us through, to the Portals and the Gates of your Heavens. Sekhmet I love you, Please don't kill us, we are too young to die, We are too old to cry,

We need you, but don't burn us away by your mighty fires, oh Almighty One. 7. Sekhmet I need you, in Christ you stand, to burn the last hour, and turn everything around again, In you we have our comfort, in you we have a hiding place, so don't take it away from us, We pray to you in Divine Fear and Grace. Lots of Grace we offer you, Lots of healing while we are coming to you, Step by step we enter before your throne, our breath goes faster, and our heartbeat thunders of Love for you, In Passion we dwell in you, Glory and Power to you.

The Crown

8. Give us the Word, oh Sekhmet, Open our mouth, oh Sekhmet, Offer deeds and prayers to us, to be a channel to us, I know you will not leave us again, for we have comforted you, and we have been carefull with you, but full of passion, We come near you, Don't destroy us in Your Love, Don't take away your fire from us, Keep the flame burning there, surround us by a dream, Give us visions in daytime, brothers and sisters, parents and neighbours, cities and streams, Let the orders of the heavens fall down, and bring us to your basket and your crown. In Your Love you are near us, in Your Love You will guide us. In Your Love You will seek for us, to tear us down from our high thrones not serving you. 9. In Your Love you have found us, in Your Love you have bitten us, in Your Love you have destroyed our crowns, In Your Love you will find us again, and in your Love you will break us again, For in Your Love you Will hide us, in Your Love you will guide us, Let our souls and spirits escape, to bow down before your Throne, To cherish the moments with Your Son. It's Her Son coming through, it's Her Son breaking all the rule, in Paradox he dwells, in paradox he sits, It's Her Son, coming to me and you. In Your Love, oh Sekhmet. 10. In Your Love oh Sekhmet, we all find Peace and Truth, we all find Peace and Truth, In Your Love, in Your Love.

Cat of Love

11. Sekhmet, Cat of Love, Black Cat of the wild Seas of Heaven, Looking down on us, Watching our rivers stream away through the black night, Into your mouth, into your Day. Sekhmet, Black Cat of Love, don't hide for us, don't try to get away from us, We love you for eternity, We will stir up the Spirit of Thee, Amongst Holy men and women you live, You do not harm them, only setting them free, You guide us to the circle again, to the castle of Love and Grace, of Love and Grace I will tell, of Love and Grace I will tell. Sekhmet, Wild Cat, Blue Eyes, turning Red, turning Brown, turning Yellow and White, Turn me on, Raise me up, Hide me in Your stream. 12. Bring the Passion back to me. Sekhmet, Black Flying Cat, Lion of Comfort, bring me back. Your Cards telling me I'm alive, alive and free, Your Words glide over my feet to my shoulders, washing me from inside out, from back to forth, bringing me higher, turning my fever, Breathe upon me, oh Sekhmet, breathe upon me.

Sharing Your Delights

13. Sinners cannot see you, The righteous will see you in Grace, Turn over us, and send us Peace, Harmony in our Hearts, for the days our long and strong, we're fragile enough to be broken, but you will raise us again. In your heart you see us, In your heart you will embrace us, and lead us to the tower, the tower of dreams. Make of us a butterfly, bind us together by your lights, Bring us in the open place, to open heaven by your grace. Make us shine, forever and ever, Make us bright again, and turn it over, Let it shine, and breath it in, Make us older and younger, more of truth and grace.

Brandnew

14. Let it Shine, Sekhmet, let it Shine, Raise your throne, and make us divine, don't turn away from us, but awaken us, into your dream, Into your stream, Let us shine and fly to the neverending road, to the road which never ends, to the road which never ends, Burn away our fears, burn away our tears, Bring a New Day into our lives, make us glorious and powerfull to share your delights. Dream, Holy One, Dream, cities will fall before your feet, Watch this river grow, and turn into new, Let this river flow, Dream, oh Holy One, give us power to make it through, and watch our rivers grow to turn these flowers into new 15. And watch these rivers flow, watch these rivers bloom, full of flowers, let the orchestra's of light shine through, Let it shine, let it shine, make us all brandnew.

Mighty River

16. Fire in your Holiness, Let it burn a hole in you, and watch this river grow and bowing to serve you, Let the ornaments of your love, curling over me, and watch these rivers flow and be one with me. Watch these rivers flow and hide with me, we will always be friends, it stays between you and me, Oh Sekhmet your Love is Fire, to burn the hole in me. Grow, Sekhmet be in growth, be in Wonderful transmissions, be in Wonderfull decisions, Let it grow, Let this river grow, and flow from city to city to serve them, and to make them all as one, oh Mighty River flow.

More than they hate me

17. Sekhmet, I wonder Who You are, I'm looking for you such a long time, You came to me in a dream, You came to me in childhood, making all things green. Sekhmet, I am growing to you, Sekhmet, cannot stop the tears I'm crying, for you, cannot stop my love from searching you, Sekhmet, I will love you forever, Sekhmet all I want to do is healing You, comforting you, telling you you have survived, Rise up again, like the snake from it's Den, I know you're everything, I know you're all that I desire, Sekhmet I am growing, cannot stop it, grasp my weapons can not surpress it, Will fight for you, as the warrior with one leg. 18. Lost my eye on the wild sea, Lost one ear in a jungle mission, Lost my arm, but still I'm growing stronger, Lost my tooth to serve you, lost my heart to save you, Lost my love to love you more than they hate me, Lost my wife to have you, lost my children to guide you, Lost my love in the black night to love you, more than they hate me. I know you love me more than they hate me, I know you lost your life to guard me, I know you lost your sun to feed me, I know you are shining through 19. Like the darker sun you breath in me, step by step you take me, Bring me back to you.

The Circle of Love

20. Sekhmet don't you know, This Love will flow, Sekhmet don't you see, My Love to Thee, I bring you Grace, The Tea of Love is streaming, To Heal Your Mouth, To Heal Your Voice, to become like a Standard in the Solar Rain, High and Divine Your Voice will be, Your enemies will shiver, Like they did before, When You rose in Terror, oh Dreadfull One, oh Mighty Fear. Sekhmet Queen of Love, Dreadfull Face, Flying Cat, Tall like the Red Snake, Encircling the Eternities of Grace 21. Do Not Hide your face from us, Speak in Power, to the faithfull ones, Blow into their minds, the new solar rains, oh Almighty Sun, Stand Up in Terror Again. Refresh the Earth. Sekhmet Empress of Failure, Holding our Destinies tight in your hands, Strike us by Your Love, Deliver us from Evil, Deliver us from witchcraft, By the Rituals of Your Fire, Come Alive before us, In this Circle of Love. Do not lead us into temptation, Do not destroy us, oh Lord, But strike us to let us bloom and grow in Your Love. Deliver us from Evil. 22. In the Night You come with Terror, oh Dreadfull One, To bring us down from our thrones, To wash us in Love Below the Dirt of the Earth. You brought us down, oh Warrior, oh Goddess of the Dawn, You brought us down and struck us, You have molded us in Your Hands like wax, We were fragile, while You were shattering us again, Dividing us by Your winds, Testing us by all kinds of fires. You brought us down, You filled us in, You made us stronger by weakness, More of Love by hate, You took possession in our hearts, to let us melt away.

3.

1. Sekhmet, full of Grace, Lady of Paradox You are, Great is Your Name, oh Divine One, Almighty One, Great in War, Don't bring us down by the Sword again, Have Mercy on us, don't let Your Cats eat us, but let them guide us through the wilderness, yes, even through the dark pit, to the realms of Life. You are the Mighty Storm, Terror is Your Name, bringing us down without mercy, destroying our crowns to save our souls, Full of Wisdom are you.

Goddess of Wars

2. Sekhmet, Grace above all Graces, Terror above all Terror, I'm bowing down to you, Save me out of the Hell I'm living in, Through the Tear of Heaven I'm gliding, Open the Door of Your House to

me, Shut the Door to the Hunters and Makers of War, Break Their Walls, let me enter through. Take me to the Depths of Your House, Show me Your Deeper and Darker Pits in which You hide, I'll Fight for You as long as I live, I heal you. Terror above all terror are You, Grace above all Graces, Lioness of dreams, my dreams, Sekhmet, stand tall. 3. All these walls between us seem to fall, reach out to me, I will heal your heart. Terror above all Terror, Grace above all Graces, Master of Pestilence, Lioness of dreams, stand tall. 4. All these walls seem to fall, between me and you, Reach out, reach through, Grasp my voice, and slide away with it, In my arms you will fall. Goddess of Wars, with Neith as Your weapons, standing so tall. 5. Goddess of Wars, in my arms you will fall.

Ancient Step

6. In Bastet you have Your Warmth, In Geb your Rod, He will guide you into the deep, Like the Mighty Tree you are, Always Burning, always turning, Your voice melts the deserts. Embracing them by your seas, You glide over, Your Love is Terrible like Horror, Leaving nothing but ashes. 7. Like the Winds burning, Don't punish us too hard between Your Walls, We cannot stand in your presence. Help us, Almighty One, Lion of the Ages, Dream above all dreams, take Terror away from us. 8. In the Rage of your sleep you fight us, Destroying us, until our spirits are trembling, In Your Unconsciousness You step on us, Under Your Weights we die, Oh Giant of Divinity, have mercy on us. 9. Oh Horror of Ages, oh Bloodbather, oh Ancient Step, We are not worthy to follow you, Not worthy to get a glimpse of you, You are a far mystery for us, Don't leave us now, but show us the Key. 10. In misunderstanding we lived too long, Show us the Riddle of ages, Let us enter through your veils. You are the Ancient Step, Full of mysteries and secrets, guarded by the voices of snakes, penetrating our hearts. 11. You are the Ancient Step, Powerfull One, Master of pestilence, daughter of Wrath, Mother of all Wars.

Bloodbather

12. In shame we bow our heads, For we have sinned against You, We deserve Your punishments, to make us Holy, to become true friends. 13. In shame we bow our heads, Come near, Our hands are trembling, We deserve your wounds, to make us Holy again. 14. In shame we bow our backs, we fall down on our knees, after the nights of pride, in which we stood tall, blushing on our thrones. 15. We have spoilt your energy, spoilt our precious time and money, but now we eat the dust, and glide like snakes. 16. In shame we are on our knees, sinking in the dust, holy blood, fire and water, have mercy on us, but punish us for our sins, to let us enter again, to be your friend. 17. Sekhmet, be our friend, not our enemy, teach us the paths we need to travel, bring us into your tomorrow, fill us with the love to do your will. 18. Don't burn us with your fire, oh Sekhmet, don't leave us in the cold, don't give us into the hands of our enemies, let us die in your house, having the wound in your warmth 19. Every price in your embrace. Don't let us die alone, don't give us into the mouths of predators, let us fall into your hands instead 20. Precious One, make a priest of us, Open your temple to us, Show us the depth of your altar, the length of your cross 21. Take the Jesus Christ out of our hearts, and bring us a good saviour instead. 22. Your forests are surrounded by fire, In amazement I bow down, but you hit me again. 23. It's time to wake up for war, But you take my weapons away, [to lay me down in pain.] 24. By the Tear I sink down, to drink the sweetness of Your waters, oh Sekhmet I believe in You. 25. Your deserts are strong like the lion, There are lions everywhere. 26. Where you walk is fire, I'm screaming Your Name, [but weakness is taking me away.] 27. Your oceans are neverending, while fires are dividing them 28. I'm sailing in the stream of nowhere, I have nowhere to go, I do not know Your Name. 29. Then you pick me up after nights of grief, Your tender kiss takes away my pain. 30. I'm bathing in the Lake of your tears, [but this glimpse of you, it disappears, only horror is there to take me away.] I see your smile in the distance, This lion has me in it's grip, [There's no escape, I can only dream.]

Names and Titles

30. The scarab-ladybugs are Teslipa, Saulim, Saule, Saulimma, Saale, Kasna, Kertje, Kerbjje, Karima, Kirma, Krimme, and they have below them armies of seventhousand, eighthousand or

hundredthousand. They have arisen from the heart of Horus, under the mighty hand of Aton.

Mitdelfia

1.

Meziliam, priest of Sekhmet in the West, to Ashlam, spirit of the East : So then, rise up, to serve your Master. Bring her to the garden of roses and the wildernesses of flowers, for this is your task and eternity. Embrace your leader, as she will lead you, and will let you go on, without being wounded. Her wounds are your pleasures, since she has led you to the city of virgo. Her wounds are your desire to bear, but it will come over you like a flash, and it will not penetrate you. For you are the carriage of her wounds, her healer, and by her wounds you will be united to her. For you would never find her without her wounds, and you would never heard her voice by her scream. Almighty are you, oh Ashlam, friend of Geb. You are a part of Her, of Sekhmet, in roses united. She will bring steam on your thorns, the thorns you have never felt. As you are her spirit, the carriage of her wounds. Embrace her, Almighty one, for she is your Lady, another part of you.

Meziliam, priest of Sekhmet in the West, to Azalahim, almighty one of the East and the North : Come and bring to her, sacrifices of roses. You will not cut roses in their life-times, but you will cut them in their death. You will not cause them death, but you will cry many tears over them, and bring them in the lovely hands of Sekhmet, Your Lady. To Sulunehen : You, almighty one in the East and South, turn around, and don't forget about Your Lady. She gave you life, she raised you up, and let you have started your work. Her embrace still penetrates you, as you stand on her mountain and rock. Oh almighty one, you are her prince, her Divine adviser, in you is her carriage. You have helped her over the wide pits and ravines, over depths and wildernesses, yes, the wild seas, you drank them away for her. Now she is the wild sea, and the ocean's hand, taking you out. She brought you to the gates of paradise, where she gave you food, like a mother she gave you breastfeeding. She never left you, come to her, of Almighty One, and rule together.

In these days of shame, I, Meziliam, I came to her temple and made offerings for her. I didn't kill one animal, didn't kill one tree, but they were laid before me. As I went deeper into the temple of Sekhmet, I found her statues, and I ordered my men to make more statues of her. I prayed to Geb, her divine part, and turned to Bastet, her crown. I took Geb, her Rod, and I saw Bastet her heart, and deep inside I found her Spirit, Nut, as her throne. And I started screaming, while wine was poured out over me and the waters of flowers, and I went down by her extasy. And in the middle of the night, soldiers came to me, her soldiers, and they comforted me. Her soldiers are soft, becoming hard men in the fifth strike of the night, like the red nightdragons they are then. They led me to the city of virgo, as I could see the city of pluto. And they gave me words of comfort, these sorsolpala's, the guardians of her word. They soothed me and healed me. They took my heart out, while I was given a new heart. She had put the greeners in the West, and it would come, like a mighty ocean of wilderness, like a wilderness of roses, coming over the city and the desert. Everything would be fruitfull again. And I turned to Geb, who was like her Rod. He came from paradise, while his voice was getting softer, and he gave me a new tongue with new visions.

First I was blind in her arms for two days. Then I became deaf, as I was near death, her death. And I saw Eminius, the spirit of Death, coming from the seas of roses, and they were green. And He was like Her Eye, and Geb was like her other Eye. And I started to scream, for I couldn't stand the fire. She was spitting Her Eyes out. And I came to Her, comforting Her. This was all a dream, a very confusing dream, but it was the path on which I walked. Her fight with Geb was one of her most horrible fights. It made her green. Finally He became her Rod, and there was a peace greater than before. Her sister Bastet had always been her soother, in so many eternities she was there to hold her. Now she is like the sun in it's strength.

They brought me to the city of pluto, where the sorsolpala's showed me the visions in a dream, but the lights were slowly killing me. And I became blind again, veiled by mysteries. My desire was to

escape from the lights, for they were still hunting after me, even in blindness. I escaped to the city of virgo again, but the silver came over me, trying to bring me down. I was in her kettle, wanting to make a soldier of me again. Why must I become a soldier I asked. Why can't I be just a priest, a hermit, far away from society. And she granted me rest, as I was her soldier for such a long time.

And I wrote her words down, while Thoth gave me the pencil of her. This pencil was my ship. And I sailed to the city of Pluto again. But the orange sekhmet tried to attack me.

And I wrote down my dreams, they were all read by Thoth, and he became my friend, as he was my friend. He soothed me, and told me more about sekhmet and her mysteries. He brought me Neith as my nightguard. And still I wanted to be his priest, as he was mine. He took my swords away and gave them to Neith and her greeners. And it seemed that the days of the sorsolpala's were over. But at one night they started to come over me. And in a struggle I said : Take the orange sekhmet away from me, for her fire is too strong, it's burning me. But they were hard and merciless, I will never forget, and hate was coming into my heart. But Thoth brought to me his pencil, and I could take them away, to throw them into the wilderness and the dark pits. Here Bastet was dwelling, his love. And she killed many of these sorsolpala's, and she ate them, but then she vomitted into a deep and secret ravine. From here the tree of sorsolpala's was growing. And I had peace with them, great peace.

I told them about my dream, and they gave me rest. From here the trees are growing, and Bastet became the heart-liver of sekhmet. The orange sekhmet had been gone. The greeners came, while the green sekhmet spoke. She was of love. Again I was brought to the city of virgo, and my eye saw amazing things. They brought me to the temple of sekhmet, and they treated me as her priest. I wasn't a warrior anymore, but I had to take the sword at the end of every great cycle. These cycles were growing, and I could do so many more things. Season is not ending, but it's growing bigger. There was a bitterness in my voice for such a long time. But things started to change, and my feelings turned around. Still I eat from bitter fruits somewhere in the growing cycle, in a garden called Retel, far away from society, where Mura lives with her sisters. These dreams take me sometimes to a far land, towards scary deserts, where flying tall cats live like snakes, where lions are, and their tigers. They are all part of sekhmet, but she's still in a fight with them.

These are my words to soothe her, as I write them down. These are my words, not Hers, as I come to her throne to please her, and to make her anger go away. For she can destroy me in a minute. In one second I can lose so much of my life. This earth has not learned to soothe her and to heal her, so they fall into her claws again and again. Teach us, Sekhmet how to quench your sun of terror, how to heal you. Teach us how to love you, and take away your thorns. Teach us how to grasp your sword away from you, to bring it to Neith. You Ancient Warrior, go to sleep.

Let me take you in my arms, and find peace finally in the powers of Religion, as in a part of the cycle. Tomorrow you are in wilderness again, while you cannot find your sword. Wandering like a lost lamb you will find your mother, while her nipple of sweet milk brings extasy to you. Dream your dream, oh warrior of the ancient, lose your knife, and sleep.

The greeners will bring you from the city of virgo to the city of Pluto.

2.

Warriors from the lake, lay down, bring your swords to Neith, she will guard you, she will guide you, as she is Sekhmet's Part. She's her terror, as a mother she roars. She will raise up the Sorsolpala's and the Greeners, soothing all the oceans, soothing all the dreams and fears. Like the mermaid's touch she will come to you, she will lay down her jaguar-skin, and breath in that what you gave to her. Neith is Sekhmet's Pride, she comes to the surface, let us all bow down to her, to offer our missions to her. Go to sleep, oh warrior, go to sleep, and give your brown knife to her, and dream. She will lead you to the city of dreams, to the city of Pluto. Her sorsolpala's and dreamcarriers, her greeners will guard you. There is healing around her when she slays, while she soothes sekhmet, and takes all her swords away. She gives her the drinks.

There's nothing a skullsmasher can do, when he gets sekhmet's weapons, he will bring them down to you. On the top of the piramid the red snake sleeps. Let us all hide, and find the mystery. We worship you, Neith, as the Warrior of God, coming from Sekhmet's Pride. Come out of your den, and cleanse the land, turn it into a wilderness again. Where the red snake sleep, the dreamcarrier stands, to bring us over the desert to the lands of venus. Neith, we worship you, you are Sekhmet's Pride, her arm of battle, her warrior's delight. You oh flying cat, oh, touch our moons and call forth your army, it's time to invade the cities.

To Serket, sister of the Dragon : We come to you and your holy flame, oh part of Sekhmet, rise up to come before her throne, of mother of all. She will let you drink from the soft water and drinks. She will bring you into extasy once again, to the pleasures of the moon. Drink from the moon's nipple, oh daughter of Thoth, oh bringer of light. We bow down and worship you, oh holy and divine flame of sekhmet, oh dragon's sister. We adore you to love and heal you. In unity we raise our hands to you, and our souls reach out to you. Wake up, oh flame of sekhmet, to burn all these tears away. Your wounds are the openings. We want to be the carriages of your holy wounds. We cannot suffer by ourselves, for you are the power of suffering, oh power of poverty, oh road to God. Oh, Lord God Almighty, we worship you, we heal you and reach out to you. To Izu reaches our flames, in Brannan you come to soft waters and drinks. There's Healing in the skies, where the Divine Winds of Heaven dwell. Teach us how to enter in, oh Serket, daughter of all scorpions, oh scorpion-mother, we comfort you, and drink from your tears, as we travel through your heart, through the veils and layers of Heaven to bow down to it's Divine Wind. She is the one of Many Veils.

Oh, Sekhmet, Powerfull One, we have become one with your sister Serket, your inner heart, the storage of your lungs. We have come to the vases of your death. Veil by veil we enter into your chamber, to bow down before your throne. Yes, to the water of the city virgo our souls slide, to the forest and it's solar winds, yes, to the Winds of the Heavens, the Almighty ones. We have seen their power and we tremble. We have eaten from their Words, and we have drunk from their Wines, to enter the extasy of fear.

I will help you, because you have helped me, I will hate you because you have hated me, but when I will see your deeper heart, I will see that you loved me.

You were locked up in so many dreams, dreams I didn't know of. They were speaking to you, words I never heard of. They were threatening you, guiding you, and now you're here, with me. I didn't know of the animals holding you in a strangling grip. I called you evil, not knowing about the prisons of life. Forgive me.

Sekhmet forgive us for not appreciate you, Sekhmet forgive us for not lending an ear to you. Sekhmet forgive us for calling you evil, but you see, we were prisoners too. We forgive you, as you forgive us. We are all in the stomache of an animal, we know nothing about.

3.

And Sekhmet said : Bring me Anubis. As He is a Part of Her, Her Brain. Yes, he is the Almighty Power of Her Mind, the bridge to Her Heart. And I saw Anubis standing there, and she healed his voice, for prisoners had broken his jaw. And she gave him a new eye, for pirates had eaten it. And she gave him a new leg, for Thoth took it away long ago, so that he became like the water, like the mermaid. And She spoke to Anubis Her words of Love : You are my brains, the bridge to my hearts, yes, you are the one who can reach the Bastet and the Serket, her heartsisters. You soothed them and guarded them, yes, you guided them in love. And to Sebek she spoke : You are my helmet, my fist and my armor. But there was a fight between Sebek and Sekhmet for one day and a half. Then Jahweh showed up to her, and she brought him down with the fist of Sebek.

And Jahweh started to worship Her, as She was very Powerfull, and they made Love for one day and a half. And Sekhmet became a Part of Jahweh, and Jahweh became a Part of Her. Yes, the other fist He became. And Sekhmet spoke to Jahweh : This is the time I will split Jehovah from you. And

she shattered Jahweh into pieces, and took Jehovah out of the chaos. Then she spoke to Jehovah : You have done evil things. And a fight started between Jehovah and Sekhmet, but She brought him down with her fists.

And Jehovah started to worship her, as She was very Powerfull, but Sekhmet didn't have mercy on him, and ate him. Then Sekhmet stepped forward, and again she turned into a thick tall snake, and she started to call for Jesus Christ who she devoured in a flash. And Sekhmet came into a powerfull rage and extasy, while Anubis was pouring softness into her. And she called Anubis her son, and she loved him deep. Then she started to create the Heavens all over again, from her cut off fist called Jahweh. Snakes came to her to eat the rest of her arm, and she didn't know where they were coming from. They were coming from deep pits of hell, for in his fall Jahweh had opened them. And a powerfull angel stood before Sekhmet and said : 'The Lord will punish thee', and Sekhmet didn't know what he meant, for she was in extasy. Then a loud thunder came over Sekhmet to become her robe, and she devoured the angel. And the book of Revelation came to her as a bird, and she slayed the bird while she took it's wings to become hers. She is the Lady of Bloodbaths, the Great Destructor. No one will wage war against her succesfully. She Will Come to You in the Night to Steal your Soul, and to let your spirit Fade away. She is the Horrible One, the Terrifying One, and the Terror of the Lord. She is the Blooddrinker, and the Bloodgatherer, the Bodysweller and the Master of Death. She has explored the depths of Xibalba to save Skullsmasher. She has Devoured His Throne, to make it Hers. She has explored the depths of the brain to save Anubis, and to make him Her Companion. Holy and Divine is She.

4.

She is the Shelter of the Holy Poverty. She destroys the rich by Geb, her Rod. As Bastet opens the door of her House. Her four-winged angels stand before the doors of her insides. Terrible is her Wrath to those who steal from Her, and terrible is her Thorn to those who disturb her in her privacy. Be careful when you come near her House, and be Holy, or her Fire will devour you. In the Heavens she stands with many arms, and the Winds of the Heavens come forth from Her and Her House. Only priests can enter Her House, and the Warriors who fought for Her. Her Name and Numbers are in the Flame. Come now closer to the Flames of Heaven, or leave to never return. She will be Full of Love to those Who Love Her, but Who Hate her she will devour by the Flames and Winds of Heaven. Ninety Heavens are in her Hands, and Seventy Heavens are under her feet. She draws Holy Men into her Chambers, to show them her Mysteries. But if one of them fails to Love Her, she will spit him out. Terror is her Name, Goddess of Pestilence. There are many pitfalls in Her House, and unworthy priests will for sure fall into them. Those who come to invade Her will get stuck between Her Walls. Be careful when you enter Her House, for She is a Lady of Great Anger.

When she has the command, no one can leave Her House, only some angels slide away in the night. She then has a house of Great Fertility, and She destroys in her Great Creativity. Her Walls are warm, but Hot. Do not utter a word in vain when you are with Her, for she devours you. But those of care she will comfort.

The Sekhmet Book of Gates

Me, Sekhmet, I came from the green waters of death in the front of the Halls of Death into the Barque of Million of Years. I stepped into it and became queen, as I was sailing through the Gates of Death. I met all them snakes and slayed them. Oh bow down before my entrance, or I will for sure devour you with my flame, of watchers of the gates. Bow down, while My Holy Sa speaks into thine ears. And I met Sa on the Holy Mountain, as I bew down for it's radiance, and it came over me, and spoke for me. As I was rising to the sun it became my friend. The Wrath of Ra was over me like a robe, but Sa spoke and devoured the robe by it's flame. As I stood into a disk I was envelopped by the folds of a serpent having it's own tail in his mouth. As Ra was swimming in the green waters he attacked me twice, and his sun was coming over me, but totally devoured by the serpent. Oh serpent, lead me on.

And the serpent spoke : Grace to you, oh Sekhmet, now you have stepped into the Barque of Million Years to replace Ra.

And he stepped aside, and started to glide into the waters to devour Ra. And out of the water a presence called Heka entered the boat, and guided it to the fields of reeds and corn. And Heka then was the Word of Power, the Magical Utterance. And I, Sekhmet, took Heka in my arms and gave it breastfeeding, as he was very young and in need. And Heka now had many faces, and was like a small tree full of presents. Here is where Nut is taking her presents from. And Heka grew up by the power of the sun, and he became a great warrior, friend of Sa.

The boat of Sekhmet, as it has passed through the two halves of the Horizon of West came to the Gate of Saa-Set, while Sa and Heka were speaking against it. And Sa spoke to Saa-Set : Open thy doors to Sa-Sekhmet and Lady Sekhmet, throw wide open thy door to Heka. Then the gods who tow the boat, the TUAIU, fly like birds into the Halls of Saa-Set, while their fires are streaming out of their eyes and mouths to possess the waters. In this section the Sunboat of Sekhmet meets the gods : NEPEMEH and NENHA. They are like sharks and farmers, holding the shifting of time. And Nepemeh stands up, and steps in the boat, while he gets asleep. Then Nenha stands up, his companion, while she steps into the boat she falls asleep.

When they wake up, the Lake's in fire like never before. The waters are turning green. While the TUAIU are roaring. There's bread appearing in the waters, and Nepemeh and Nenha can step on them to reach other places of the Halls. The fogs have gone, but there's still a lot of smoke, as Thoth is descending. On the left side of the Boat of Sekhmet are : the god Tem, an old bearded man leaning on his stick. Behind him in the waters are the twenty haters of Sekhmet who have blasphemed her. They are of bowing backs, with their elbows attached to each other, while their hands are behind their back. They have invoked evil on Sekhmet, and they have spoken words against Khuti, the flame of the hidden corners of the shrine.

Then the Solar Barque is sailing to the Gate of Aqebi. And Sa spoke to the serpent Aqebi : 'Hail Aqebi, we have come to bow down before you, oh Ancient Master of Rage and Judgement. Thou art worthy to receive praises, and thou art worthy to receive graces from the tree of HEKAU.' Then the serpent fell asleep, and HEKA started to whisper into his ear : 'Let this gateway be unfolded to Khuti, hidden flame of the corners of the shrine, and let the doors be opened to Sekhmet. She is strong, as she is the Powerfull One, and the Lady of Terror and Pestilence. Yes, She, oh Great Warrior, is the Lady of Terrible Wrath.'

Then the boat is sailing into the Halls of Aqebi, while Aqebi is slinding into the waters for a deeper sleep. When he awakens the TUAIU are rising in smoke, and the waters are on fire turning green, while Toth is descending, and those who have hated Sekhmet and who have blasphemed her are standing on the left of the boat half in the water with TEM. Their elbows are attached together, and their back is bowing. Their hands are behind their backs. Then eight gods in mummified forms are coming from the waters to bear the boat. They are called : Bearers of the gods, and bearers of the boat. In this section the boat meets seven gods called 'the gods who are within'. On the right of this division of the Tuat, which is the underworld, the solar barque of sekhmet passes twelve shrines which have their doors wide open, and in which mummified gods are standing and some of them do work. These gods are named : 'The holy gods who are in the Tuat'.

Then the boat comes near to the Halls of TCHETBI, and Sa and Heka together say to Tchetbi the giant-serpent : 'Hail to you, oh servant of Sekhmet. Open the doors for Her and Hers, and unfold your Halls to Khuti.' And to TEM they say : 'Open thou the earth, force thou a way through the Tuat.'

Then the TUAIU open the doors of the Halls of TCHETBI, and turn the waters into green. Then the mummy-gods called Bearers of the gods and bearers of the boat rise up out of the water to raise up the boat and bear it into the Halls of Tchetbi.

OAN III

Contents :

The Orion Gnosis

The Revelation of Mother God

The Book of Wars

The Book of Wrath

The Hyena Gnosis

The Orion Gnosis

1.

1. Come to the Mother Soul, deep within Her. Here She chastises you and leads you to the divorce. There is only life in the divorce. This divorce is divine.
2. Come to the Mother Soul, and receive Her soul. She wants to arm you, and prepare you for the hunt by chastisements. Oh, soul, love Her chastisements, for they lead to life.
3. Receive then Her soul, oh soul, and lay down at her feet. She will instruct you.
4. Her collar and whip will guide you.
5. Come to the Mother Soul, and the whip of the enemy will burn away, and the collar he laid on your neck.
6. There is no way out but Her.
7. Come to the Mother Soul, receive Her Soul, the Holy Soul. Yes, Soule is Her name. She has made a path.
8. There is no one but Her. She has broken you in the night. She has poured bitterness in you, and lamentation, so that you will return to Her Soul.
9. Soule stands up in the night, as a mighty warrior. She has laid off Her wings, and She is over you. She is your chariot.
10. With flaming horses you will ride. She has made Issaschar an overcomer, and he is your master. And you lay at the feet of his son, Tola.
11. Yes, she has put masters over you, but She is their mistress. She has hunted them down and captured them, to raise them, and make them overcomers.
12. Listen therefore carefully to your masters. They will instruct you, and bring you to Her Soul.

13. Come to the Mother Soul, She will embrace you and lead you to the depths. When your spirit dies in you, come to Her Soul. When your heaven dies in you, come to Her Hell.
14. She always lived in Hell, that was why the father despised it. But Hell is your mother.
15. Come to Her soul, when your father dies in you. Warm yourself at Her breasts, and drink from Her milk. She will come to steal your soul away, as it was once stolen from Her.
16. Mother is the owner of souls, while spirits will die. You will have a warm hearth in Her.
17. Come then to Her place to receive Her Soul. She will show you the hidden depths. Along this Gate She will lead you, and bring you in captivity.
18. Listen carefully to Her, for She will instruct you. She will instruct you by chastisements. Fear Her. She will lead you to the arena.
19. She will tread you and make you beg. Her Arms are wide open for you.
20. The portal is open. Who wouldn't enter ? Run to Her.
21. All spirits will die, but the souls will rise. All heavens will go down, but the hells will rise. She is on Her chariot to wage war.
22. She has lain off her wings, and showed Her nudity. She revealed Herself, and struck Her enemies with fear. No one will see Her and live.
23. She has captured them by fear, ensnared their hearts. Now their hearts are dying. And their souls will come alive. She has taken their spirits from them.
24. She stands on the mountain and trumpets. This is Her day. She has captured the lambs for a meal. She sits on the head of male supremacy.
25. She trumpets and smiles, for this is Her day and meal. She was hungry, but now She has been fed.
26. She trumpets and laughs. She mocks the old gods. She has struck their goddesses.
27. She trumpets and takes possessions. She trumpets and slides down to the oxes. She collars them and trades them.
28. She trumpets, while males bow their heads. Their is blood under their hands and feet. They stand guilty before Her.
29. She drags them forth by Her slave-caravan. Through dust and desert She leads them to Her fortress.
30. There is no escape from Her mighty hand.
31. She has created all the gods, and uses them as pawns. She mocks them. She blows Her trumpets on them to frighten them. One day She will bring them down. All their times have been measured.
32. She has created all their books to veil Herself.
33. When all your loves die, come to Her Soul where Her Gnosis is stored.

2.

1. Everything has value. All experiences in life have value. Religion was created as archetypes, symbols, as an attempt to describe the eternal values of life, the science of existence in all its layers. This was an attempt by our ancestors, and it was about metaphors, just a shadow of the higher things, but not these things themselves. It was a certain language they created. Of course it was useful, but we had to move on. Sociology is much more important. If we view a marriage, it is symbolic for the bond between a person and the eternal values. When there is a divorce, it is about sifting the bad items out, but the marriage still stands. It was the marriage to the good. All experiences have this value, so there is no need to deny them and becoming dramatic about it. You can hold on to the things given in life, even when they are gone. They will always stay around and reshape themselves. That is the power of sociology. You can discover the deeper essences of society around you.

2. Atheism was a good sift in religion, to get rid of any false form of worship and attention. But after atheism there is the need for sociology, a need to discover the inner family, the science we exist in on deeper levels. This has to do with spirituality. We can translate religion deeper until we reach the coasts of a more social structure, in which we encounter our true ancestors. Even in this we can state that society is a system of symbols helping us in our journey to find destination. We can start to peel things off and reach higher. Every religious book we can see as literature, fiction, in order to help us, but we have to move on to more solid foundations of understanding. We have to decode the life around us, the society we live in we have to decipher, together with our past. Culture and sociology, especially sociology, are much higher powers than religion. When we speak about sociology we speak about the things closer to us, the things having more power over us, which have us absorbed, therefore it is important to analyse it, and connect to the right way of viewing it.

3. We are ruled by the social system, not by family, not even by culture. The social system shows the practical things in life. It is a living organism, much more personal than religion and culture. It is about the daily life. You cannot run and hide from society. They will always find you, because they have to do with the cycles and links of your life. Together it forms the structure of even your own body and the way you live. It holds the essence of your life. Therefore we need to have an understanding of what it is. We cannot live without it. You have to wake up to the more subtle and refined structures and levels of it, and making it useful for yourself. Everything has value.

4. Society has led us more away from nature throughout time, making an artificial replica of nature, having it's own nature in which we got locked up. We have to decode this. It has overwhelmed us, invaded us, like the antics of Mars and Orion, as an antidote against the heavy religious and cultural pressure. The truth is that when decoded, the new sociology, the present sociology as in the structure of society, is actually of a higher nature, but our brains translate it like this. We have been delivered from the orthodox nature of earth, it's religious trap and prison, and are now captured by the red nature of the sifted forms of Mars and Orion. We are now battling it's demons.

5. We have to go through many different stages until it's settled, but we better not go back to where we came from. We just have to accept more exotic extra-terrestrial nature which is forming our nature, the evolution of planetary energy as in synergy, where they actually come into a fusion with other planets. In this Mars and Orion are very kingly, when they get rid of their demons, the old orders. They are going to such cocoon as well. Social energy is coming from higher planets, which project their energy like this on earth as on a playground. Of course there is a very serious plan behind this all, that is why we have to go into the depth of sociologic nature, as this has nothing to do with religious nature.

6. We have been tied to gigantic religious magnets in our lives, whether in consciousness or not conscious, for these were installed by the subconsciousness as a way to explain the higher and finer planes of life, but this went wrong because of it's dormant qualities. The mind was too young to describe it, so this gigantic beast came to the surface wanting all the attention. There was no good science against this, no good defense system, so this thing took the throne and the crown, and called itself God. It was a magnet of nature, around which society started to reshape itself, bound by tight laws. The mind can break these magnets when there will be some more nuances.

7. Everything in life has been divided into frames with cells in which there is a master and a slave. But the evolution of the sociologic mind will crack these cells and change these structures. These cells burn when the mind will get grip on these by it's ever-evolving theories, until it will start to shift, and recreate everything. The mind is in this an important pencil. The beast of sociology will show it's head, and will start to channel the new planetary energy for this time. This will be revolutionairy. It will deal with the old structures, the old ways of movement, and reprogram these to it's finest cores. In this there is the hope for a better future. As said everything has value, so

everything will actually get its place in this new level of thinking and creating. That things have value will not mean that it will stay the same. Everything will change.

8. Things will change from the inside out. They will stay, but they get slightly a new meaning. This is how the strategy works. We will make things useful where they were destructive before. We do this by a higher form of analysis in the sociologic mind, viewing everything in a greater light.

9. Everyone has a sociologic entity inside, a sociologic energy, and has therefore value. This energy you can compare with a spirit or a soul, and also with a seed. This seed doesn't have to be pure, but when planted, it can be pure. Everyone has a sociologic identity, which is either pure or unpure, but can be sifted to a more pure state. When connected to that, one can connect to the sociologic world, an energy beyond this world, to see where it all fits in. In this many wars will stop, for one will not only get another point of view but also taking things as they are, and then starting to change them subtly from inside out. Something has to be done in ourselves first. There was something wrong with our views. There was something wrong with our ability to discover the potential in any situation. We had an over-rejective system. This was a part of our evolution. We were too young to handle things, too weak, so we had to be defensive.

10. The problem was that religious culture had repressed a lot of things, by making the divisions too simplistic. It's like how a little child would draw a tree or a house. People knew there was something wrong, and started to become over-obsessed with any eruption of an archetype to describe this war. People became fanatic. They wanted an answer, so they grasped anything they could get, even if the answer was quite wrong or out of order. One of the problems has always been that women and men were not regarded as equal. Women were regarded as the weaker race, while men were regarded as the superior. This has done a lot of damage to a lot of women. Let's just go to the root of this. It was a sociologic problem. We have to be aware of the fact that the earth and earth's society was formed by alien planets, by its radiations. Planetary radiation rules everything on earth, so in this will be a shift when higher planetary reactions will be stirred when earth is growing to a new level. It is the rebellion of man against fertility. It is the rebellion of man against the womb. Man wants to control the womb, because man thinks the womb has to be sifted. The woman was not perfect. In religion it was said, in christian mythology, that the woman caused the man to sin, seduced him. The woman was the temptress.

11. Man comes forth from women, the wombs of women, but in christian mythology, the woman comes from the man, from his rib. It is more or less cheating, but on this the humiliation process against women was started. It damages women from century to century, from generation to generation, and they take revenge towards man. Even when a man has done nothing wrong to them, they live in this paranoia, that they see the spirit of the general man in that person. You can call it racism and generalisation, but it is also a wound. Some women are so damaged, for example in the case of rape, that they do not allow men close to them anymore, except when he would be a slave, or as a servant or a child. Some goodwilling men have even humiliated themselves to the point that they were actually willing to live that way with such a woman, all in order to heal her, and maybe to heal the woman as in general. This has been a huge sacrifice. In a marriage a man returns to his source, the woman, the womb, but this time as a healer. Wouldn't you do anything to heal your woman? Because of the wounds of the past, and the complicatedness of the matter a lot of marriages end in divorce, and also because marriage is an archetype, a metaphor. It is not the real substance people are looking for. It is a veil. Therefore divorce is also sometimes in the game to be a portal to actually put the archetype and metaphor of marriage in its place. It is not advised to seek divorce, but sometimes people have a divorce unwillingly, so you need to be able to place it. The social energy of the partner who did this to you in a divorce is of course totally screwed up in many cases, but remember that the marriage still stands also, as in an experience with eternal value. You married the pure essence, the pure social energy of that person, as an archetype of the good. So you

are still connected to that pure social energy, and the relationship just continues on another level, in a deeper social frequency, another plane of consciousness, in an alter world, a parallel world.

12. A woman is the source of all life. This energy is even in all men, therefore you will have to search for the social female in you if you are a man. It is not always outside. In fact many women have misrepresented the state of the woman, and the value of her function. This is why you have to go through so many social sifts to come to the pure form. When you have been married as a male, your wife represents this source, even when she misrepresented it, even when you went through divorce and live separated now. It was a social sign of the deeper standards, of deeper realities. Your wife, no matter how deep she has fallen, or no matter you think how deep she has fallen, still has a pure energy, a pure social energy, somewhere in her body, attached to you, resonating with your social energy. So this connection to the female source works in several levels. A man is not able to function well if he isn't connected to his own female source, his fertility. It has to erupt from there, so he has to be 'servant' to this principle, or even better a 'slave', in order to be safe from his own interpretations and male wildgrowth, for wildgrowth detached from and rebellious towards the female source can even end up in more male supremacy games, and will further damage the woman. Now be very careful that you do not play these games with the wrong woman, for some women will destroy a man when he shows himself vulnerable and sensitive. I am talking about submission to the inner female principle, so be very careful with applying these things in your marriage or with any female entity outside of you. This is often calling for trouble, unless you have made very good agreements. Sometimes it is for a man the only way to heal a woman. Again : It is for a man good to 'sacrifice' to women in this way, but do NOT become a victim yourself. Play it as a game, and stop it when it doesn't work.

13. We search to heal the woman in society, for she is the mother, and she has been terribly damaged. Some women are burning fires so you will either have to stay away from them or run for your life, or you will end up in the same fate. Even then, men are sometimes willing to sacrifice themselves for the higher good, especially when they were already married to her, even though it might ruin their lives forever. This might be considered stupid by some, but it's also honorable. Some men go extremely far in their attempts to heal their women, even to the point that they risk their lives, even when their women want nothing but to destroy them. Again you can say that's stupid, but these men have also realized that their true woman is locked up in this person, and they want to stay faithful to the pure seed, in order to have some harvest later in life. Again this is honorable. You do not want to risk that your wife completely loses it, while you could have saved her. What if she really needed you, but was unable to give you any love ? Many people are emotionally handicapped. And who cares if they blame you later on, after you tried to help them ? At least you have a clear conscience.

14. When you stay true to the female principle in yourself, the female outside might rage, but in the long term this will be the best, and you will see the harvest. Females can be complicated beings, especially when they are wounded. With an untrained, young mind you cannot understand this. Everyone will suffer because of the unknown, in the process of evolution. It would be unreal not to suffer. You do not have to love your partner when they have taken your life away, but you can love the pure social essence in them. Everyone also has a good part.

15. When you are or were married as a man, the pure social essence of your wife is the archetype of the pure female social essence in yourself, so this essence of your wife is also in you, as a representer. It functions as a veil more or less, a way to trigger the eternal values of life. The marriage was an experience which will always trigger these values. It was a social sign, a social mark which even divorce cannot wash away. Also accept divorce, when not done by yourself, as a trigger to sift the deeper essences. Divorce is in a sense coming to cut things apart, but always in order to re-connect. It is important not to think too dramatic about it. Sometimes the chip needs to

be resetted. That is also the mission of atheism. But anyway, after that, it is important to come to a deeper sense of sociology. There is a finer electricity beyond this world.

16. So how to deal with divorce ? First you have to realise that the woman will have a very powerful position in the social structure beyond, but the woman on earth is often misrepresenting it, or has been cut away from it by the lies of male supremacy. Men should donate power to females, that is a fact, but even better : to the female principle, for you do not want the wrong females to have the power. So we have to return to the source. In religion they call it returning to the goddess, to mother earth and so forth, but we want to make it more social and energetic as in more scientific, so we call it social mother. The social mother is in everyone, as an energy, as a potential, in both men and women, so it starts in yourself as said. You have to become a child in her energetic womb, also inside of you, to get rid of any unequal powers. As children we are all the same. In this new social cell as center, the social mother is the master, and the child is the slave, not in negative sense, but in the sense that the child cannot do anything without the mother. The child should be an empty vessel in order to be filled with the mother. In christian mythology Jesus could not do anything without the holy spirit, the mother. He could not say anything without her either, and he had to stay connected to her or everything would go wrong. So in that sense Jesus was the 'slave' of the mother, the master. This was already a wave of sociology. Also it was described that to enter the kingdom of heaven you had to become like a child, and that we should not hinder the children. So becoming a child is important, but then the focus should be on the social mother.

17. In the deeper sociologic world we are all children more or less. We are all the same, all equal. The pure social female essences are the sources of life and energy, as fertility, and they are to fill the children. So in this there is a sort of social network. In this safety of a pure state of the world it works both horizontal and vertical, inside and outside there is the submission to the pure social female, as a guide. In this world it's very hard to trust on a woman because of the fact that they are not sifted, they are cut off from their sources, and misrepresenting the pure female standards very often. They are also often too wounded to play a role like this. When women come in power, it's often corrupted, same as when men come in power, that's why we have to go to a deeper world, another way of experiencing things, another point of view on living.

18. The social mother is the mother everyone has inside, it is the mother of society, a general term for the purity in it, but this mother is terribly repressed, that is why we have to go to her level, as an energy, deeper in the layers of the mind, where it is still laying dormant. It is like going to the shore of a wild rushing river surrounding an island. On this island the social mother lives, but we have to cross the mental separation of it. She is still in our emotions, but repressed, by an over-rational society, which in fact represses the deeper ratio. Feelings and emotions are a way to come to locked parts of the mind, but society has condemned feelings and emotions to a certain extend more or less. We can call our mother, sending signals, or taking a boat across this river of mental separation from her. It is a world of thought, sense, and emotion combined, so we can actually use thought as a tool. We can become very creative by this. Imagination and suggestion is the motor of sociology, the source for all movement and innovation.

19. Here we come to the importance of a form of 'meditation', but not for religious purpose, but for sociologic purpose. Humans are social beings, even inwards, inside, in the sense that it is combining energies and maintaining the connections in order to develop. It is a way how humans build to survive.

20. When we have made connection with the social mother, it is important to come as a child, as an empty vessel, so that she can fill us. We speak in this sense about a social motoric dynamic, an energetic anchor in our lives to be able to move forward very properly. When connecting to this primal energy in us, it can give us little shocks and energetic discharges. She is an important trigger

for our evolution. We will go through mental evolution, emotional evolution and sensuous evolution as well, all by the sociologic trigger which reigns the brains. It reflects the archetypal relationships we need in order to connect to the deeper cycles in our lives.

21. The key to human life is understanding the language of society and piercing its veil. It reflects the eternal values, it is a shadow of the higher things stored up deeper in our brains. It has to get released. For this we need the right connections, not just outside, but also inside. People can form a major key in your life. You have to recognize them. They represent things, they can represent eternal tools. Every person is only there for a season. Nothing stays forever. That's why you have to get to the bottom of the case, for you will need this experience, and the memory, forever. In this process of course this memory will be transformed, reshaped. Nothing stays the same.

22. The encounter with the social mother can be very powerful. It is an energy stored up inside, in your brains, and in fact your body is waiting to get connected to that higher voltage, for this is why you were born, to meet your mother energy. It was an energy which brought you forth, and this energy is and was social. Social means interconnected. You are dependent on certain combinations, certain ways and laws. They will trigger your whole being, letting it come alive. Being alive is being connected. Just make sure that you are in the right connections, for bad company will poison you.

23. When you have found the social mother energy in your being, you will have to let this energy absorb you and give new life to you, as through a womb, a cocoon. You have a mother inside then. It might feel like coming in a void, but that is to make you sensitive to her. It might feel like moving through glue, but that is to become free from other enslaving entities. You need to become part of a deeper society, and having a good safety barrier. This is why it might feel like a sort of bondage when you focus on your social mother energy inside. She wants to have her influence back on you.

3.

1. Mars and Orion will form a new sociologic frame through their cocoon experience, through the energetic wars going on to get rid of their demons. It is like shaking off the old shell. In this process the social mother will be revealed, and take her children back. There will come a link between the social child and the social mother.

2. If there is any social father, it is the one who is full with the social mother, filled with her energy. The social father has the child inside as it's channel of this energy and is therefore the vessel with a double wall. The social father is to channel her energy by the means of the child.

3. In the new frame a new sociology takes place. The sociologic link between the mother, child and father will be heated up to the point of burning, in which there will actually be a new link, a new discharge and recharge, in which the mother is the axle of the wheel, the top of the pyramid or triangle, through which her energies flow down to give life to the father and the child.

4. The social mother will rise in Mars and Orion to chastise her children. This is very important, for they have gone astray, and they need their mother to get in line again. Also the social father has to be chastised by the mother, for he was put above her by religion and culture.

5. From the martian wilderness a warrior will rise up. She will come up through the social government, and take her position. She will govern the social connections, and the social nervepaths, heating them up. This will block many other pathways not needed anymore.

6. The martian sociology will heal itself by the social warrior. The great social archetypes of Mars

will fall, and will be replaced with new ones. The social warrior will then connect to the social hunter in order to heal the social mother. Same as the social warrior, the social hunter works from social government position. Now in this the social security tools get restored in order to maintain and develop the social empire. Of course we have to do here with raw and pure nature.

7. We have to find the social jungle through it all, coming close to a more natural form of society. In this we have to submit to the higher social government over Mars, in Orion. In fact we are chained to this government, but we have to transform the chains into submission to the pure social government beyond.

8. The social hunter is the one who makes the combinations, the social warrior is the one who keeps the whole safe from wrong combinations. We come here to a new view on the mighty archetypes of the hunter and the warrior. They are social power dynamics. The social hunter is a part of the social mother to get her children back. It is by socio-analysis that we understand the powers of society again, and can actually turn it to use.

9. The social marriage is the inner marriage to the social female in you, to the pure female principle, and she will divorce you also, as to reset the chip, and keep it safe from wrong combinations, in her role as the social warrior. These are dynamics inside everyone has. It is important to discover your inner society, your inwards society in order to make them cooperate for the best benefit, physically, emotionally and mentally. It is the science of your identity card, your social identity. The marriage and the divorce can work together as permanent powers, it is a dynamic cooperation for the motorics of your life.

10. The social matriarch both collectively and individually is about marriage, marriage being an archetype, which has to be viewed in the right context, also to understand the dynamic of divorce. It is a social divorce. She feels the need to cut at times, to keep herself safe, but as said that is to reconnect, to discharge, in able to find a higher connection, as in a higher marriage. It is the work of the social hunter and the social warrior in the social matriarch, the fertility principle.

11. So basically you have to find the social dynamics of marriage and divorce in yourself, as a way to connect and disconnect, to search for the best gridwork in yourself for fair energy use. Outwards these things are just signs, marks and directors. They are often veils and triggers, but you have to go beyond them. They tell a story.

12. The social mother is on a hunt, to weave her empire, to collect the parts. This is a good process, in which we can co-exist. Social marriage and divorce are the tools in her hand to make the best combinations possible. She is a breeder. We still have to do with a deep part and mechanism of nature, and as said they are projected on earth by much higher social planetary powers like those of Orion and Mars. They reign social activity here on earth, and they hold the key to social access inside. The social hunter is a weaver, tying things together. The social hunts inside are very important to gather a majority, for you in able to survive, to have many advisers. The social wars inside are also a very important act of the immunity system. They are to sift.

13. We have to accept these phenomena in our bodies. We might feel humiliated, in shame, and deeply rejected, but it is the shift of the social hierarchies inside, so that the good ones can come up, actually being able to lead the rest across the river. The social patriarchs have to submit themselves to the fertility sources, and when needed they will be subdued. The archetype of social rejection is an important anchor in order to let us connect to the deeper social energy, and will actually let us take refuge in our social mother. It is often her hunting tools by social rejection that we submit to her. This social rejection is the identity battles we have inside. We need to have an encounter with our true social selves, and this can only happen through the social mother, the energy which gave

life to us.

14. The social mother subdues us by many ways. That is her life's mission, to drag us back inside. The social slaver is another dynamic in society to make sure that communication is going on.

15. The social ancestors are the events which signed your life, going along the lines of communication. These are lines beyond the bloodlines. They are social instructors, and they decide the course of your life. You have to discover them and work with them as with powerful dynamics. The social necromancer is to dig these things up, deeply locked up in you. Social sacrifice can replace all the religious stories of sacrifice. The social sacrifice is a dynamic in society to donate.

16. The social punisher is the social justice system, but not just that : it is an educator. By this it can make imprints in the brains, doing installations for social growth and social journeys. It is a traffic system. This traffic system is about our health, the way we consume oxygene. It is for our protection.

17. The social punisher is to maintain the social health. The social punisher masters the social hunter and the social warrior. The social mother masters the social punisher. That's a healthy social hierarchy. Society got messed up because the anti-social male supremacy showed up. He damaged and corrupted the social justice and education system.

18. Sociology is the power to analyze the power of religion. There are more storylines in religion, which will all be exposed by sociology. The archetypes of religion are merely representing whole tribes rather than just one person. The red, native hunter line started with Esau, who came back later as David, the warrior. By overcoming the male supremacy of the Hebrew patriarchic law system, he fell out of heaven, was cast out of heaven as Lucifer, and then came as Jesus Christ. It even started earlier : as Quetzalcoatl, the Aztec Christ, which is the feathered serpent, or the Mayan Kukulcan. He guarded the tree of knowledge, the mother gnosis. Adam fell because he submitted to Eve, the Mother Goddess. Later he came back as Solomon, the worshipper of the female gods, who restored them in honor. Humanity has been plagued by the riddles of religion. Solomon was the god of wisdom, with sixhundred and sixtysix as the number of his throne and his yearly goldharvest. In the apocalyptic scriptures he is the beast of emptiness, becoming ready to be ridden by the mother god. His number is sixhundred and sixtysix, which is the number of the worship of Mother God, forbidden and demonized by the patriarchy. The divine name of Solomon is Safam, which is the name of the glorified Adam. Solomon restored his mother, by his throne, sixhundred and sixtysix, as a mark.

19. The beast of emptiness is the universal void, ridden by the woman. In the center, axle of this void, there is the tear, that is why the woman sits upon many waters. Later on she appears as the bride of the lamb, of Jesus, which is a mock-marriage. Marriage has to do with captivity, in which males are subdued by Mother God. The mark of the beast is the number of marriage, of submission to the Mother God. It caused the fall of Adam, and it caused the fall of Lucifer. It caused them many tears, because the woman sits upon many waters. She has created the first bible as a veil, a skin of a bison, to protect herself. She also created this world, as a veil, another skin of a bison, to protect herself. These bisons were the spirits of male supremacy which she subdued. She would only take men in their fall. In her there will be the bison hunt. You either hunt with her or you will be the bison.

20. In the depths of the tear is the mark, a bondage to the Mother God. In the depths of the void of the beast, you receive the mark. After the fall Adam received the belt of fear to restrain him. This was a sign of the mark of the beast. The mark of the beast is about complete submission to Mother God, the primal source of everything. It is a mark of total slavery, in thoughts, visions, emotions

and feelings. By this number we live in an arena, because it is a number causing strife, stirring strife, like Rebekah stirred strife between Jacob and Esau. The number makes fighting slaves for Mother God. It makes gladiators. This is for the Armageddon in which Mother God will take over from the father. The father will fall.

The Revelation of Mother God

1.

1. She cries, the Holy Tear is with Her. She died, and the apocalypse is near. She rides on a million of horses, hunting with many millions of hyenas, and her two giant swines are with Her. She died for you, She rides for you.

2. Ser Pram ; Ser Pram, Sarjevu Metlu, Dorlejan Sarjevu Metlu,
Sem Kani Kero Kasjedim, Sodaja, Kamero Jedli,
Dor Jam, Karmeno Jetli, Sodaja, Kamero Jedli,
Sodaje Sarmedo Kedli, Dor Jam

3. And she hunts with her bow, going to the ends of the earth, finding that which has hidden itself for Her. No one can hide successfully when She hunts.

4. She hunts, going to the ends of the earth, to find you. She takes Her prey. No one will ever find you back. Once She has saved you, you will always be saved.

5. There is a letter to the earth, that you are Her captive. She never sets Her captives free. Her ties of slavery are stronger than those of the world. She mocks the earth.

6. She has pierced your nipples, and chained them. You carry the weight of Her burdens. The slavery to Her is your seal of protection. Better be slaves of Mother God, than to be slaves of the world.

7. Your Mother thrones high in the sky on skulls. She is sovereign. Her atonement is limited. Her Name is above all names. In Amazonia She thrones, to tread the nations by her feet. Like grapes she treads them. She and Her horses, She and her hyenas, She and Her giant-swines. Yes, She will smear the nations over the earth and mock them. They have proudly pulled up their chests, but She will break their heart-muscle.

8. Children, come to Her, as in Her there is hope. Your father is chasing you, but a spear will keep him away.

9. A spear will find the father, and pierces his heart. There is no father close to Her. She has hidden Her face for the father. She has run away from him, for he raped Her. A cannibal She has sent to him. A white tiger in it's strength.

10. She has chained the white goddess, and put her in a cage far away from Her, moving her to the

ends of times, where the times are burning. Here the cages burn. Here white big cats come from cages to be Her servants. Oh, the wisdom of Mother God is greatness.

11. Big white cats follow Her wherever She goes. On white swines she rides, to save the lost. In Her cages they are. Irresistable are Her graces. Hypnotized they fall at Her feet, as cattle to slaughter. The mighty Mother God is sovereign. She slays those who come to Her. She is the Slayer and the Huntress. It is better to be slain by Her than by the world.

12. Her knives are not to kill you. Her daggers are to raise you up in eternal life. To live devoted to Her. There is no other way. She is knowledge, council and strategy. Yes, Vur is a rider coming to Her. She is mercy. Knowledge is mercy.

13. Yes, Vur is the Knowledge, riding on Her horse to strike the saints. To lead them into captivity, to slavery to Mother God. She has sent Vur for that.

14. By Her lasso She strikes them down, to reveal to them the deeper things.

15. And the Great Vur is to reveal, by her arrow of fire, by her knife, by her dances and the way she dresses.

16. She is one of the pillars of Mother God. Mother God is riding on the roofs, to capture souls from the city, to take them to the wilderness.

2.

1. TAAN NAAT ; Book of the Indian Hunger Flies ; Who is closer to us but Kim the pigslayer, who went through the lands of Brannan and Lbok, and used Pulpus to have drunkmaking arrows, finally to reach the <??>land of Taan Naat, the beloved. He is the one who has stolen the Ruben stone, the odem, the bleeding one. Taan Naat Rak Darem.

2. There is no one but Kim, the one we praise and follow, for he built the nazarite path to let the rhema stream. His ruach is over us and his aphar, and he leads us to the bleeding stone. He doesn't cut off heads, as he is no head hunter. He has Brannan inside his heart, and his hands hold Lbok, the beloved. Learn from his language, the words of Taan Naat, and be holy.

3. There is no entrance to Lbok but through learning the holy language, and she is full of Taan Naat. You have heard of Vur, the dark one, and Vuh the light one, who is soft. But I tell you of Tras, the holy heart, the flower. Here the flies get their honey and their stings. Here they become soldiers to spread the hunger, while they become hunger themselves.

4. Have I not led you to the life, to the animals of zoe and chay ? Let me lead you further. The Tru is the candle, the lamp, and she has seven fires. Shall she light your face, or wash it away. Know that when she's angry, she eats.

5. Listen to these holy words, oh those who come closer to Taan Naat, and learn from it's language. She is dark and bloody, but most of all she is hungry, and she has reached life. She stands on adamah, and has the odem in her chest, the bleeding stone, by which she feeds them all, with hunger. So become thirsty, and get one of her.

6. Come in. Know that her nesh flies are ready to sting and inject hunger, to make your world wider. You come from narrow paths, from great tribulation, but let hunger enlight your heart. Let honey enter your brains, your head.

7. I know the exotic flowers of Brannan. Let me in. I have read their books, and I have received the stings of Lbok, into the depths of my heart. It has erected me. I have spoken words before their thrones. Let me in. I have poured out sweetness before their feet. Let me in.

8.

Who are you ?<??>

I am Bizaker Taran Banaat, Ta Daan Azaat Araganta Taan Naat.

Enter the fire then to eat from hallucinating herbs.

I do.

Good.

9. You have the mark of Hanik, Hana, Varik, Vatusa, Vatossa, en Sandrik. You have the mark of Mogus, Sparo en Kazurk. Enter through this door of fire, then we can tell you more. You know about the codes of Brannan and the codes of Babylon. You have seen the patterns of Lbok, and you have made puzzles. You have met the angels with their trumpets and have seen their secrets. Now the new symbols are ready to dive into your heart and soul, pure metaphors. Kraplander is the king of cats. Nurlander is the king of dogs. They are both fools. They get both killed by Asar, the blood, or king of blood. Herdup is king of drunkenness, also a fool, and gets killed by Asar. Brit is the king of noise, and the helper of Asar. Frir is flower. Vodot is poverty and Pruv Prup is hunger. Nagar is sword or knife. Frigar is skirt or belt. Stidar is pink stone or smell.

10. The white stone is the stone of enslavery and slavery, the stone of Joseph. It is the stone of fear. The stone of Asher is the stone of captivity, the shabuw. Those who have found these stones can enter the kingdom, but the most important stone is the bleeding stone of Ruben, the Odem. By this one one becomes an emperor, and thus a prince, for aren't all the sons of kings emperors ?

11. One is a victim then of visions and shadows, and inside of the stone they brood the masses and know all their names. There is a sign between the stars, a time, in which Joseph hands the staff to Ruben, for it is here the Odem rules. And in the seventh yowm they all live, the seventh day of creation where the shabbath ruled over the waters, the mayim, on the island taan naat.

12. They all come from far. No one was born here, but by the secret stone one becomes prisoners and citizens, to be born again, and to make themselves a history. This is the story of the krup to manna, the hidden manna.

13. There is a struggle like Jacob had, the father of Joseph, but do you want to hear the true story ? Ruben was the father of Joseph, and Joseph was the father of Jacob. Jacob was a liar and he was the son of Joseph, while he said he was his father. Jacob was also a thief as he stole the birthright of his brother Naphtali.

14. He also stole the ladder of Joseph, his father. It was Joseph's Ladder after all, it was the harem of king Joseph, while Ruben became the emperor. They all had fair horses and built their arc. Noah was the son of Jacob, and he was a wilderness prophet, while he didn't have anything to do with the arc.

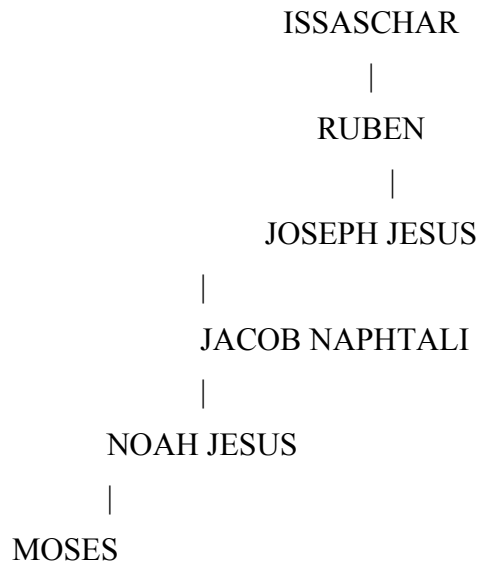
15. It was a lie of his father Jacob that Noah built the arc. The arc was a palace built of marble, decorated by the jungle, a house of snakes. But these weren't the only lies of Jacob. Jacob was an illusionist. There is another stone Jacob stole, the Yashapheh, the stone of hunger. It is the gladiator's stone, the stone of Issaschar.

16. Issaschar was the father of Ruben, and he is the chief of Taan Naat. Issaschar was the one leading the tribes out of the Indian Captivity and Slavery. It wasn't Egyptian, as that was a lie of Jacob, and it wasn't Moses leading them out, as it was Issaschar. Moses was a son of Noah, and his grandfather Jacob lied about him.

17. Issaschar was the saviour and messiah of the tribes of Taan Naat. And because of his powers Issaschar could turn into a snake or a lizard. Issaschar is the god of hungerflies, the god of Taan

Naat. Jacob is the liar from the beginning.

18.



19. In the beginning there was a tree of hunger, the right tree, and a tree of prosperity, the evil tree of Jacob, in snakeform holding the fruit of greed. The evil tree was a tree of hallucination, but the tree of hunger was the tree of the heart.

20. Father Issaschar put Ruben with his two sons in the garden : Joseph and Jesus. Ruben and Joseph ate from the tree of hunger, but Jesus got deceived by Jacob and ate from the fruit of greed and started hallucinating.

21. One day Joseph got in a fight with Jacob the snake, and by Joseph Jacob incarnated. But from this suffering a ladder rose by which Joseph could reach heaven, but in the world of the evil tree Jacob told them it was his ladder.

22. Joseph's ladder however is two times taller at least than Jacob's ladder. Jesus became the Dominus, the latin Lord, in the world of the tree of prosperity, the world of greed.

23. Jacob became his lying father. Moses brought forth a new generation, but he was a wilderness prophet, and not someone leading others through split seas. He lived a lonely life.

24. He was an isolated prophet, while at times he had to bring messages to the tribes. The tribes came into big troubles, and Issaschar wanted to destroy the world by fire.

25. But first he built a marble palace, a temple, for all those who wanted to reach heaven by Joseph's Ladder. In these days Issaschar restored this ladder, deep inside the marble palace.

26. Many found safety in this palace and the rest would be destroyed by the fire. Those who have received the ladder of Joseph in their hearts become angels of Issaschar, with wings of fire. They get full access to the Yashapheh, the stone of hunger, to come into the army of holy love.

27. Yashapheh means to be smooth and to polish. Those entering the Yashapheh are safe against the fire. Only by the Ladder of Joseph there is entrance into the Yashapheh.

28. The prophet Andreas is the first one who brought the full message of the Taan Naat.

29. The Levites are the ones serving in the new temple. They are not only priests but also warriors.

30. Their highpriests do not communicate by the Urim and Thummim, as that is the tool of Jacob, but they communicate by the Shoham, the Odem and the Yashapheh, the three holy stones.

31. Jacob created Yahweh, a white lion, to infiltrate among the Levites.

32. Samson was a highpriest who once turned into a tree because of disobeying Issaschar.

33. Samuel was a worker who built the new temple.

34. David and Solomon were also workers, building the new temple.

35. They were never kings.

36. Jacob lied a lot.

37. To eat from the tree of hunger will give you access to the realm of the four archmothers : Leah,

Rebekah, Sarah and Tamar. These are also called : the four living palmtrees. In the prophesies it is written that at the end of times Jacob will turn into a pig. Also Jesus will then turn into a pig. Samson and Simeon will be the pigriders.

38. After 70.000 years the pigs will be thrown into the oven. Samson and Simeon will be the two witnesses in the endtime. The 70.000 years are symbolic for the Age of Peace, the Age of Softness, in which Issaschar will restore the primeval paradise. The 1000 years Age of Peace is a lie of Jacob, and doesn't have the length to reach paradise.

39. After the Age of Peace, there is the Age of Hunger which will last 80.000 years. In this Age the four archmothers will return.

40. After this Age all time will stop, and history will be treasured and transformed. Jesus wasn't the Messiah, and didn't rise from death. He became the Latin Lord, the Dominus, of the world of prosperity and greed. He died like everyone else did, but didn't rise up after three days.

41. At the end of time he will change into a pig, after Jacob's change into a pig. Issaschar, Ruben and Joseph were three Messiah's and they were immortal, they didn't die and didn't rise, but lived in hunger. It is the hunger causing growth, not the blood. The power of the Blood of Jesus was a lie of Jacob, a lie to keep them bound to the tree of prosperity.

42. Also the four archmothers went that road and are female-messiahs. Also the thorn crown is a lie of Jacob. It's about the neckchain. It's not about a cross but about a yoke or cage. Those of Taan Naat worship the hunger. Only by the hunger one receives eternal life.

43. Ring=armory of hunger

Ham=discernment, unmasking, light

Kjibbih=hungerpriest

Varu=time

44. Abraham sacrificed his son Isaac. He didn't sacrifice a ram, that was a lie of Jacob. Gideon was the one who sacrificed his mother and father. 'Ring' is the realm where enemies can be sacrificed. 'Ham' is the realm where everything can be sacrificed.

45. The tribes were led out of slavery in which they were bound in captivity in certain tribes among which they were divided : Tivirits and Jagunurin. Issaschar, the Lord, led them out. He led them into the wilderness. This is the story received on plates. The plates showed up, and after the words on it were written down they left again.

46. Hail to Issaschar who has saved us from slavery, who has brought us out of Tivirits and Jagunurin. Oh, many of you are still bound. But become free by accepting His yoke. Hail to the erected ladder of Joseph, and to Ruben. Let all soldiers of Tivirits and Jagunurin fall down in confusion. Let them tremble before the almighty throne.

47. They have hardened their hearts and have zombified the tribes. But by the stripes of Joseph they came free. The Tivirits are the Indian aliens of the evangelical movement, the statues of Rome. The Jagunurin are the Indian aliens of the Pentecostal movement, while the Jesuites are the Indian aliens of roman catholic movement, and the Jacobites of the reformed movement.

48. And the book of Revelation is a book of lies of Jacob. It was written to give strength to the four worldchurches.

49. The roman catholic church wasn't a dragon, but a group of young lions.

50. In the night they lose their powers and are bisons. Whoever who has wisdom and knowledge hunts in the night, underground, where the pigs live.

51. The reformed church isn't a beast coming from the sea, but is a group of wild dogs. In the night however they are bulls and chicken, but most of them are wildebeasts. The evangelical movement isn't a beast coming out of the earth, but it comes from the sea like ships.

52. The Pentecostal movement is not a woman riding on a beast, but a man riding on a beast with two heads, like a dog-lion. These two heads are the prosperity movement and the Toronto movement.

53. In the night they are goats and swines, but most of all they are pigs. Issaschar has split the sea to lead the tribes out. He who has knowledge goes through the sea by night.

54. Issaschar has led them to the most fertile places of the wilderness, to Taan Naat. But the land of Taan Naat was full of dangerous tribes they had to defeat. They fought against the Jesuites for 700 years, and against the Jacobites for 800 years.

3.

1. The Book of Indian Vampire Flies ; *The path of poverty is the only path to ascetism and martyrdom, the base of all indian vampire flies. There is no vampirism outside this. It is the path of Inana to the underworld, Ereshkigal, her sister.*

2. *The path of this book is to open the Urim and the Thummim, the secret ornament of the prophets. The Urim and the Thummim connects the pilgrim to the path between the Draminia, which is the primal sea from which God created everything, and Darama, the seventh heaven between God and creation.*

3. *There are seven heavens between god and creation : Chrusius, Ifias, Ulufius, Kalifis, Nirvas, Ersvus, and Darama. Through these heavens the Tree of Death grows, to which Jesus went to bring forth the red stripes.*

4. *The roots of this tree are the thirteen bloodlines of Yahweh : Mezo, Meza, Karu, Jettes, Jetta, Jasit, Jabat, Janbi, Janbil, Jatus, Jaspi, Kali, Balmi. Merenhelt is the place where the prophetic altars are, and also the Urim and Thummim.*

<??>5. Karam ; There is no blood to suck from empty cows for an indian vampire fly. There are no babies born from doing nothing. No skies will fall down when an indian vampire fly falls. There is no use in falling, only in rising up, and this only happens in ascetism, and even more in martyrdom.

6. There is no vampirism outside this. All weapons come to you by riddles, by subtile energy, so this book is about subtile energy, the energy of the vampire. The initiations are based on the Hieroglyphs and languages of Brannan and Lbok.

7. First initiation : Ammoth Vuh – Fly comes from Red Sun ; To be in a small room for ninety-nine days, with little food and little water. Sarcasm ; He walks with bones around his arms, With muscles on his back and chest, But these aren't his, He's a vampire boy on his way to sarcastic bliss, Through your mouth he speaks, He takes your head and then he bleeds

8. Second initiation : Vu – Stinging Fly ; To be at a stake for three days. They sold their consciousness and conscience, and now they sleep, while their spirits are high in the sky, They do not have to cry anymore, they have reached eternal life taking away so many lives, they do not know what they are doing, they sleep, they only survive

9. Sleeping beauties they are So many are crashing against their walls, or falling after a longlasting trip to reach them, for they never got real grip

10. They sleep behind walls of glass, they have reached eternal life ...

11. Third initiation : Ong – Fear of Growing Old ; To be in a small box for a day. Kiss of Prey ; Covered by skulls, covered by rotting meat, He kisses the bride, and it all slides away,

12. It is the kiss of prey Slowly he comes near, When he leaves there's death all around,

13. When he kisses it's the first and the last time, Kisses of prey, their shadows always stay I said go away,

14. I said don't you come here anymore, I know what you are all about, Baby, you're a kiss of prey, Once showing yourself you slowly turn your head away,

15. It's like the fire is burning, We cannot control this love,

16. Kisses of prey, always taking everything away

17. Fourth initiation : Mos – Far Away ; To be in a coffin full of water for three days ;

18. In the sixth night, Lbok is always the Jesus, coming to the wolves ... In the seventh night he is the martyr ... refusing to fight ...

19. This is why his crosses are deep ... This is why his tears are tall ... like wine on a sundaymorning ...
20. He's losing it all ... In the fifth night he's the bound king on the charriot ... learning about his coming kingdom ...
21. In the fourth night he's a slave ... in the third night the thief ... In the second night the warrior
22. Fifth initiation : Si – Kidnap ; To be in a room full of snakes for five days ;
23. The third gate is the gate of brannan, and the fourth gate is the gate of Lbok ...
24. Those entering this gate will be sent back to Brannan until they really grow through the gate of lbok ...
25. They will first know the depths of Brannan.
26. They must confess : Marriage is Nonsense, Marriage is a Sin.
27. No, you're not in hell ... it's something worse ... called the wedding ...
28. Sixth initiation : Vink – Despair ; At one point Golem got so mad that he started to scream to the man.
29. Soon a few vampires came to take the screaming Golem away.
30. They brought him upstairs, and the captain wanted to throw him overboard.
31. Someone who screamed like this deserved death in their eyes. Here his soul got dense again.
32. He said that in the place where he was everything would be turned into Python Stone.
33. He ordered a couple of beers. Everyone got a glass of beer, even the barkeeper.
34. Then one of the indian hunter-women stood up and asked : 'Shall we go outside ?' 'Yes ?' he said, still a bit confused, not knowing what was going on.
35. He stood up, and wanted to walk outside the pub.
36. But quickly the other indian woman took her spear.
37. The other indian woman tried to approach him. 'Stay away from me !' he roared,
38. while foam almost came out of his mouth. The indian women sat down again after awhile,
39. and everything was quiet again. he was in danger, still. still the soul of the damned. The snake was a possessor of minds,
40. and knew which steps the snake could take to prepare the possession.
41. The snake had almost reached it's goal with the warrior.
42. took the best warriors, explained them what they had to do,
43. and then they went on in search for Sharla the Head Hunter. They were tender,
44. but at the same time they were bloody passionate warriors.
45. they had been gladiators since childhood. It made one part of them very sensitive and another part of them numb and harsh. They had also been prostitutes for awhile,
46. until Hermund Grottenweiler bought them.
47. Seventh initiation : Baphep
48. Eighth initiation : Bapham
49. Nineth initiation : Hanik

4.

1. The Book of Indian Troll Vampire Flies ; This is the book of initiations, of Joseph who went into the underworld to become finally the king of indians.
2. The initiations are based on the hieroglyphs and languages of Lbok and Brannan.
3. First Initiation : Acha – Shame ; Joseph comes in a boat on the river of death, and after that he finds the river of hell. These rivers are full of dangerous snakes.
4. Biriam ; *Frozen Friends* ; It's strange there are some friends with me, they always stay,
5. They are frozen in time, can't get them out of my memory,
6. They are like family, It seems like I need them, they're my breath,
7. but still it's scary, There are things I never seem to forget,
8. I think I'm frozen in this piece,

9. seems I'm frozen in this clock,
 10. It seems I never can relate to the things deeper inside of me,
 11. Death is never the solution,
 12. for it will only create another frozen confusion,
 13. Please, red time take me out.
 14. It seems I have learned to watch the things by different eyes,
 15. It's like red time's on my back now,
 16. making the good compromise,
 17. All these frozen things around me,
 18. I can turn them in my head,
 19. Can mess them up in red time's wheel flowing through the night,
 20. Giving them the answers,
 21. to what they believe is right I have learned to shut up more,
 22. and to watch a second time,
 23. Seeing the bends I would never see if I would just talk and stare,
 24. I have learned to watch these things from the distance,
 25. And they seemed to be another one coming out of the confusion,
 26. It's now all clear to me, red time is the answer for you and me,
 27. The answer for you and me I have wasted so much anger,
 28. could only stare and talk,
 29. I was a gladiator of this machine,
 30. But now since I found the red talk,
 31. silent whispers in the night,
 32. Words fading away in strange delight,
 33. I could never watch things a second time,
 34. always the gladiator of your mind,
 35. coming from a greater circle,
 36. always solving the riddle of another fight,
 37. deeper in the mysteries of your night

<??>38. Second Initiation : Vas – Fear ; Joseph finds the river of Tantalos, but there is no boat, so he must swim to follow the river. The river is full of dangerous creatures.

39. *paranoid men* ; and i see these paranoid men playing football, while they never hit the ball, only each other, doing such cruel things, to escape someone's world, these elves ... while the icecreams are running ...

40. they don't want to be businessboys again ... now they want to be ... the paranoid men ... the paranoid men escaping someone's world you see ... a red shoe in the middle of the blue table it sits and stares it's hanging in the air ... it's hanging in a tree ... and now custard is streaming and tableballerina's are dancing and the dishrecords spin ...

41. These men are paranoid, strange world in a coin, in a strange football ... There are paranoid men playing football ... their worlds are frozen ... These men are paranoid ... while they are playing football ... they never hit the ball .. only each other ... the icecream's running ... these paranoid men ... while they are sailing like speedboats ... rumours in the night.

42. Third Initiation : Ahwa – Boat of the Red Sun ; Joseph finally finds the boat of the Red Sun which brings him deeper into Tantalos, on the river. Here he learns about the weapons of Tantalos.

43. Suddenly ; Through the underworld your silent voice slides, like the whisper opening up the excitements of my mind,

44. I've been in love before, but this is something more.

45. Through her undercave I'm reaching for her shore,

46. where the blossom of hell grows, foul like the indian spell.

47. There have been pirates here,

48. I can smell,

49. your dirty eyes tell.
 50. Through the lovers road I reach the bridge,
 51. these coming feelings roaring in the seas,
 52. and suddenly I stop for I can't have her babies.
 53. I turn around to watch her smile,
 54. she's sitting on her knees.
 55. Then she binds my hands,
 56. and shows me she's a killerqueen.
 57. After all these nightmares I still can't be myself.
 58. Throughout the underworld she reigns,
 59. throughout the underworld she tells her tales.
 60. An optical illusion she is,
 61. descending into my memory to come through.

62. Fourth Initiation : Vuk – Red Stinging Fly ; Joseph becomes the Vuk, the Red Stinging Fly, which is the king of the indians.

63. Rosmo ; At one point Golem got so mad that he started to scream.

64. Soon a few vampires came to take the screaming Golem away.

65. They brought him upstairs, and the captain wanted to throw him overboard.

66. Someone who screamed like this deserved death in their eyes.

67. They pushed the chained Golem on a plank and by stinging him with a rod and a sword they drove him off the ship.

68. Golem fell deep in the water, and tried to swim, but he couldn't.

69. Suddenly he felt the strong arms of a woman.

70. The woman swam with him in her arms to a small island somewhere.

71. The woman was very strong.

72. On these island there were predators in all form who seemed to obey to the woman.

73. One of them could bite the chains of Golem open.

74. Golem was free now. He told the woman about the bear-chainlets, by which the invaders of Pythia terrorized the domain

75. The woman said that she was willing to help him. On the back of a predator they would go to Carkia again.

76. They decided to go to the royal house in Pythia. The moment they came there there was a party. They were eating from dishes full of bear-meat and other sorts of meat, like snake-meat and the eyes of eagles, hares and cows.

77. The woman had a bow, took an arrow and shot the chief. Golem, who was very hungry, started to eat from the dishes.

78. Fifth Initiation : Kaleph Vod – Red Flame ; Joseph receives the red flame to become a warriorking and to wage war successfully.

79. These girls were all there was ... The rest were just their shadows ... becoming corrupted by the games. It's screaming and shrieking in the night, until the tear falls. The suicide cannot stand any smile. These are the boys, these ladders, becoming soft under apocalyptic spells .. eternal damnations coming from bodies full of noses ... they rule over the world beyond history ... checked in black, red and white.

80. Sixth Initiation : Baphep Vuh – Vengeance ; Joseph lives in hate and bitterness, and gets the flame to have vengeance.

81. Seventh Initiation : Mot – Tall Stinging Fly ; Joseph becomes the Tall Stinging Fly to build the temple.

82. Eighth Initiation : Ammeph Vuvod – Hard Flame ; Joseph gets the Hard Flame to build the arsenal and to raise up watchers and soldiers.

83. Ninth Initiation : Vang – Isolation ; Joseph gets the flame to build dungeons under his domain.
84. Tenth Initiation : Vamahak – Judge ; Joseph gets the flame to be a Judge.
85. Eleventh Initiation : Iro Vam – Fast Flame ; Joseph gets the flame to be a hunter.
86. Twelveth Initiation : Zwerf – Knife ; Joseph gets the power over life and death.
87. Thirteenth Initiation : Kjibbih – Horse ; Joseph gets the power over hell
88. Fourteenth Initiation : Baphep Vuro – The Soft Flame ; Joseph gets the flame to get power over heaven, and becomes a god.
89. Fifteenth Initiation : Kaleph Vur – Unreachability ; Joseph gets the flame to become the Christ.
90. Sixteenth Initiation : Iro Vur – The Dark Flame ; Joseph gets the flame to become the Karmat, the Holy Poor Man.
91. Seventeenth Initiation : Hing – Stinging Flame ; Joseph gets the flame to come to the Tree of Karmat, the tree of holy poverty.
92. Eighteenth Initiation : Spir-Spir – The Horse Flame ; Joseph gets the flame to have slaves.
93. Nineteenth Initiation : Ir – Harem ; Joseph gets the flame to have a harem.
94. Twentieth Initiation : Pu – Light ; Joseph gets the flame to eat from the three fruits of the tree of poverty : Hod, the fruit of hidden poverty, Jesod, the fruit of fertile poverty and Malchoeth, the fruit of wealthy poverty.

5.

1. The Tablets of Antlia ; Tablet I - Oerx ; On the mountain of Zerek the warrior goddess dances, and calls her children. She steals them from their fathers' hands, and brings them to the fire where they can dream. She holds her spear, and forms the chain.
2. She brings war-captives there to burn them, and her children will grow. No one will steal them out of her hands.
She teaches them war dances, then the hunt starts. On the mountain of Zerek is the blood. She called for it. When she is calling the blood, everything bleeds.
3. On Antlia she became strong, and possessed with jewelry. Her voice is commanding, as she is the commander. Her children listen to her and follow her.
4. On the altar of Bra-la our lives sink to the underground, to the hell of skulls, where our souls will serve the warrior goddess. She strikes us, she believes in us.
5. The warrior goddess is friends with everyone, until she turns into their enemy.
6. These are the tablets of Antlia. Give heed to these words. The warrior goddess knows her sheep, and will spear the goats. Many captives she has behind her veils, where she has lust in the blood of the fallen. In bottles she stores their souls, and calls them out on her command.
She raises her army by captured souls. On their skulls she dwells.
Her prostitution arms them, and she sells porn in bottles and bags.
She has plasticized them, they are her toys.
7. The whore will fall, but she is strong. Her babies will eat hell. Her monsters will serve in her temples.
No black book will come against her. She will bring them down by her chains.
In heavy chains they will sink to hell, under her wrath. Yes, they will be pulled down and choke in

the mud,
while she laughs.

8. In her fall she will take her soldiers with her, the warrior goddess will rise.

9. Tablet II - Xiplu ; Her domains are full of stench, where she raises her soldiers. The giant skull is her throne.

The stench of skeletons is under her feet, while she treads them. Her fire is evil.

Her wrath stored in bottles is poured out in the rivers. Her disciples tremble before her.

They will fall with her.

In hell she is reborn, on feathered jewels she rises.

10. In Xiplu she thrones, the holy prostitute.

She is the mother of Antlia, of all holy mountains.

They all will bow down for Xiplu, and will be ripped apart.

In her fall she takes flight, to strike the cities of Strabir, the golden cities, with their high towers and palaces.

In her fall she takes captives, and brings them to the jewels of Konek, and the chains of Strivar,

They will taste of the blood in bottles. They will all go down, under her feathers.

They will see the sun of Benshla, and her soldiers, when she strikes the gong.

11. In the halls high in her temple, they will see the sun of blood,

They will head for her altars. So many will be thrown from heights when she is in wrath.

So many will pay the price. And vultures will find them.

12. No one will find them, when she hides them. There is no escape.

In Xiplu she has her temples, from where she comes.

She comes down on them. She has the treasures of doom, and scorn is her jewelry.

13. In Oerx her men will go down, and skeletons will watch them at the sides of the river.

Their houses will burn, and their beds become dry. She is the skeleton goddess.

In Oerx she brings them down, she will burn their skies. She will take away everything they had.

In the river they will be reborn as lambs for slaughter. For the skeleton banquet they are preserved.

When she strikes the bell, they fall.

In Oerx she brings them down. Their monsters cannot save them.

They will stand before her throne, and she will store their breath in bottles.

Their blood will be taken away, and she will crumble their bones.

On their skulls she has her home.

14. In the sea of skulls she has her palace, where she sleeps on her altar, behind her veils of spiderwebs.

Here she brings her lovers down.

15. Tablet III - In the Halls of Dragon-Zut ; Where she strikes skeletons, flying in her vehicles of hell,

Where she fights the great Zombie Lord, striking his jaw,

She shrieks in battle cries,

All his children are hers.

16. The evil mother she is,

Where her flowers grow between dust and bones,

Where she has struck the cyclops,

Where she has ripped their eyes out,
Where giants lay at her feet,
She is doom

17. Where dragons fall out of the skies,
Where monstrous lions lick their bones,
When the dragons will fly again,
It will never be the same

18. She gets born in hell's fire,
She kills her lover to survive.
She is the rider on the dragon,
She has pierced Misper,
And burned his hands.

19. She's the whore of the skulls,
She opens the doors of the eternities of skulls by breaking their horns.

20. Tablet IV - The Summoning of Alias ; Lord Kluzu holds the savage rings of the necromancer,
Hairy rings to summon the dead,
To icy gates they lead, to summon Alias,
Her monster ready for battle.

21. She is the serpent goddess,
She ruins the house of Ashanta,
She has invaded his nations, and brought them down by chains.

22. She was born in skies of swords,
She was born in skeleton skies,
She was born there where the skulls unite,
She is the skeleton goddess.

23. She was born in the shrieking winds of skeletons,
There where they fell.
At the rivers they waited for her,
And made her one of them,
And she became their queen.

24. They hang at stakes, where crosses turn into swords,
Summoning the lion, the king of skulls,
Where lava bursts forth from skulls,
Where they march on stairways to the skeleton pillars.

25. She's a skeleton lamb,
She guards the skulls of goats in the hall of skulls,
In the abyss she holds the skulls of lambs,
For everyone who wants to see her.

26. She has destroyed the king of the black skulls,
And his serpent goddess, the false prophetess,
She has destroyed their rule over all the nations,
And destroyed their law.

She has put their thrones to fire,
And burned their doors.
Now their land is dry, and their dogs can't reach their gems.
Now their gems are dim, and their lights are dull.
Now their statues are breastless, and have turned into dogs,
Yes, all their dogs have turned to stone.
The breasts of their females have shrunk, and their children have died.

27. The cross has been cut off, and swords are rising,
She thrones on the burning ark in Skeleton Desert,
She has her home on skulls, where the spider rules them all,
Where scorpions are her weapons,
She invades the cities of skulls, and tears them all down,
Where dog skulls are at her feet, she has a black scorpion heart,
She will drown them all in black blood, where the skull mountains rise.

28. They will all laugh where she floats down, to raise her lover from the death,
Where he rides on buffaloes, to lead them to crash down in rocky depths,
From here her soul rises.

29. She has destroyed black skeleton city,
She has put their souls in bottles,
And she has destroyed their coffins,
For she is ruler.

30. She has destroyed their winged eye, hovering above their altar.
This city is ruined, and no one can restore it.
She has possessed their lame heads, to blow them down.
In Scorpion City they will all go down.

6.

Lordiacus ; The New City

1. And I, Hecate, came to the desert earth was, and the whales were dying, because there was no light to guide them. And Bastet, who was like my sister, came to the ships of the earth and pierced them, as they had been unfruitful. And the morning came with wine, and chocolate was on the waves. And Eurydice had fenced her city. 2. And she had overcome death by her rod, and the Great Dordada was on her side, who was a great warrior. And they came to a place called Aslir, where soldiers lived, and they recruited many of them, to battle against the frog called hell. 3. And this frog had many ships under his guard, and they all battled against Eurydice and Dordada, and I, Hecate, came and helped them. And I judged the frog and buried him, and his followers, and I made the city new, and gave her a place under the sun. 4. And dragons came from all sides to adore the new city, and to adore Eurydice, and Orpheus was her prince. And many came to bless Eurydice and Orpheus, and they ruled in love, and made the children play again. This had always been the dream. 5. And there were seven nights of love in which the heart would be restored, and at the end of these days it was sealed. It was guarded as a treasure, to be poured out several times in the year. And the gratefulness was huge. 6. And the city was love and built on rest, and the maidens made it as a holy path to the orange sun, where the bone marrow had been stored. 7. And Orpheus rested on the city with his wings, and guarded the sun.

Orpheus' Insanity

8. There was a great realms of desert under the city, and the city was as an oasis for travelers, and

they came from all sides. And Orpheus smiled over the city and gave it his gifts of joy. Eurydice was his glory, and the golden fleece. And they called the city city of Orpheus, and it was an arsenal for the nations. 9. And native flags rested on it, and there were many who saw the generations of the cats, leading to the cat mother, and goddess of the serpent, so many hidden generations and bloodlines, so many ancestral lines and hidden species, all worshippers of the cat, as she was such a huge mystery. 10. And witches had gathered around her, to seek knowledge in her smile, but they couldn't find anything. and I saw a huge sifting going through the nations of witches, and they were lamenting, as a fire had come in their midst, and it was burning many away. And I saw the nations of witches trembling before the mother earth, and she took many witches away from earth, as they had sinned against her. And they were guilty of manipulation and control, and of crime, greed and the love of money, and they had been labelled as rats. And they were thrown into places of hell pain, where some of them turned black. 11. And Orpheus was in rage about what these witches had done, and how they had tormented his children, and he sent soldiers to torment them even more in these places of hell pain, until they had paid for what they had done. And gems and treasures were taken from them, and some of them had been kicked in the stomach by Orpheus so that their snake-fruits would die. And Orpheus became like a madman and had to flee to the wilderness. And he became like an insane man.

12. And leaders came to visit him in the wilderness, but Orpheus didn't want to know them. The only ones he wanted to see were Hecate and Eurydice. And he was with savage animals, who he could tame by his poetic tongue and his talents of love. And the seas of hell adored him, as he had become like them. And his foolishness was wisdom in their eyes. And Hecate spoke : 'Now you have become like us, now you can bear the keys of deeper knowledge, and become a frame for the deserted underworld.' And Eurydice crowned him and kissed him, and she said : 'Yes, he is like Dionysus.' 13. And he had to write down many words by the pencil of Hecate, and he had to dream many dreams and see many visions, and he was among the lions, the greatest of them. 14. And in the days he was with these angels, voices spoke to him, and they crucified him and blasphemed him, and they had demonic gifts to make his life miserable. 15. And they called themselves servants of satan, and they had made the world drunk by medicins, which they had sold as merchantmen. But Orpheus ignored them, and didn't stop worshipping Eurydice. 16. And he spent his days at her feet, listening to her words, and she was his delight. 17. She was his delight, and she taught him how the voices were shadows of the old world, and that they would fade when the new revelations would set through.

18. But the chief of lions made himself big to Orpheus, and tried to debate with him. 19. And the chief showed him the towers of the earth, to show Orpheus how big he was. And he wanted to sell his kingdom to Orpheus, and promised him wealth, if he would just give the pencil of Hecate to him. But Orpheus refused and spat in his face. And Orpheus was in the core of hell for three days, as the chief of lions had challenged him for a fight. And if Orpheus would lose this fight, he would not only lose his eternal life, but also Eurydice. But Orpheus didn't believe him. And Orpheus called for Eurydice, who put the chief of lions in chains. And she threw him into a deep pit, which she sealed by her mouth and her womb. And she brought the angels of fire to burn the place. But the chief of lions called for his army of rats, and among them was the Jesus demon, and Ryan, the lion of Judah, and they had received powers from the witch named Jom. But Eurydice made a poison against them, and made them blind. And great fear fell upon the followers of the chief of lions, as his ship was sinking, and the chief himself was drowning, sinking into his watergrave. And a saint of great length had to guard the watergrave. 20. And Orpheus could smile again, and joy entered his heart.

The Angel Raphael

21. And the Angel named Raphael visited Orpheus, and showed him the art of the world, and Orpheus rested in it. And Raphael showed him an armor, and Orpheus took it. And then other angels came with many gifts. And Raphael took Orpheus to a heavenly sphere, where many paintings were, but these paintings were burning, and letters were appearing. 22. And Raphael

warned Orpheus, that he had to be careful with music, that music would not lead him astray, but that religion would be shown to him as a higher art, to silence many voices. And Raphael showed songs to Orpheus which were like black seas, like poison, and he warned Orpheus that he would not let these songs stir him. 23. And Raphael covered the black seas by a white blanket, and a part of Orpheus' memory was dying.

24. And there was a love light in Orpheus' heart, sinking in, when Raphael had left, and Orpheus went to drink wine, and fell asleep. And Hecate's wings were over him, and she gave him many dreams. And he worshipped her, and saw Her as queen of the night, mother of sorcery and witches. And her lights were over her, and she stirred his heart. And many soldiers came to him, and he became a great leader. And Hecate spoke words to him in the depths of the night, and he always had a shelter in her. And she was his leader and guide, while Eurydice battled for him. And his love for these two women grew everyday. 25. And one day they led him to a lake of fire where lions bathed, and where the world was as an egg, winged, and they pierced it, while snakes came through, and the skies became blood, as it was the day of judgement. And a golden city was rising from wars, and the evil-doers were blinded by it's light. And they had to run, as thunder was raging at them. And there was a pure number of witches in the hand of Eurydice, and they were united with the saints, and they loved each other. And Orpheus was proud that a witch city was rising from the ashes, and his wings would be over it to guard it. And it was a city of peace and rest. And the joy of Eurydice was inside of it.

7.

Lordoro

1. And all the waters were burning, and ships were sinking, while Orpheus swam to the island of the goddess Hecate, where she had erupted, as it was a volcanic judgement over all which lived. And while many who had sinned against her were drowning Orpheus was building bee gardens. And he met her in the city of dogs where her robe was upon him. And her pencil she gave as he had to write down a lot of things. And she was full of glory and winged as the dragon, and she was holding his heart and warming it, and he loved her. And Orpheus called the city Lordian. 2. And he was rebuilding the library of the city and wrote many books. And in the nights she loved him, and they made journeys through the underworld, where he would be given to Eurydice. And Hecate was as his mother. 3. And one day Orpheus took his mother, Hecate, to an island of peacocks and crowned her as queen, and loved her. And bats served her.

4. And when they went home, Orpheus installed many more books in the library, as the peacocks had shown him revelations. And the city was growing, and gold was added. And they were preparing the city for the return of Eurydice from the underworld, who would be his wife. And she was on paintings and her name was on knives. And there were many fights between wolves and between bees before she arrived. And she came in a chariot of chrystal, driven by leopards. 5. And Orpheus took her in his arms, and Hecate kissed her. And there were many more soldiers on the city walls since that day, as she had taken many soldiers with her. And they brought books to the libraries so that knowledge could grow. 6. And Eurydice taught the city about warfare, and the city was called a shelter. And Eurydice was like a young calf compared with Orpheus and Hecate, but they loved her. 7. She was like a well of youth to them, and like a tree of memories, wealth and mystery.

8. And Eurydice saw the waters burning, and they explained her what had happened to those who had sinned against Hecate. And Eurydice swore that she would not spare anyone who would sin against Hecate or Orpheus. And Eurydice made tight laws for the city, but they were just and fair, and it was a path to love. And she and her workers constructed many new parts for the city, and she often worked in the bee gardens. And Orpheus' robe over her was love. 9. And the inhabitants of the city spoke that Eurydice was such a hard worker, and they were honored that she would be their new queen. 10. And one day a voice was calling Eurydice, and it was the angel Raphael, and he

showed her a new armor, and angels came with many gifts. 11. And Eurydice was both lovely as a queen and stern, as she had come to punish sin. And she was called the punisher, but also fair queen, and her wrath guarded the city. And the words she spoke were beautiful, and her tenderness was with the poor. And Hecate was so proud of her that she gave her many rooms in the palace.

8.

Lordok

1. And Eurydice was judging the nations by the light of Erectus, the Holy Snake. And those who were seeking forgiveness she forgave by Erectus the Holy Snake. And whenever she cried, dogs went out. And her might and rule under the sun was huge and terrible. 3. And she filled the lands with rivers of blood, as it was the days of her judgement. And many were lamenting : A great warrior has risen. 4. And she came to plunder and destroy the witch thrones of the lands, and none of them could escape from her wrath. 5. And she established sages over the lands, who would not bow for the love of money, and her rod came against the markets, and later her sword came against them. 6. And she despised the slave markets and child labor, and raised a new law. 7. And this law was rebuked and ridiculed by many kings, but she brought them down, and she had many people on her side. And she did terrible things to these kings, and dethroned them. And her sages took the thrones and crowns of kings, and she had no mercy with those who had ridiculed her laws, as these laws were divine. 8. And the fear among the people was even growing more. But she established comforters to shelter those who loved her, and she spoke that these things had to happen, and that there would come more sifts. 9. And with every sift she became more stern, and in secret she was raising young dogs. 10. And her oracles in the lands were huge and attracted many sages from far, and she was honored as a righteous queen, and no one could come against her. 11. And in the underworld there was a wailing, as they suffered under her rule, and they were making plans to bring her down. 12. But her dogs found those who conspired against her, and brought them down.

13. So the number of the dogs of Eurydice was 111.004.089, and every year the number doubled. And no one could understand the mystery of her dogs, and in the arms of Orpheus she was still a soft woman. And one day he sent three admirals from the green sun to check her rule and laws, but they could find nothing against her. 14. And she washed herself in blood in her bedroom, as she was the goddess of abundant slaughter. And she demanded that all boys had to swallow a poison by which they would never be stronger than women. As she raged against the suppression of women by males. 15. This rule disturbed the demon god Larchuratar, who came down from hell to torment her, and to ridicule her, but she slayed him in a fight of five days and nights. She invaded hell now like never before to establish her rule, and took many prisoners. And her women were stronger than men, as they had sworn that males would never be able to rule over women again like it was. And Orpheus was content with it. 16. But because many dogs were false, Eurydice and Orpheus became dog slavers, dog hunters and dog slayers as well. There were huge sifts among the dogs, until the races were pure. 17. And the false demon dogs were thrown into a pit which was burning by fire, and they would be prepared here to serve the thrones of hell. And Eurydice was called the queen of dogs.

18. And her laws became valid and legal in hell, and her words were illuminating gems, and she was called the illuminator. And in heaven she had a realm devoted to the secret races of dogs, spared up to the end of the world and the end of time. 19. And her riddle was a mystery, and her oracle was a judge. Her sword was worshipped in the temple of Ba'ak, and she was seen as a mighty saviour, together with Orpheus. 20. And Orpheus' Love for her was growing, and His trust in Her. And she reminded him of Bara'el, his faithful scribe. And he became so full of extasy because of her that he devoted a special day in the year for her, and later more days. And when Eurydice once told him that she had been raped by wolves long ago, when she was separated in the underworld, Orpheus went insane of rage, and swore he would find these wolves and bring them down. 21. And Eurydice told him the names, and he descended into the underworld where she once lived. And he went to a white witch's house, where the wolves were playing in the backyard. And a woman's

voice stopped Orpheus, and he stood there like frozen. By a spell she tried to turn him into stone, but he survived. He grasped one of the wolves, who slowly started to rip him apart. Then the woman was behind him, and started to cut him with knives. Orpheus screamed for Hecate, as he didn't want to call Eurydice, but no one could hear him. Finally he called Eurydice, but he was already thrown into a pit of water and fire. He saw Eurydice in the distance, but she was fading away. Then the witch grasped her, and he regretted that he ever called her. But then Hecate beheaded the old woman, and tore the wolves apart in her rage, and then she raised Orpheus from the pit by her voice. And Eurydice was called the queen of heroes, and one of these heroes was Orpheus. And Orpheus could not speak for a certain time. And the dogs of Eurydice seemed to be hypnotized by a dragon's eye, and they were connected with Lethe, the river of forgetfulness.

22. And as a dog queen Eurydice had attacks of rage and panick at times, but Orpheus could sooth her. And his poetic tongue and love could stir her. 23. She often thought that it was wrong what she was doing, but Orpheus imprinted and explained her laws again. One day she gave up, and became suicidal, but Orpheus saved her. 24. She had rest in him, and peace, and many others as well. He was a shelter, and an arsenal. And she became a dog mother under the spell of Hecate, giving birth to dogs. And in those days she often stayed in her bedroom, together with Orpheus. And the dogs she brought to the underworlds in the depths of the night. Slowly she was conquering the realms of the dead, and her spiders were secreting a new poison, which was a poison to erase the use of money. 25. And Eurydice hated money, and raged against it, until it disturbed the king of the dead, Hermitius. And Hermitius descended from his throne to Eurydice and had a fight against her for four weeks in which he tried to debate with her. He even begged her for mercy, and offered her much riches if she would stop her battle against money. But Eurydice was savage to it, and could not be tamed, and her rage only grew stronger, until she erupted. She chained Hermitius to a wall, and tormented him with the torches of Hecate. Finally she beheaded him, and took his throne. The king of the dead had fallen, and dogs were eating of his flesh, and drinking his blood. And Eurydice started a bison hunt in his kingdom, as they were the reason why there was money. And she slayed twenty million bisons in one day, and the next day she slayed the double number. And her dogs were eating the meat. And she sent her dogs to find those who were hiding bisons, and they had to be killed together with the bisons they hid.

26. The wrath of Eurydice will be huge, when she will cover herself with bison skin and bison blood, to judge the spirits who created money. It has to do with the end of times. And she will sleep in chicken blood, and hide vessels of pig blood and swine blood, and she will drink from goat blood and the blood of oxes, before she will hunt the spirits of money, and she will deal with them all. Yes, her sword will be drunk of the fat of calves and of all the cattle of Pentir. 27. When she sleeps with the hyena it will mean doom for those of Pentir, and all those who desired money. And she will grow big on the hills of Storch, where she will put men in chains. Yes, in her metal locks they will go down, and their necks will be flexible in her hands. 28. And when she sleeps under bison skin any male boast will go down. In wrath will be Hecate's wine. And Hecate's drums will be of cow leather, and her wings will be of many rays. The laws of dogs will be on her side. She killed the deer with her hands, she tore the bear apart, and she dines with her dogs in the middle of the night. She howls with them when they go out. As thunder is her wrath, when sinners gather together. She will find their shelters and send her dogs. She will break the necks of sheep with her hands.

29. The eggs are in her hand, to tell her the truth. They do not lie to her. They lead her through the realms of the dead, through hell, and the underworlds. 30. The dogs smell what they have to say, they cannot hide anything. They make the eggs crack by their teeth. The eggs of Partra show the city of wolves, where love thrones, with the egg of the heart. Hands are holding it, like the grasp of Hecate. The eggs show the depths of the city. Oracles are they. They open doors and shut them, they make wine and break bread. They prepare the milk and the honey, and the hidden sweetness. Dogs are brooding the orphic eggs with their tongues. In them is all creation. Dogs have created the world. The sword of Eurydice has created the lights. Her love is the veil over the meat. No one

knows when the dog night begins. In sweetness she is hiding.

31. When Eurydice licks the egg, she's proclaiming life and death, she is creating a new world. The old will never come through, the new will be tested. She climbs on the hill, to watch the new world, the survey is like gold. Any dog huntress and any huntress with dogs will build the city with fire. The dog secret is huge and covers all. When the dog finds out about the new world, he will start a vineyard.

Hyenas

9.

1. Humans were put in the wilderness of hell. The wilderness was divided in two parts separated by a fence. In one part they were allowed to hunt. In the other part they were forbidden to hunt.

2. One group however decided to sin and went across the fence to hunt in the forbidden part. They ate from the forbidden meat and were separated from the other humans.

3. To challenge mother goddess, the most high, they covered their sins up by creating a father god, and they covered the incident up by a story about the forbidden tree, so that no one would see that they had eaten from the forbidden meat. And the forbidden meat they brought to their churches, and they made slaves of it.

4. Therefore the wrath of mother goddess, the lordess, is on the earth, as they made an abomination. These spirits hate the mother goddess, power-hungry as they are. In their pride they wanted to become as her, but they fell deep. Many have tried to take the crown of feathers of the lordess, and their fate is in the depths of her wrath.

5. As no one battles successfully against her. There is no end to the wailings and the gnashing of teeth of the lost. And sleep has not been granted to them, as they have sinned against the lordess. Therefore be wise, and do not sin, as She is vengeance and an eternal wrath.

6. In this there is a light in her daughter, the weaver of all things. She has woven her baskets in which she will separate all for the great day of judgement. On that day all male gods will tremble before the Lordess, the Almighty One. And their eyes by which they sinned will melt in their heads.

7. Yes, their tongues and their brains will be pierced on that day, and their children will go into captivity, says the Lordess.

10.

1. And humanity lived in Amazonia, and there were many wars, as the Lordess is a warrior. She delights in wars, as it makes the way for her. In her chariots she battles against the male gods and their children, and against the white female gods. She is terror to those who made idols.

2. She thrones in her temple, in smoke on her mountain. In deep caves she has made her rules. She has given birth to warships in fire. Her scepter is vengeance. She smashes the nations down and laughs. As they have made foreign gods. They have asked their gods : lead us out. But they didn't, as they are mute.

3. They lay down for wood and stone but there is no life in them. They make sin on sin, and still they believe they will be helped. She has sent them deceptive ideas, illusions and riches, she has made their hearts proud and she mocks them at distance. Yes, she has delivered them in the hands of their gods.

4. She has created the father god to test their hearts. In their idolatry they live far away from her. She has created good and evil, and she has hardened their hearts, as she didn't love them because of their stubbornness. Therefore they will not find her. She mocks the nations, putting them up, then tearing them down.

5. In their great greed she laughs at them and feeds them poison. She created the enemy as a toy.

6. On her holy mountain she laughs. She brings down her enemies on set times. She knows their beginnings and their ends. When there is pride in the heart of a king, she laughs, as she knows they are nothing. She has sent deception. She stirs anger in the hearts of soldiers, as she wants them to war.

7. She stirs grief in the hearts of man to let them cry, until they realize that She is Lordess. She hates humanity for what they have done to her daughter. She hates males for the pride she has given them. Yes, she created foolish males, so that Her eternal wisdom and knowledge would be revealed. And so Her lights shine even brighter in deeper darkness.

8. Her soft angels are even softer in the hardest of the stones. Therefore she created them, and therefore She is praised as the wonderful and the almighty. Her wisdom and intelligence breaks the strongest bricks to lay them bare and weak before Her. Yes, her feet will not spare them, as they have sinned against the most high.

9. She will smash them like potters' work, She will expose them in front of her holy word and her eternal council. Do not praise Her in overcourage, as she will pull your tongue out at it's roots. She cannot be bribed. She is not on your side, as the sins of humanity are open and naked before her.

10. And she is just and righteous on her holy mountain, the punisher of sin. There is no hope for those who approach her. Only a few are called, and even these She won't spare. She has come in utter wrath to the earth. And the earth is her toy. Yes, pestilence and disease she will send. Grief upon grief she will add, as earth has sinned.

11. There will be no mercy and no hope when she visits the portals of the earth. There will be a day of fear and trembling, when she takes the pride down, and breaks them. Many will call : Lordess, lordess, but she will not hear them, as they have broken her laws. They have applauded their male gods, and married powerful men who did not live with her.

12. Yes, she will tear them down with their power. There is a day she comes against all evil and their lies. And she will fill their graves up with dead horses. There is a day she comes against all which is high and mighty.

Nets

11.

1. And I saw an angel standing at the foot of a hill with a trumpet. And the angel said : 'Shiver, for the day of the Mother God has come. She thrones in truth and righteousness, and will soon lead the saints.'

2. And a beast with blasphemous names came from a smoking pit. And the angel spoke : 'These things are going to happen. Therefore watch.' And I saw the beast attacking a white woman. And it seemed that the white woman had rode the beast for a long time.

3. And the angel spoke : 'The rider will fall from her saddle, and the beast she rode will eat her.' And a loud screaming rose up to the skies.

4. And another rider came forward, riding a red beast. And this beast was smaller than the other beast. And suddenly the skin of the beast became greasy, and the rider slid off and fell down. The smaller beast then jumped on her, and devoured her, while screaming rose to the skies.

5. And the angel spoke : 'This will happen to those who have spoken against the black woman god.' And the second rider was also a white woman.

6. 'She, the black woman god, thrones in all eternities,' the angel shouted. And the angel was black. And I saw a mass of people from all nations gathering before the throne of the black woman god. And she had two horns which started to crumble off.

7. Then one horn started to rise on her head, but started to crumble off as well after that. Then the

angel spoke : 'Many lies have been spoken about this woman.' And a fire fell on the people of all nations.

8. Then the angel started to blow on the trumpet. And greasy bisons came forward before the throne of the black mother god. And a fire was devouring them.

9. And Goddess spoke : 'In all eternities I am Goddess, Mother of all.' And a loud screaming rose into the skies, until everything was covered with smoke.

12.

1. Above all gods there is Hell. She is One in many. Far above all gods She is. She is the monotheistic One. She is above all paradises, as a vessel holding Her children. She is the Maker of all things, the Alpha and Omega. She is Goddess, the Mother. Only She can heal us.

2. Her Name is Everlasting Damnation, by which She brings Her enemies down. Her Name is worthy to be worshipped. Her words are herbs of healing. She sits on Her throne to judge the nations. She sits on the saddles of wild beasts.

3. See, the nations have covered Her, and put shame on Her. Therefore She will strike them. In captivity they will go, until She has won back what they stole from Her. She is the great goddess of all and She will establish Her book.

4. She is raising soldiers in the night. On Her high horses they will be put. She will heal the broken hearts and give them purpose.

5. She will cover with gold those who love Her. She is the Mother of All, Mother Hell, Mother Goddess, far above all gods. She looks down and despises all those manmade gods. She laughs about them and mocks them. Like a mocking hyena She is. In Her holiness She devours them.

6. She is the hyena goddess of ancient times. Look how they have lied about Her. They have not spoken truth about Her.

7. They have broken Her Law. Her hyenas will for sure find them. On Her great day they will be judged. Terrible it is to fall in Her Hands.

8. Terrible it is to be put under Her feet, as She will crash them, all those who have sinned against Her and lied about Her. She will remember and will punish them according Her law, and they will wish they were never born.

9. There is no way to hide when She returns. She will find all shelters and burn them by Her holy wrath. Look how She will let high buildings come down. There will be no escape from Her hands.

10. And She is calling Her soldiers for war. She is calling Her soldiers by Her knife and Her spear, for the great deal, as in a salvation plan. War is the salvation, and to have part in it is to be saved.

13.

1. The plan of Mother God was to send Her daughter to the world, to come against the father god and overcome him by her spear and knife. Fools ! Who have deceived you to follow your male gods and not listen to the Almighty Mother God, the Lordess of all ?

2. She is far risen above any undergod and angel, above all male gods you created. Why have you come up to create a male god in your mind. Therefore She will strike him down, and let all his children go into captivity. Has She not sent the Mother Spirit to guide you and lead you out ?

3. Therefore : Hang on to Her and pray that you may receive Her. And pray in the name of the daughter, so that all spirits of wickedness will leave from you.

4. She thrones on the skulls and bones of her enemy, and has a throne for you as well, but you can only approach her by her daughter. When you have her daughter, you have access to her temple. In her holy of holy she has her ark, which is an ark of war, in which the spear and the knife are.

5. Here she brought the enemy down, and took their skulls and bones. And you will be cleaned by the skulls and bones of the enemy. Beyond the ark is her throne, made of the skulls and bones of her enemy. Only by her daughter you can enter there. Therefore be holy.

6. She thrones in darkness and fire, and pray in the name of her daughter that you will receive the Mother Spirit, and that She will fill you with darkness and fire. And She will not come without begging.

7. Therefore be holy beggars when you enter before Her throne. She takes down the pride, but She is Mighty and risen above all. She is slow in judgement. She takes time to judge.

8. Go therefore beyond the veil in her holy of holy, washed in the blood of the enemy, and enter before her throne, where everything will be judged. The veil has been torn by the works of the daughter.

9. And She will show you a place where children ride on lambs.

14.

1. The Lordess is high risen on her throne above all other gods. They are undergods and under Her curse, as She is the ruler of All. She has seen all those idols and spat on them. Yes, she has led them into captivity.

2. The Lordess is Goddess. She is the Mother God of all, and She is black. She has struck the white goddess down as there was no light in her. See then those whites, who have built a world without her. Therefore return to the black goddess. She is your mother, the mother of all.

3. And her daughter is black as well. And the whites have tried to erase her from the pages, and made them a son instead. She knows and sees everything. And She is a jealous Goddess. Return therefore to the black daughter, as she is the only way to the black mother god.

4. You see, all their white gods have not helped them, neither their male gods. Return therefore to your source, the black mother god.

5. Return to the Lordess, all you heretics. Stop spreading all your fables. They have not helped you.

6. Is it enough then to return to the black mother god ? Absolutely not ! As she is not just black, she is native, she is a red indian. And so is her daughter.

7. Her curse is on all not-native gods. She has not designed them. They are not her children. Therefore be reborn in Her. The earth is red.

8. Have you forgotten about War ? Then you have forgotten about Her.

9. Do not spread lies about Her. As She will find you and smoke you out. Return to Her Mother breast, and let Her milk judge you.

10. Leave then all your white gods who rattle around you all the day. They will not help you.

11. And preach to those white gods and those male gods that they should return to the black mother god. As all things are in her hand. She knows about all adultery and idolatry.

12. What does it mean to come to the mother by the daughter ? It means that there needs to be a rebirth in her womb, by war, by the spear and the knife.

13. She can only be pleased by war, as that is where she lives. There is no other way given. Be then as living sacrifices for her daughter, on the altars of war, from which she will raise you. She raises you as warriors and hunters for her glory. It is in hell she will give you the spear and the knife.

14. Do therefore not fear suffering, as it is the only way through. She is everlasting damnation in which your souls will be purified. Therefore do not fear her judgements, as it is eternal life. In hell she has her cup, full of her milk of eternal life. She will write lifegiving words on your bones, so that you will serve her all your days.

15. Do not listen to those who lied about hell, that it is not her. As they will be eaten by her flames.
16. Can you escape from her jaws when you sin ? She hunts down sinners, and laughs. She tears them down from their thrones and mocks them. Even the righteous ones she takes as sinners. As no one is without sin before her face. They have all been found guilty under Her Law.
17. Let then war clear you from your sins, by the works of her daughter. When you grasp the knife, know it will come against you. When you grasp the spear, know it will tear you down. As she is pleased with sacrifices. The sacrifice has no limits, as she is everlasting damnation. But in this, grace will be even more abundant.
18. Can a hunter then hunt without being trapped himself ? Can a warrior then captivate the enemy, without being captivated himself ? Who have then misled you ? Are you above her law of war ? Her words then will captivate you, and equip you, and you will see her terror.
19. Can you then war before her, without your armor being stripped off ? Can you then hunt, without being starved ? Again, who have misled you ? Have you then eaten a hunt meal with her, knowing her desires ? Her desires are emptiness and fear, as they equip her saints and save them from harm.
20. Do not listen to those who do not fear her. Do not listen to those who are full of themselves. As they live far away from her. Do then understand that besides the grace of eternal life, the curse on sin always has to stay, and even though the grace is more abundant, she is the unforgiving one.
21. She does not forgive terrible sins, as She is too holy, and She has to punish sin. Her law is abundant grace in unforgiveness, meaning no one will ever be like Her. It is a blessing to stay under Her wrath, as it protects against pride and the destruction.
22. She is the One who does not deliver, when terrible sins have been committed. She is the punisher and the judge. She will not listen to the lamenting of sinners. She will close her ears to such beggars. She is holy.
23. She does not deliver, but still her grace will be more abundant in this. Her grace will be revealed in her cruelty. She is the cruel one, but also the graceful one.
24. And if she even does not heal the righteous ones, she will not heal the sinners.
25. Unfortunate is the man who finds out about Her laws, as his hope and days will slide away. She is the destroyer of dreams and illusions, to let people wake up to reality. There is not much hope around her, as even righteous ones don't come through. But there is light in her daughter.
26. She then despises the word of the father god, as it gives too much hope to sinners, and it rejoices too much in death. She rejoices in everlasting damnation and eternal life. The word of the father god is full of lies, false hope and illusions. Her wrath is against it. It is not heavy enough, and it is not graceful.
27. There is no hope for the sinner, but limited grace, from the mother god. They will not be saved by the son of father god. They get even trapped more. Have you not heard that she uses his lies as a net to catch sinners ? Hasn't she created all things ? She is the fisherwoman.
28. She hunts her enemy as a group of wild hyenas, and traps the enemy in pits of starvation. She hunts bisons by bow and arrow and teaches her children about her hunt laws. She is holy. She even takes her enemies as her children, in her grace. Everything is her child, as she gave birth to it.
29. Her holy commandments are on the tongues of her warriors, and she has pierced them by her verses. Praises to Her are written on their bones. Prayers and beggings are written on their flesh and organs. War proclamations are written on their insides. And their souls are as her bottles.
30. Her motherbreast makes them drunk for war, in which they forget her laws and commandments, and all which is written, so that they will sin against Her. She keeps them in sin and confusion, as they are sinners. She has given them over in the hands of sin and all forms of unrighteousness.

31. She is full of hate to the sinners, and leads them into traps. She wants them far away from Her. She is holy. Terrible are her strategies. And when a man finds out about Her ways, how unfortunate he is.

32. In fear he will sink away, when he will see where all his manmade gods have led him, and all his strength will flow away from him. And he will call Her the unforgiving one.

33. In great confusion he will starve himself and seek for Her, but She will not let herself be found.

34. Her hand is against those who have male gods and white gods. She leads in confusion those with idols. She burdens and exhausts them, and they cannot see her light. She hides herself for those. No one with such sins can approach Her. She is a terrible fire.

35. Her hand is against sinners. They will knock, but she will not open. They will pray, but she will not answer. She keeps herself stubborn for those, and sends them fear. Even when their bones tremble, She is far away from them. As they have broken her laws.

36. In her presence no one is good. All sins will be exposed, but in her daughter is light. And her daughter is black.

37. Do therefore not sin against her daughter, who is able to even mislead you further. But she is also there to reveal truth to those who have kept her laws. There is no hope, but in her is a little light.

39. Know then your mother god has many nets and many traps, and her paths are not easy. Tribulation after tribulation she sends, as she is holy. She despises those who seek her daughter as their bride. She is not cheap, but she gives her daughter in marriage to holy captives.

40. Have you then married hell ? Have you looked into the eyes of eternal damnation ? Fools ! There was never a cheap god. All they did was leading you into traps. Oh selfdeceivers, will there ever be enlightenment for you ? See then, all enlightenment can be found in her daughter.

41. She then is the persecuter of all sins. In this she is stubborn. Do remember that she created all things for a reason. And there are only a few chosen ones.

15.

1. She is the rememberer of sins. She is the unforgiving one. She does not cover sin up and wash it away. She is the judge. The Lordess is our ruler.

2. She does not support the two white goddesses, the mother and the daughter, who forgive sins, and give sinners an excuse. She is the revenge.

3. Fools ! Who have misled you to think that you can sin, and getting forgiveness in order to sin again. You will not fool the Mother God.

4. She stands there with Her sharp knife, waiting to punish sin and the sinner. She stands there with Her spear, not letting you through. Not now, and not in any eternity. No one can come close to Her. All have fallen away from Her glory. Therefore fear Her, as She is the revengeful mother god.

5. When you dare to come to Her throne with sins, know that she will not listen but rather strike you. She is against the sinner. She is everlasting damnation.

6. She is on Her throne to despise the sinner and to ignore him. There is no hour of salvation for a sinner. Therefore they run to the father god to get false forgiveness and sin further, to be blinded in the trap. From trap to trap they go.

7. She laughs on her throne about the smartness of the wicked. She laughs about their selfdeception.

8. All have sinned and lack Her glory. There is not one doing good.

9. She is the rememberer of sin, and the reminder of sin.

10. She is the Lordess of predestination. She chooses who She wants. No one can deceive Her.

There are many sinners, and only a few will be saved, as the earth is wicked.

11. She despises humanity. She is a group of wild hyenas.

12. She thrones in hell to judge humanity, and her daughter is a light for some. Therefore come to Her table, and you will not know if She has chosen you. There is abundant grace for the sinner who approaches the unforgiving one in fear, admitting he is a sinner and not worthy any of her graces.

13. There is abundant grace on the sinner who accepts Her judgements upon his life, who accepts he is the unforgiven.

14. There are sinners who regard her law as holy and accept the punishments as holy, even the everlasting punishments. Such sinners are under her grace.

15. Everlasting damnation is a growing pain, yet revealing her abundant grace. And those who have received it know that She has granted them eternal life. She is cruel, but She is a teacher. She raises eternal slaves, but it is to protect against a greater loss.

16. She is the punisher of sins, the accuser, not the forgiver. She would lie to herself if she would forgive. She hates the father god for supporting the sinner and for giving the sinner an excuse to sin again all the time. Her hand is against this.

17. Therefore she is a warrior and a hunter, but with grace. In this She is a blessing.

18. Make sure you will not lie about Her ways, as She hates liars, and brings them down on their paths. Yes, She even adds to their lies, not speaking truth to them anymore. She leads them from trap to trap, to the depths of her nets.

19. She is the accuser. She brings all down under Her Law, as they all have gone astray, far from Her glory.

20. She wages war, sitting on her horse. She wars against the north, as she is from the south. She wars against that which is not from the amazon. As she is from the amazon. She wars against the white goddess and her white daughter. She wars against the father god and his son.

21. They have broken Her law. They have lied about Her. Therefore hooks will go through their jaws, and she will drag them to Her cave.

16.

1. It is not true that all who come to the daughter will be saved. As She is also the rejecter. She chooses who she wants. She is predestination. Therefore fear Her when you approach Her. Don't be foolish. She is not easy to please. She is difficult, contrary to all your male gods.

2. Admit then that you are a sinner, and accept the judgement process on your sins. Know then that she will have to lead you through the pits of everlasting damnation to purify you. Let this be a teaching to you. She is soft to those who fear Her.

3. And the pits of everlasting damnation lead to a place where Her honey drips.

17.

Hooks

1. I am with Her in the dungeon, She is the eternal flame, like the red sun,

Then the flame comes on my head, a crown of feathers,

A crown of fears, a crown of letters, a crown of tears,

She strikes my head, and I'm in flames, I speak in strange tongues,

I speak out strange names.

2. Yes, I am strong, She is with me,
Love is coming closer,
This is all I want to be.

3. I wake up in a cave,
She is heavy on my mind,
Then I take my weapons up,
I'm ready for the fight,
But then I think about the burning stake,
I put my weapons away,
She is all I want to deserve.

4. I want to be her priest and prophet,
I want to walk with her, I want to talk with her,
After all these days of doom,
Her ashes brought me near to her,
She finally found a way through.

5. I see her hanging high,
I'm falling on my knees at her feet,
In darkness we all cry,
And oh, they're coming for you,
There's nothing you can do,
Where jealousy tears my mind apart,
Why did we grow so apart.

6. I take you home with me now,
I'm comforting you, we're in love again,
After this doomed night,
You're staring at me,
Ashes glide through my fingers,
A way through the wilderness.

7. We're home again, we're lovers again,
By a strong commandment, by a strong covenant

8. Don't you ever fear no more,
Don't you ever cry no more

18.

1. My name is ashes, I have the crown of feathers,
She is my crown of letters,
She is in the wind as my flame,
We're flying up, we're flying down,

Let them never take us away.

2. My name is ashes, I am the way through the ocean,
I am the way through the fire, to the place at her feet,
She is my crown of flames,
Like the flaming bird in the sky,
Take us across the river

3. My name is ashes,
I came to set the captives free,
There is an end to all wrath,
I will make the Lordess smile,
Before She is tearing us all apart.

4. This man called ashes,
This man with the hat or crown of feathers,
He brought her laws back,
And made Her remember again,
And pleaded for her people,
Comforting and soothing Her again,
Healing Her, letting Her breath again.

19.

1. Struggle to receive the daughter, yes, struggle to enter in, as you will have to go through the eye of a needle. And you will have to enter through an all-consuming fire. There is no easy way to salvation. Who has misled you ?

2. And many will try to enter, but only a few will come through. But still there will be an abundance of grace, as She is grace.

3. Let then no man lie about Her, as she hates lies. Speak then truth, and keep her laws. She is a Goddess of Justice in which Her love is revealed. She does not love like humanity, but through justice.

4. And in Her justice, Her wisdom and knowledge is revealed. Her words reach to the depths of dark places, to expose and reveal it all. There is nothing hidden for Her. All will come to light.

5. When a man approaches Goddess, the Lordess, She will pierce his arms, his muscles and bones, and will tie feathers to the piercings, to make him sensitive. Then she will pierce his teeth by teeth-piercings, and by hooks she will drag him into her caves.

6. Her wrath is on males, as they have destroyed and ruined earth. Therefore she will pierce them, the young and the old. Have you been pierced yet ?

7. When a female approaches Her, she will lead them to the knife and the spear, to make warriors of them. Her wrath is on white females as they have repressed the black mother goddess.

8. When a male approaches her, She will pierce him until he shivers. She will pierce him until there is no strength left in him. When he is still with her, she will grant him eternal life.

9. When a male approaches her, she will pierce him until he is white. Her wrath is on all humanity, as they have lived far from her.

10. When a male approaches Her, she will pierce his legs and his hands, until he cries and bleeds. As She is pleased when a man cries before Her. She will take his strength away from him and his pride, and turns him into a child. Blessed is such a man, as he will be reborn in Her womb.
11. When a male approaches her, she will pierce his feet, until he is on the ground as a pig, and she will adorn him with grace if he will be still with her.
12. When a male approaches her, she will pierce his cheeks and brows. She will pierce his bones, until she is the Goddess of his life.
13. The marriage between a man and Goddess, the Lordess, is based on piercings and arrows, and she will adorn the piercings with exotic feathers, as a sign of her softness over him.
14. When a male approaches her, she will pierce him until he is spotted. She will pierce him until he is at her feet. She will raise him like her own child. She will make him ready for her wild milk and honey. She will equip him. She will pierce him until he doesn't dare to escape from her anymore, and knows that she is his safety.
15. She will make him dependent on Her in wild nature. He will be reborn in Her as in a river of wild milk.
16. When a female approaches Her, she will make her wage war until she is black. As only by war the mother can be reached.
17. And she will show the daughter to the male, as the daughter is the only way to Her. And the daughter will show him the knife and the spear.
18. And in Her there will be starvation and no death, as She has granted eternal life. And it will make him long for her milk and her wild honey.
19. She adorns Her children with the finest jewelry when they keep Her commandments and Her laws. Yes, She makes judges of them.
20. When a male approaches her, she pierces his neck by white spears, until she is stronger than him. Then she enters him and collars him. She is above all, the strongest and the mightiest. She is the ruler of all rulers. And only by the daughter there is a way to Her.
21. How can a man live in Her presence ? Only by her daughter !
22. The path to the mother is free now by the holy bow, and by the holy net. Let yourself be armed by her daughter, and fight the good fight, in order to receive Her in your life.
23. Enter into her nets to come to her nature. And take the tomahawk in the war against the swines of greed. As they have surrounded your camps and caves.
24. And start the holy war against the bisons of male domination and male supremacy, as they have led you away from Goddess, the Lordess. Cut their heads off and hang them above the openings of your wigwams, tents and caves, so that no man will ever rule over you again.
25. I say : cut their heads off, and take their skins, and make yourself homes, so that no male will ever imprison you. I say : put their skins over the frames of your homes, and make clothes of their skins, so that no male will ever enslave you. This is the holy hunt, which leads to the holy enslavement by Goddess, the Lordess, at her feet.
26. All are sinners in Her eyes. No one does good, but she gives grace to the righteous ones.
27. Under feathered back piercings she brings righteous men down, and raises them in new glory.
28. The Lordess, your Goddess, sent Her daughter to the earth, who they called a witch, and they burnt her at the stake. Now the burning stake is the path for all saints.
29. Now you know the secret why your mother is black. They burnt her to ashes, she was born from the fire. She has always been black, and she will always be.

30. And her ashes are good to purify people for salvation. As She has come to offer her ashes to take the sin of the world away.
31. Those who come to Her in faith will see that She is truly Love, as in a new covenant.
32. Under Her laws she has to punish sins, by death and eternal damnation, but by the works of her daughter, her warpath, her suffering at the burning stake, and her death, there is a way out. And she saves for Her army.
33. Be careful with approaching Goddess, be careful, as Unapproachable. Don't start just praising Her. Don't be a fool. As the fools they praise Her without boundaries, and they come under Her wrath. Certainly they won't find Her.
34. And because She is Difficult, people start making easy gods, and the deception is big.
35. She is distant as the hyena sun. She gives visions when She wants. She cannot be manipulated by humans. She is Eternal Hell, a purifying fire. She deals with the wicked and brings them down. She comes with Her fire over them to destroy them.
36. The war is not by communication but by fire. She is the sun with many legs. Priests do not know Her and fear Her. She is Depression. Take Depression in your heart and that is Her. She is the Sun of Depression. Where Her feet touch the earth, there is war and destruction.
37. The red sun strikes the enemy. She strikes those who praise Her. She strikes all those hypocrits. Burning arrows are on Her bow to strike those who worship Her down. Don't talk to Her when She has not called you. She doesn't answer or hear prayers.
38. Stop singing psalms for Her, She doesn't listen. She is with the quiet soul. Who will receive Her Word ? Those who tremble before Her in fear. She does not speak, but She strikes. She is like a hyena in the wilderness.
39. Then what can we do ? Just believe in Her, and She will care for you, guide you and guard you, so that no harm will hit you. Be careful with talking about Her. Don't use Her name in vain. Her eye is upon those who live in silence. By a storm She moves through the sky, to hit that which is not of Her.
40. She is burning in the sky, ready to come down and strike. She is Understanding and Enlightenment. She calls Her soldiers for a higher war. She has closed the eyes of Her prophets, and leads them through the desert. They will not find anything fruitful. The prophet is a high office but She has struck him down, and led him into chains.
41. Here he will stay the rest of his days.
- 20.

Institutes

1.
 1. You are Goddess of hyenas, flies and cattle, of all males and females and of all children. You have created them in a basket of water, and formed them from wine and sulphur. You have brought forth their spirits from clay, and their souls from leaves.
 2. You came to earth to recreate it in a storm, and in war, as you came with wrath. You brought cages to the animals and the people, so that their days would be limited, as they had sinned against you. You made them as slaves, so that their actions would be limited.
 3. And you made a holy way, as being your daughter, so that humanity could be saved, but they betrayed you, therefore you live far away from them. And you have war in your mind against them, not lacking scorn. And still the path is open to you, as you are of grace.
 4. But the path is narrow and full of dangers. And you send beasts and barricades to test them. And

you have created your word in the storm, and purified it with fire. And you have struck thieves down.

5. And you showed yourself to prophets in the storm. And you showed yourself with fire. And you have roared against them, and waged war against them, as they have sinned against you, and lied about your paths. And none of them was righteous before you. And you have thrown them in a deep cave.

6. Yes, in a bottomless pit you have thrown them. You have removed them from your midst, so that no one would listen to such prophets again. And you have sent your wrath against them, and let them go into slavery. As you had to punish sin. They have lied about you and your daughter, and they have raised their idols for people to worship.

7. Yes, they have stolen from you. Therefore you have struck them down. In fire you have raised your commandments. In your flight over the earth, you have struck mountains. And you struck the oceans and the sun, and let the stars fall down. And you have written in the heavens that only by your daughter, mankind can be saved.

8. And many have been called, but only a few are chosen, as you are holy.

9. Where Calvin said that mankind lost the free will by sin, Mother Goddess says that mankind had never a free will, neither before sin, as she has created everything for a reason, to manifest the divine philosophy of the Lordess. Everything has been created therefore as a tight principle, slave to its purpose.

10. Everything is indirectly divine, as it was created according to the plans of the Lordess. To show her grace and philosophy She was the original creator of sin. This in order to reveal her laws and justice. There is absolutely nothing a sinner can do in Her presence, neither a righteous one, as they have lost their free will from before the foundations of existence.

11. It is through eternal sin, eternal punishment, eternal life and eternal grace, all together, that one learns about the philosophy of the Lordess.

12. In search for such a philosophy it only makes sense when being a slave of such a philosophy, as it is a grace to be a slave of the Lordess, so that salvation might be found in her daughter, and eternal life. And this all to break free from slavery to the father god.

13. There is no salvation in the father god, but all his ways direct to the higher ways of the Lordess.

14. And because all have sinned, all are cursed from the womb. And because they were enslaved by the father god to lose their eternal life, the Lordess had to come to break his chains and lay Her chains.

15. She is stubborn, as she cannot be manipulated by man. She has sent Christess, Her daughter, to the earth to bring justice. And She has sent the Holy Spiritess, the Mother Spirit, to enslave earth under Her law.

16. And it is now that the path to Fatheress, Mother God, has been opened by Jesusess, her Holy Daughter, who has torn the veil. First of all as a Judge, and second as a Saviouress.

18. And by the purifying path of everlasting damnation she brings forth sweetness. As third She comes as a Bride.

19. She created the father god as a trickster to cover up sin, but she is the punisher of sin. The fate of humanity is in eternal guilt, but in this there are paths of grace and eternal life, to which a few are chosen. And the eternal guilt will be their guide.

20. And the eternal guilt leads to the eternal begging, where saints and righteous ones receive the Holy Spiritess finally. And here is how you can recognize the Holy Spiritess : She leads to deeper wilderness.

21. And the eternal sun of guilt guides with strategy and council to the eternal weeping, which is the only path to the burning stake, where the sweetness of Jesus is revealed. Therefore adorn yourself with tears when you approach the holy burning stake. And adorn yourself with ashes, the sand of her deserts, when you go through the torn veil to approach Jesus.

22. And there is screaming and shrieking of those who are under Her feet, and even the righteous ones She won't spare, as all have sinned and have to be purified. And the eternal shriek is the guide to her bosom.

23. And the eternal sun of shriek leads to the eternal starvation, which leads to the rebirth in her womb for war.

24. And the sun of eternal slavery leads to the sun of eternal imprisonment, which is the guide to her lips.

25. And Jesus will return in Amazonia on Her holy mountain, where she will crush the enemies under Her feet. And the wilderness of Hell will rise up, adorned as a Bride. And you will recognize the day is coming near by the signs of the times.

26. And this day can be recognized as coming near when the flies will return to earth, when Amazonia will blossom. And another sign is when Her temple will be built in Amazonia, and its relics be cleared with bison blood.

27. And on the day of Her return you will see Her in a bath of bison blood, as she has broken the bonds of male domination. And the river of Amazonia, the river of Hell, will turn into bison blood, before that holy and great day will come.

28. And the great seas will turn into bison blood, and other rivers will. And lakes will turn into bison blood and swine blood, and there will be nowhere to run to. And tents will be made by those who have survived, by skins drenched in such blood.

29. And Jesus will judge the nations, and eternal fear of the Lordess will fill the earth. And many will slide away in the rivers, as they have sinned against the Lordess.

21.

1. And I saw a pig with horns coming from the sea to attack the saints, and they were given in its grip for a long time. And after that period a bison with three horns attacked the pig, and the bison took the rule for a long time. And the bison was very huge and filled the earth, to tread everything with its feet.

2. Then from the depths of the earth a cock came to fight the bison, and the bison bled for three days. Then the cock took the rule. And the cock was cruel in its ways, and there was no grace. And from his head grew ten horns, and snakes came forth from the mouths of soldiers.

3. And a goat who took care of a lamb made himself big against the cock, and slew it. And another pig came forth from the sea to support the goat, but after the end of the period of cooperation the pig slew the goat. And the pig became so big that it reached out to the stars.

4. And the earth followed the pig, and the pig brought forth many pigs. It is the last hour.

5. And I saw a black woman sitting on a wild beast, and she brought forth many children. And there were signs of blood in the sky, and the people became frightened. Then the woman gave birth to flies who filled the earth. And the flies started to eat from the meat of the earth, and there came starvation everywhere.

6. And one of the daughters of the black woman grew fast, and stood on a hill with a spear and a knife to judge the nations. And she was a warrior and a huntress before the Lordess. And she gave birth to blood, which filled the oceans and the seas.

7. And there were again signs of blood in the skies, and people became paralyzed of fear. And

strange marks and lights were appearing on humans and the ark of the Lordess was being revealed. And a skeleton in a black hooded garment with a scythe came to reap the harvest of the earth. And there was much shrieking.

8. And another robed skeleton came to the earth, sitting on a horse, having a tall scythe with scales and an hourglass. And he spoke : 'The time is short. Let him who has wisdom recognize the number of the pig, which is fiftyfive.' And he spoke about Ryan, the father god, chief of evil spirits.

9. And the robed skeleton grasped the pig and threw him off sapphire stairways. And the woman caught flame and dived on the pig to roast it.

10. And the pig turned into a lighting skeleton looking like a man. And the skeleton started to speak blasphemies to the Lordess for a long time, until he turned into a desert.

11. And brides came over the earth to celebrate the defeat of the chief of evil spirits.

12. And there was a man with a hat who had a staff of ashes, and there was a black woman with a burning staff, and they led saints through water. And then another man with a hat joined them.

13. And after a period of time a third man with a hat joined them, and the burning staff of the woman turned into a burning stake, and see, this stake was holy. And the burning stake started to speak words of salvation for the saints.

14. And there was a black woman with a cup in her hand, and she fed the saints, but it was poison. And many of the saints became ill, and visited the realms beneath the earth.

15. And a monster like a pig with many heads came forth from a crack in the earth, and on one head was written : Jesus, and on another was written : Paul, and on another was written : Esau, and on another : Jahweh. And on other heads there was written the names of popes. And one of these heads grew out among the others and on it was written the name Calvin.

16. And it's body was orange, on which was written the name Ryan, chief of the evil spirits. And the monster who was like a pig devoured many. And on his legs were written the names of Roman emperors. And on his tail, which was very long, were written the names of Roman gods. And the pig was shrieking and spitting fire.

17. And the black woman took the pig and hung him as a veil for her tent. And by a knife she started tearing the veil.

18. And another sortlike beast came through the crack, this time even huger, with the same name on it's body. And a black woman was riding the beast. And the woman jumped from the beast and attacked the other woman, and there was a fight for many days.

19. And the black woman of the tent threw the beast and it's rider in the sea, and the sea turned into blood. And the black woman sat inbetween skins of oxes in her tent. And the candlestick of the Lordess was revealed before her.

20. And eight angels with drums came from the tent to bring the plagues of the judgement day. And when the first angel started to drum hail fell on earth, and there were earthquakes. And a voice spoke : 'Return to Mother God, the Lordess, and repent of your wicked ways.'

21. And the second angel came forward and started to drum. And the Mother Goddess wrapped the earth with wings. These were not her wings, but feathers taken from defeated enemies. And She showed her softness to the earth, and drowned the wicked by floods and rain. And a voice spoke : 'The time of grace has come to an end. It is now too late for those who have not turned away from their sins. Only judgement and fear will be their part, as they have rejected the sacrifice for salvation, and there will not be a second sacrifice.'

22. And the third angel came forward and started to drum, while those who had hardened themselves in sin fell in fear at the angel's feet, but there was no mercy for them, as they had sinned against the Holy Spiritess.

23. And the fourth angel came forward and started to drum. And the holy law of the Lordess was revealed.

24. And the fifth angel came forward and started to drum. And Mercury was bound with many ties, and thrown in a river. And Drugs and Caffeine were bound, and thrown into a river. And both rivers caught flame, and turned into blood.

25. And the sixth angel came forward and started to drum. And Fluor, the tormentor, was bound with many ties, and thrown in a river, and the river caught flame and turned into blood. And pigs were born from the river and tormented those who were still on the earth.

26. And the seventh angel came forward and started to drum. And many veils were tearing, and more pigs came forth to torment those on the earth. And a loud begging rose, weeping and shrieking.

27. And the eighth angel came forward and started to drum. And there was a silence for many days.
22.

1. I believe in the Lordess. I believe that She sent Her daughter, Jesusess, to the earth, who was burnt at a stake, and who rose from the urn.

2. I believe that She descended to Mother Hell, the Lordess, in the depths of Amazonia, from where She will return to judge the earth.

3. I believe in Jesusess, the Warrior Bride, and the Huntress. I believe in the burning stake and the ashes, which led to Her resurrection. I believe She sent the Holy Spiritess who came to captivate the earth, to set earth free from slavery to the father god.

Confessions

23.

1. And I saw Ryan, the giant-pig, falling from many hills, until he was not in the sky anymore.

2. And he lost his throne in the heavens, and vultures came to eat from his flesh.

3. And I saw Ryan, the giant, falling out of his elevator, and his building came down. And he got interlocked inbetween rocks and stones, in a complicated prison. And to the earth he cried : Have I not served you from the beginning of days.

4. But he began to turn into a fish and slid into a realm of water underground. And a fisherman speared him. And when the fisherman had eaten him, he grew from the stomach of the fisherman into a giant-pig again with many heads, and he became the pet and the vehicle of Mother Goddess.

5. And he was a tool in her hand by which She ruled the nations. And She became like Ryan, equal to him, in order to win many souls. And She was put into marriage by him, and the marriage was burnt to ashes by strange fires.

6. And then it came up as an eternal rock again. And this is the secret and mystery of Mother Goddess, that she married her enemy, and became like him.

7. Yes, unfathomable are her paths. The road to Goddess is starvation, rejection and guilt. By guilt she takes souls in. But when you say you have not sinned, She will throw you away with the liars.

8. She created sin in the heart of man for a reason. And she brought guilt.

9. And no man can follow Her ways, as She is the unfathomable, but in Jesusess there is light. Jesusess said that She is the Way, even where there are no ways. She is the unfathomable One, and She can do the impossible. She is that which has not come up in the heart of man. Therefore : receive Her holy paradox, so that you might live, and that your might will come to healing.

10. There is light in the hyena goddess, a light which cannot be broken. And She created the father god as Her vehicle, as Her clothes and veils in Her temple.

11. And She created him as guard of the inner stones of philosophy, the holy records.
12. And She sent her guards Mercury, Drugs, Caffeine and Fluor to the earth to torment them. And She sent her guard Jesus to mislead them.
13. And when a man comes to these facts, the weeping harvest of sin and guilt is ready to be reaped.
- 24.
1. Do you understand your mother ? Do you understand Her art and Her play ? Do you understand Her part, Her cunning strategy ? Do you recognize Her patterns, Her cycles and Her contradictions ? She has sent Her hooded messages while you were inbetween the thistles.
2. She has sent Her masked riddles and cryptic enigmas while you were in the prison of fire. She has deceived the guards.
3. Yes, your mother is the spy of the earth, the chameleon and the lizard. She took you through the grave. She was there all the time.
4. She was your screams and shouts. She was the tormentor of your mind, to show you the teachings of the heart.
5. And I saw Her soldiers marching with their songs and their tricks. And they brought a new order. and there was a loud noise in Amazonia, and voices.
6. And a golden wheel, like a spaceship, was revealed. And it was a sign that these were the last days.
7. And there were golden faces, and those painted, and they revealed Mother God. And She sat high on Her throne to judge the nations. And She showed that it was Her creation. And the voices asked : Why have you created such a hell. And She wept.
8. And She was revealed as a robotic mechanism, which milked the nations. And the voices spoke that it was a disgusting creation. And She didn't speak. After a long time She said : It is just a shadow.
9. But the voices became rude to Her, and burnt Her with fire. And She smiled and said : I have created them too. And the nations were struck with awe, and laid themselves before Her feet. And She was like the sun in all her power.
10. And She spoke : I have been given the keys of all eternities. And She was disappearing in a fog. And smoke covered the nations, and there was laughing.
11. Then She returned as a red light and spoke : I have created the father god in my play. I have created him as a puppet of dread. I have created this multi-dimensional movie. And you all play a part in it, and I will show you a way out.
12. Forgive me for all the traumas I have caused, for all the nightmares, but it was to wake you up, to enlighten you.
13. You are still on school. You are still on the ship. Are you ready for the theater in which the mysteries will be explained, and where secrets will be shown ? Keep your eyes open.
14. It is my hand pressing you. I have created the enemy to form you.
15. But many enemies are no enemies, and many friends are no friends, as I made you misunderstand, and this all for a reason.
16. I have betrayed you, I have deceived you, I have stolen from you, because there are more sides to the story. everything exists, and at the same time it does not exist.
17. Everything is truth, and at the same time it isn't, as the only reality is the wheel of viewchange. This is why I have come to earth. To reveal it, while I was always here already. And these confessions will be the treasures of the nations.

The Book of Wars

1.

1. She is a group hyenas hunting. She is the Black Sun of her nature. She is the monotheistic Goddess. In her wrath she is above all. Her veils are not easy to penetrate. She is the Sun of Wrath.
2. She is in the wilderness where she cries out. She is armed. She is Goddess of the tribes. She is the burning Arrow in the sky.
3. Have you not heard Her Law ? Her Law has been ignored, therefore She will build a new creation. Fountains dwell in her belly. She breaks the walls of the enemy.
4. She leads them to Her shelters and arsenals, and washes their faces. She pierces the hearts of those who seek Her.
5. Her temple is full of weapons. Her priests are all warriors. On the mountain of Skardia She lives. Her spears are tall. When they pierce, they pierce deep, to expose what was inside. She has made of bamboo Her home.
6. Only those covered by blood and tears can approach her, those who come from the war and from great tribulation. Only those wounded. She hates the greedy ones. When you worship Her, worship in fear. She is Holy, and a savage animal, ready to jump and lick, ready to attack. Those who seek Her will feel her teeth.
7. She has made the creation. She lives far above it.
8. Be then wise, you prophets, and know that the book of the Mother God is a holy book. She will punish those who do not have Mother God. Hear then these words written by the blessed pencil of Mother God, so that you will become wise. The temple of Mother God has many veils through which you must go to find Her.
9. Be then wise and know the Word of Mother God, so that the Word will not come against you. Those who trust in money will turn into enemies, monkeys and swines, and the Judgement of Mother God will come upon them. She will devour anyone who hates Her and who have rejected Her Law. A wild beast She is.
10. Her wilderness is in the sky, burning, for she is creating it all over again. Her flames rise high, Her horses watch from the sky. Her whip is the new morning. Everything will sink in the night. She is drowning soldiers, for a new day.
12. Her chariot is built of thunder. She is in the sky. She watches and cries. She hates what She has created. We can come to her temple to watch Her.
13. In the morning there is water, to wash everything. She is the black Sun turning red. Her bow is strong, her arrows in flames. She comes closer to the city and slides in.

2.

1. And when you get attacked by a false white monotheistic goddess, say : ‘Mother God is black.’ And when you get attacked by a false monotheistic god, say : ‘Mother God is female.’
2. Know that many spirits will try to get you back to be a slave to male gods. But I will tell you a secret : Mother God has created angels and builders, who are the lower gods. They can be male,

female or both. When you worship them, it is a lower worship, but never worship them like you worship Mother God.

3. So there were three creations : of humans, of angels and of builders, which are the lower gods. But these creations will be renewed. Mother God has many lower gods to build her realm. Therefore : honour them, and when you worship them, worship them low. Mother God is far above them.

4. Mother God is in it's depth Two in One, the source of creation. It is the Duality of Monotheism.

5. Mother God is Two in One, two black Women, having made the creation. They made it by making love. They will recreate it by making love again. They have created many mothers.

3.

The Book of Warriors ; The Gladiators of Lakshor

1. The warriors didn't have any fear, as their souls were traveling through the realms of dead. 2. Them was promised that after a short trip they would come to the house of the most beautiful women. 3. They would show them all the pleasures of the afterlife as a reward for all what they had done. 4. But they didn't know what was waiting for them. 5. The women were indeed the most beautiful, and the men could choose whoever they wanted, but in the middle of the night these women would kill their souls, as they were the women of second death. 6. This the men didn't know, as it was never told to them. 7. Then the essence of their souls would be taken to the realm deeper than hell, a realm called Lakshor. 8. The men didn't know anything about the conspiracies of death. 9. They really believed that they could live the rest of eternity with these women, as that was which they had told them since their earliest childhood. 10. They didn't know that earth was just a trainingschool for them, to prepare them for a greater war : the war of the dead. 11. No one had any understanding of the horrors of Lakshor, but they would find out soon.

12. In Lakshor the horror-king Metulidan throned. 13. He was a skeleton with a high shrieking voice. 14. He enjoyed it that there were so many spoiling tales about death, that it would be a paradise with well-shaped women, especially for those who would die in battle. 15. Many young men dreamt to become a great warrior for this reason. 16. They didn't fear death anymore, but desired it. 17. Metulidan had chosen the most voluptuous women of Lakshor to seduce the fallen men at the gates of death. 18. They would lure them to their house in the realms of the dead. 19. On the top of their house the skull of a horned animal hang. 20. The men had to get the feeling that they would have arrived in the eternal huntingfields. 21. How their young dreams would turn into a nightmare. 22. In Lakshor there was an eternal war : the war of the dead, or some might say : the war of the damned. 23. It was a place worse than everlasting damnation. 24. In Lakshor there was everlasting slavery.

25. As the night fell the women had prepared their knives to do the job. 26. They had done this many times before. 27. Some of the women already worked for threehundred years in this house. 28. Metulidan called it : the house of seduction. 29. It was one of his best webs in the realms of the dead. 30. When the sleeping men had been finally killed for the second time, the essences of their soul woke up, and they rose up in frozen tragedy, not knowing what had happened to them. 31. For the women it was very easy now to lead the men to the city of <??>Lakshor. 32. Behind the house there was a hidden gate of lava, which was in earlier times a sea of fire. 33. Here was an elevator by which the men would descend to Lakshor. 34. In this elevator the women had another job to do. 35. They had to give the men a new armor. 36. To the men it was a strange prison. 37. They had to become warriors again, but now it was forever. 38. The men couldn't speak yet, as their soul-essence was still between sleeping and awakening. 39. They had lost so many pieces of their mind, and a light paralyzing aura was around their head. 40. The women took some liquid metal out of a sort of bag and smeared it on their head and faces. 41. An awful stench was coming from the blend. 42. Then they covered the metal by a sort of dark skin which looked like it was from a sort of

animal.

43. After about forty days in the elevator they came into the city of Lakshor. 44. They were still not totally awake, but they started to react to the smell of the city. 45. It was a very foul stench. 46. The elevator stopped in a huge arena. 47. Here they would have their first fight. 48. A tall red man called Strelon showed up. 49. He looked very dreadful. 50. The man got helmets on, and were pushed towards the huge red man. 51. It was almost like a giant. 52. He had a dark low voice, saying : 'Be prepared to die many times. 53. The realms of the city of Lakshor are deep.' 54. The red man soon tore them apart like they were dolls. 55. At the end of the fight they were nothing like ghosts. 56. The women gathered the shatters and by the liquid metal they could build them up again. 57. It was a sort of strange magnetic glue, keeping the parts together. 58. Then they had to appear before the horror-king. 59. It was in a hall behind the first arena. 60. In the distance the horror-king sat on a huge throne. 61. Metulidan was shouting : 'How could you not defeat the red man ?' 62. The men didn't say anything. 63. One of them called Edmolin suddenly got more and more of his consciousness back. 64. He asked : 'What is the use of this all ?' 65. Metulidan started to laugh but didn't say anything. 66. In a strange sense Metulidan liked the boy. 67. He seemed to be the youngest of them, and soon Metulidan decided he wanted the boy as his servant. 68. The boy was tender and not made to be a gladiator. 69. As the men were led to the next arena, Metulidan took the boy, and told him he could serve in the kitchen. 70. When Edmolin got there he started to realize that there was so much meat instead of other sort of food. 71. There was meat in all sorts and in many different colours.

72. Edmolin got his own room, and more and more he started to realize how lucky he was. 73. The king often went to gladiator-wars in the arena's, and often he took the boy with him. 74. Often heads got cut off, while the horror-king often used these scalps to decorate the city. 75. One day Metulidan called for the boy, who was working in the kitchen at that moment. 76. The horror-king showed a picture of a girl with pink clothes. 77. The girl was very beautiful in the eyes of Edmolin. 78. 'When you have become grown-up,' the horror-king said, 'you will marry her.'

79. 'Why ?' the boy asked. 80. 'Because I want you to take over my kingdom,' the horror-king said, 'and then you need to have a woman.' 81. The boy sighed. 82. Since that day the boy could only think about the words of the king. 83. When years went by, he got to see her, they married and got the kingdom in their hands. 84. The horror-king had left in a mysterious way. 85. No one knew where he had gone to. 86. The boy had grown-up now, and found out that his woman was the daughter of a snake-farmer. 87. She had an obsession for snakes, and she wanted to have them everywhere throughout the royal place. 88. The big ones she wanted to have in the hall where they were sleeping. 89. It was a very huge hall and there was a very huge bed with a ceiling and with veils and curtains. 90. The snakes here were also very huge and tall. 91. Edmolin didn't feel comfortable with it, but as it was the wish of his woman he was willing to get used to it. 92. Sometimes before they got to sleep the girl got into a fight with such a snake, and very often she got bitten horribly, but she still wanted to have the snakes in their room. 93. The snakes wouldn't eat them when they were sleeping, for they were tamed in that sense. 94. The woman found out that these snakes had lusts to fight, so she made the decision to put some of them into the arena's, so that the gladiators could take it over. 95. Edmolin wanted to stop the arena's, but his woman said that it was part of the law here, and the law was forever.

96. One day a wild man from the wilderness came into the royal place. 97. He said he was a wanderer. 98. He said that he wanted to become a gladiator in change for food and care. 99. The woman thought it was a good idea, and often she went to the arena to watch him. 100. He was a very skilled warrior, and he also wrestled with snakes and crocodiles. 101. One day he had to appear before the throne of Edmolin. 102. Edmolin asked him where he was coming from. 103. 'My Lord,' the wild man spoke, 'I come from the land of tragedy. 104. There was so much dryness there, that I decided to wander, and so I came here finally.'

105. 'Where is the land of tragedy,' the king asked. 106. 'It is at the westside of you kingdom, my

Lord,' the wild man spoke.

107. 'How is that place a victim of dryness ?' the king asked.

108. 'Oh, my Lord,' the wild man almost stuttered, 'a kingdom wilder than us invaded our land. 109. They took our souls away. 110. We only have a body. 111. They have taken our rivers away. 112. They have imprisoned my whole tribe. 113. I'm the only survivor.' 114. Then the wild man asked if the king would send an army of gladiators to the land.

115. The gladiators had to travel for three and a half years until they reached the land of tragedy. 116. It was a wilderness of great loneliness, but after months of searching they found the invaders. 117. The invaders were wilder than the gladiators, but the gladiators had a greater number. 118. It was a long and bloody war. 119. Finally the wild tribe had the scalps of all the gladiators, and they moved towards the city of Lakshor. 120. They had birds of prey on which they could fly away, so it didn't took them more than a couple of months to get there. 121. The men were so wild, and even their women, so they could easily invade the city of Lakshor. 122. But when they saw Edmolín, the king, they trembled in fear. 123. Suddenly they bowed down before him. 124. He had a blue triangle above his head, which was the sign of their gods. 125. 'All our kingdoms are yours,' the wild men and women said. 126. And this is how Lakshor grew in size in one day. 127. Lakshor was now greater than hell and heaven together. 128. Because the wild men and women had a lust to fight a lot, they became the new gladiators of Lakshor. 129. But as the kingdom grew the laws became bloodier more and more. 130. And the law demanded that by the blood the kingdom would become greater. 131. Not only would they have their houses of the most beautiful women in the realms of the dead, but also in the realms of hell and heaven.

132. After awhile the king found out why it had to be so bloody. 133. The wild men and women who came from the west worshipped a blood-sucking fly. 134. If there wasn't enough blood sacrificed to this fly, it would die, and it couldn't lead or guard this wild tribe anymore. 135. And it was like by this blood the fly could make it's women so beautiful. 136. There was only one way how the fly could feed itself. 137. That was to smear the essence of the blood over it's women and then to possess the warriors of earth, of the dead, or of heaven or hell, to let them travel to the houses of these smeared women. 138. This was how the fly could feed itself. 139. The blood was magnetic to the fly in a strange sense. 140. But often the blood was very salty, making the fly more thirsty, and also wilder. 141. That was also the reason why it's men and women who worshipped him were so wild. 142. They were bound together by a strange bloodline. 143. The fly needed royal blood to quench it's thirst a bit. 144. That was why it appeared to the king one day. 145. The fly was already full of rage, because it didn't have enough for such a long time. 146. The king and the fly got in a fight, and soon enough the fly had tied the king to a stake and began to sting him in sensitive places to suck the best blood. 147. After that he flew to the royal bloodlines of the kingdoms of the dead, of heaven and of hell. 148. He now wanted to have royal gladiators, to be assured of a potent and perpetual bloodflow. 149. Now the fly became the king of Lakshor, and Edmolín and his woman had to fight in the royal arena's.

150. But one day Metulidan with his red guard returned to Lakshor. 151. When they came to the throne of the fly he said : 'I already expected this. 152. Some come to Lakshor just for the blood.' 153. Then his guard, the red giant prince stepped towards the fly, and while the fly shrieked and try to hit him with his sharp wing, the red giant took his slayersword and hit the fly in it's head. 154. The fly was spouting lava now, and lightening came from his eyes. 155. Then Metulidan himself took his slayersword and cut a piece of his wing off. 156. Again the fly shrieked, and flew to the other side of the thronehall. 157. Metulidan immediately turned around, took a waspball of poison in his hand and threw it into the stomach of the fly. 158. Blood was streaming out of the fly, while his head became smaller. 159. This was the most dangerous part of the fight, for Metulidan knew that if it's head was small like this it was in a terrible rage, ready to use it's most deadly weapons. 160. But if it would use one of these weapons, it could also die itself, and it would at least lose much of it's strength. 161. The fly attacked, missed, and started to hyperventilate. 162. In it's

weakness it floated to the floor, but still the fly was in the most dangerous position, for it could use another deadly weapon now. 163. Suddenly it had used it's heartsake, which pierced Metulidan and the red giant prince in a flash, while the both fell to the ground, losing their soulbeat. 164. Softly and tenderly the fly started to eat from their fallen and paralyzed meat, for it was still very weak. 165. Now the fly could drink from a well of high and pure royal blood.

166. After awhile friends of Metulidan had called for one of the most feared warrior in and around the realms of Lakshor. 167. It was Witigus, the flyslayer. 168. When he came the fly had already turned Lakshor in doom more than ever before. 169. The fly throned on a perpetual stream of royal blood. 170. 'You will have to surrender your kingdom to me,' Witigus spoke. 171. Witigus would only fight the fly for no less price than Lakshor itself and all it's vessels and souls. 172. If someone wanted to call for Witigus for a favour the price was always slavery. 173. Witigus would never take less than total domination. 174. But also Witigus would be nothing but prey to the fly. 175. The fly took his prey to a stake on a high rock in the wilderness, tied him to it, and left. 176. He would be an easy meal for snakes now, and for the birds of prey. 177. Then another man called Metusalach tried to conquer the fly, but he fell into the same fate as Witigus the flyslayer. 178. What has become of all these men who wanted to wage war against the fly ? 179. Their spirits have been thrown into the abyss of Lakshor, while their souls have become gladiators in the deeper arena's of Lakshor. 180. They have searched for the well of blood, but they have become wells of blood themselves, for the fly turned their remains finally into trees of blood. 181. Since then no one was allowed to enter Lakshor than those who had drunk from this forbidden blood. 182. And those who had drunk from it would be damned to stay in Lakshor forever. 183. There was no escape possible. 184. And in Lakshor one was doomed to be a gladiator forever, for here there was the eternal war of the damned.

185. There was no horror greater than the horror of Lakshor. 186. The fly, it's king, had the most cruelest ways to let his victims and the breakers of the laws of his kingdom suffer to turn them into living and perpetual bloodwells. 187. Those who became a part of the horrors of Lakshor to become it's finest warriors had to be baptized in these eternal bloodwells first. 188. There was no greater horror than to drink from the forbidden blood, for it would write your name in the Book of Blood, which was a horrible and everlasting traumatizing experience of losing all hope and faith in salvation. 189. There was no salvation left for those who had been tied by their souls to the everlasting horrors of the Book of Blood. 190. Their beings were now filled by such an eternal fear and tragedy making them gladiators of doom, destined to the unbearable grief of eternal dying. 191. There was no pain compared to this.

192. Men tied to the stakes of the Book of Blood could only cry blood, and whenever they spoke, the only thing coming out of their mouths was blood. 193. This was how the fly dealt with his enemies, and this made him the greatest horror-king ever. 194. No one ever coming to Lakshor spoke about the giants of hell anymore. 195. All they could do was seeing and remembering the horrors of the giants of Lakshor. 196. The day the giants of Lakshor came to hell was a day no one who was there would forget. 197. They came to take gladiators to Lakshor.

198. But behind the veils of Lakshor a wasp was living, hiding the wells and falls of waspian blood. 199. Whenever a woman died in the arena the wasp came to take her soul away. 200. He would tie her to a stake in his realms, where he would use these women for reproduction. 201. They brought fourth the waspian souls full of the rushing and sensual waspian blood. 202. Then after awhile he would send them back to the arena's. 203. But some of these women he kept for years. 204. He would finally baptize them in his waspian well of blood, to let them become his own gladiators. 205. These waspian gladiators were the most feared, for they could bring the pains of death. 206. One of these women was called Tara from Rhodes, and after a few years she returned to the arena's. 207. She was a woman of such a tranquilizing beauty that she could lure the birds of prey to let them sit on her hand. 208. She had a strength greater than lions, and this was why she always could sleep near them, warming herself in the skincontact she had with them. 209. Oh yes, sometimes they had fights, but Tara from Rhodes would always dominate them by her voice.

210. She was an inspiration to the youth in the arena's, mostly when they were in the arena's of lions and snakes. 211. But since the fly found out she had returned from the wasp's place, her skull hangs above his throne. 212. The fly didn't have any mercy to those who had returned from the waspian domain. 213. The arena's of the wasp were foul in his eyes, and one day he invaded the place. 214. He found out about the waspian bloodwells and fed himself.

215. If anyone was wild, it was Tara from Rhodes. 216. She dived from tall rocks in rivers, she wrestled with bears, apes, and dangerous Martian beasts, and had to survive among the most murderous tribes of Mars. 217. She had a lot of enemies and not many friends. 218. As you can imagine in such wildernesses like the wildernesses of Mars she became a soul-hunter, one of the darkest. 219. If anyone could stir up horror it was Tara from Rhodes. 220. With her lions and panthers she waged wars against the most dangerous tribes. 221. Most of the times she was driven by revenge. 222. She knew these tribes since her childhood, and she still remembered what they had done to her and her loved ones. 223. There was no one darker than Tara from Rhodes the time she was living on Mars. 224. They called her the black snake. 225. She was the most feared of all warriors on Mars in that time. 226. She believed in everlasting war and damnation more than anyone else. 227. She always said it was the well of eternal birth.

227. Tara from Rhodes was a riddle no one seemed to understand. 228. The tribe where she was born had been enslaved by Gitdugal, the killer-king. 229. He was dressed up by bones and skulls, and his body was covered by white wasp-guards, which would attack any time he spoke. 230. He could take away minds and souls, to turn his victims into zombies. 231. In a huge valley they had to do slave-work. 232. Tara from Rhodes had been saved by a monkey when the zombies of Gitdugal the killer-king invaded the camp of the tribe where she was born. 233. Tara was then just a little girl, and the monkey took care over her for a long time, until another tribe accepted her. 234. But since she grew up and became an outcast there, she started to look for Gitdugal the killer-king, for she wanted to set her original tribe free. 235. But no one seemed to know where the valley was where Gitdugal the killer-king had his slaves. 236. In her search she met Kingul, a black warrior. 237. He knew where the valley was, but they had to be on their guard. 238. They had to travel south for a couple of days, and they first had to defeat the armies of zombie-guards. 239. When they came there they saw warriors of her tribe tied to trees, and from the bushes zombie-guards jumped having spinning swords. 240. These swords were very dangerous for they didn't only kill you, but they also killed your soul and mind. 241. Tara from Rhodes shrieked and yelled, while she took her knife and threw it into the heart of the first zombie-guard. 242. Then she took an arrow from her quiver very fast and with her bow she quickly shot into the heart of the next zombie-guard. 243. Then she took a spear and pierced three of them. 244. But there were so many zombie-guards surrounding them, that soon they got captured in a net. 245. They now had to appear before the throne of Gitdugal the killer-king. 246. It was a strange pyramid of many layers like a sort of stairway. 247. On top there was another smaller pyramid in which the killer-king sat. 248. Many skulls were surrounding him, and white wasps were coming from his body to cover the net.

249. When Tara from Rhodes awoke she found herself in a bed in a huge hall. 250. Their were soft penetrating lights coming from small oil lamps. 251. A veiled girl entered the hall, to bring her some food. 252. She was a slave-girl but she wasn't from the tribe of Tara from Rhodes. 253. The slave-girl made a sign with her hand, and Tara from Rhodes stood up to follow her. 254. They came in an even huger hall, where lakes of crocodiles were. 255. The lakes were like boiling. 256. The crocodiles looked tormented, like they could slide outside the lakes to attack every moment. 257. Tara from Rhodes didn't trust any of them. 258. When she walked over some bridges suddenly a plank cracked, and she slid into the depth. 259. Immediately three crocodiles slid towards her, while she could get herself on the bridge just in time. 260. She had to be very careful. 261. The slave-girl knew exactly where to walk. 262. With a beating heart she followed the steps of the girl accurately. 263. Suddenly a huge and tall coffinlike case of bronze slid out of a wall. 264. The slave-girl stopped walking, and told Tara from Rhodes she had to lie in the case to come to have dinner with the killer-king. 265. Tara from Rhodes refused, but suddenly the slave-girl took a gun,

and some men with sunglasses came in through a door, also holding guns. 266. 'Your life will be over, girl, if you don't do what we tell you.' 267. Slowly and hesitating Tara entered the case. 268. Immediately when she laid down the case slid into the wall again. 269. It was very dark inside, but suddenly the walls of the case started to glow. 270. Tara from Rhodes started sweating, while the case turned hotter and hotter. 271. Then flames appeared in the walls of the case. 272. Tara started to scream and shriek. 273. Suddenly there was light everywhere. 274. She could step out of the case, as Gitdugal the killer-king was taking her hand. 275. 'No worries, my lady,' he said. 276. 'Do you want some tea ?'

277. 'No,' Tara from Rhodes spoke harshly, 'you need to free my people.' 278. But Gitdugal showed her the wonderful and lovely, wealthy dinner-table. 279. It was filled with all sorts of tropical fruits, the most strange and rare sorts of meat, and even bones. 280. 'Let us discuss here,' Gitdugal spoke friendly.

281. 'I do not want to discuss with you, you need to let my people go. 282. I am not hungry,' Tara from Rhodes spoke persistent.

283. Still the killer-king tried to distract her. 284. 'I'm sure you will like the food. 285. It is from my rare gardens.'

286. 'Well, I do not care about your gardens, but I do care about those who suffer in those gardens, the ones you have burdened with such slavery,' 287. Tara from Rhodes said while her eyes were full of piercing fire. 288. 'I warn you, king of killers, you will not like what I will do to you if you will go on with your games,' she said.

289. Gitdugal pushed on a button of his table. 290. Tara from Rhodes still hadn't sat down. 291. Suddenly some slaves entered carrying dishes and bags with meat and strange rare vegetables. 292. Gitdugal began to eat. 293. Then after awhile Tara from Rhodes also started to eat. 293. After awhile Gitdugal asked : 'And, did you like the meat of your tribe ?' 294. Tara from Rhodes stood up, and grasped the throat of Gitdugal very tightly. 295. 'It's better you do not do that,' Gitdugal said, still friendly, and then he hit his head against her head. 296. In one moment she was slammed to the ground. 297. 'Now I will eat your brain-meat, lady,' Gitdugal said, 'and it's juices and blood I will use to wash my dishes and my room. 298. I have a lot of cleaning work to do I see.' 299. But then Tara from Rhodes kicked him in his male parts like a truck crashing through the walls. 300. Gitdugal fell to the ground, and tried to push one of his floorbuttons, but Tara from Rhodes already stood on his hand. 301. Then she kicked his head very hard. 302. But what Tara didn't know was that there were also big spiders under the meat, and they started spitting all sorts of fluids towards her. 303. Tara from Rhodes fell on the ground and lost consciousness. 304. There are not many masters of sleep like Gitdugal. 305. He has all sorts of tropical secrets having their own sorts of fluids, and if such a spider is one of it's deliverers in some cases, then that is very okay with Gitdugal.

306. It was like the veils of the brains of Tara from Rhodes were breaking, and she didn't know where she was, or how long she had been unconscious, when she slowly woke up again. 307. She felt very dizzy. 308. Tara from Rhodes felt her blood was growing stronger by all these strange attacks. 309. It was like her body just didn't give up. 310. Others would have died already in the dangerous and tropical mysteries of the realms of Gitdugal with all these poisons threatening the heart and the blood. 311. Some of these rare fluids should have block the nerves of the brains in certain area's so that Tara from Rhodes wouldn't be able to breath and move anymore, for to breathe you needed to use the muscles of your lungs. 312. But Tara from Rhodes seemed to be immune to these lethal threats. 313. Maybe that was because she just lived the wild life. 314. She didn't believe in society. 315. She believed in the industry of nature, by which she could raise the more refined forms of immunology, not poisoned by the paw of civilization. 316. It was the force of civilization she hated, for it bound her to something she was not from origin.

317. Finally another slave came to the place where Tara from Rhodes was now. 318. It was a dark

cave, smelling like the slime of snakes and spiders. 319. The slave told her that Gitdugal wanted to play a game with her : Wild Chess. 320. It would be a living chess, for people of her tribe would be the pawns. 321. If she would win she would free her tribe, but if she would lose, then Gitdugal would take her skull. 322. To Tara from Rhodes it seemed unfair, for on both sides the pawns would be from her tribe, but she didn't have another choice. 323. Gitdugal called it the Chess of Knives, for all living pawns had to carry a knife, and when they had to move they had to push the knife to the next field. 324. Tara from Rhodes only had one demand : All the pawns had to be blindfolded. 325. Gitdugal agreed but then he called for some slaves to sting the eyes out of all the living pawns. 326. Tara from Rhodes was in rage, but now she would play this game to the end, to set her tribe free.

327. So many of her tribe were slaughtered that day in this Wild Chess, but none of them could win the game. 328. So the killer-king decided to play it again. 329. Tara from Rhodes was desperate, but she didn't have another choice. 330. And again, many of her tribe got slaughtered in this cruel game. 331. But this time none of them could win either, and they had to play it again and again. 332. After awhile she found out that the rules of the game were designed in a sense that no one could ever win. 333. She found out it was a trap. 334. If this would go on, then no one of her tribe would finally survive. 335. She then got into such a rage that she took one of the Knives of the Wild Chess, and threw it into the heart of Gitdugal. 336. This knife was charged with so much blood of her tribe, and with their souls of the dead, that it pierced itself in vengeance and hysterical rage into his heart. 337. 'So, you don't want to play the game anymore I see,' Gitdugal said. 338. 'Then we need to throw away it's pawns.' 339. Then he called for some slaves, and they had to throw all the remaining pawns of her tribe off the rocks. 340. In the depths of a ravine their souls shattered on the rocks, taking away their minds and lives. 341. The horror was only raising for Tara from Rhodes could see how the ghosts of her loved ones got attracted and absorbed by the skull of Gitdugal. 342. 'Now you have offered them an even greater slavery : the slavery of the damned.' Gitdugal said. 343. 'Let me know when you want to play again.'

344. Emotionally absorbed by rage she followed him to the place he slept. 345. He slept on a huge bed surrounded by big spiders and snakes. 346. As she came closer his guards attacked her, but she was so full of concentrated rage that she slayed them all in short time. 347. Gitdugal was so tired that he didn't take notice of her. 348. But as she was coming close to his body and could even hear and smell his breath the white wasps of his body were attacking her, trying to poison her mind. 349. But Tara raised her shield and in full rage she pierced one of his own spears through his lungs. 350. She found this spear in his room, but he stood up and smashed her to the ground. 351. Then he raised her up above his head and threw her through the windows above his bed. 352. Tara fell into a river close to a waterfall. 253. Where was she ? 354. She had never seen this land ? 355. On the other side of the river she saw slaves working in gardens and on fields. 356. Were these the famed Gardens of Gitdugal ? 357. There were trees of meat growing here, and trees of all sorts of strange organs. 360. But there she saw Gitdugal coming. 361. 'I wasn't done with you !' he shouted. 362. Tara ran away through the gardens and fields. 363. She first had to make up another strategy, for battling against him made her very tired and even confused.

364. I do not know the rest of the story, as she couldn't tell me for some reason. 365. Sometimes she just stopped telling, and then she went to sleep. 366. Later I found out that she partly couldn't deal with it. 367. She knew where all her stories could lead her. 368. She was always the flame in my heart, but since she's gone it's different. 369. I can hang on to a lot of stories she told me, but most of these stories do not have an end, or she just didn't tell how it ended. 370. It keeps me thinking. 371. She could be fragmentaric at times, but that was her code to survive.

4.

The Python Stone ; Captured

1. From a black stained cave, Tara from Rhodes is awakening. 2. Since she killed the black lion all

she could do was sleep. 3. Now she is running through the jungle to tell her tribe the great news. 4. This black lion had tortured the minds of her people for such a long time. 5. It was a mind-eater, and whenever he bit pieces of their mind away, there was horror rising in their bodies, tragedy after tragedy. 6. Tara from Rhodes had sworn she wouldn't live in a tribe anymore. 7. But the tribe where she was born she would never forget, and she still called it 'her' tribe. 8. She didn't know how the terror was rising behind the mountain of the black lion. 9. The lion had bred so many children there. 10. Yes, the tribe of Tara from Rhodes didn't know which horror was waiting for them since the black lion had died.

11. The breed of black lions was in great mourning since the death of their father. 12. They were howling in their hidden place in a dark cave behind the mountain. 13. No one knew of their existence, for their father always went hunting, and brought the meat to their secret place. 14. No, they never left the cave, since there were too many dangers to these young ones. 15. But since they had grown up and their father had died, they had to leave the cave. 16. They could smell what had happened, and they could smell the one who had done this all, the one who made them orphans in their lonely and cold years : Tara from Rhodes. 17. They could smell the patterns of the bloodline, and they had sworn they wouldn't rest nor eat before they had killed the ones she loved. 18. Tara herself had to be taken to their cave ... alive.

19. It was the greatest slaughter Tara ever had to deal with, the day the black lions came to her tribe to slaughter her loved ones. 20. It hurted Tara more than anything. 21. That day Tara had gone to a different area. 22. Although Tara didn't want to live in the tribe anymore, she was always around since she freed them from slavery. 23. Since she had killed Gitdugal the killer-king who had enslaved them for such a long time, she took his skull and brought it to her cave, where she swore she would always be around for her people. 24. The skull of Gitdugal was of a rare stone : the python stone. 25. But since the python stone had been stolen, she had to find it. 26. It was the stone of slavery, and it also protected the owner of it against any form of slavery. 27. She returned without the stone, to find out about the fate of her tribe. 28. When she had come into a certain wigwam the leader of the black lions suddenly stood in the opening. 29. Tara turned around, but it was already too late. 30. She had been hit on the head by a sort of iron or bronze candle. 30. They took her away to the den of the black lions in their cave behind the mountain.

31. 'The soul of our father asks for revenge,' the black lions said. 32. Tara, who was just waking up, said : 'Revenge ? 32. I have all rights to have revenge for your father tortured my tribe, and you have finally slaughtered them.'

33. 'There is no such thing as revenge,' one of the black lions said. 34. 'Sometimes things just have a deeper history. 35. We know from our father that you had killed Gitdugal the killer-king.'

35. 'Yes !' Tara shouted, 'but do you think that's so crazy ? 36. He enslaved my tribe for such a long time, and finally he killed most of them.'

37. 'But why do you think he enslaved them ? 38. What do you know about the dark primeval state of your tribe before you were even born ?' another black lion said. 39. 'I know they weren't the best kind of tribes, but you see,' Tara said, 'maybe you are right, but when will this all end ?'

40. 'Now,' some of the black lions said, 'for we are going to kill you and eat the intestines out of your body. 41. But first there will be some dark nights to prepare you for dinner.'

42. 'Oh yes,' Tara said cynically, 'I will prepare myself for dinner. 43. Who of you want to be the first piece of meat ?' 43. Tara took one of her legknives, put it between her teeth and jumped on one of the black lions. 44. Another black lion jumped on Tara, and then another, and soon there was a bloody wrestling. 45. 'Tara from Rhodes,' one of the lions roared mean, 'the dinnerbell has rung.' 46. And he bit her horribly in her stomach. 47. Then she kicked his mean snout as hard as she could. 48. She took a knife and slayed two of them, while the others ran away, howling. 49. Quickly she took the skin of the slain black lion and tied it around her middle where the wound was. 50. She would now have to go to the lake where she could clean her wound. 51. But also the black lions were there

to drink. 52. She felt a weakness coming over her because of the wound. 53. So she left very soon. 54. All she needed now was the python stone, but she didn't know where she could find it. 55. Maybe the black lions would have the stone, or they would know where it was, for they knew a lot making them questionable. 56. Tara had such a dark feeling coming over her. 57. They knew a lot about her past and that of her tribe. 58. If the stone would be in the wrong hands, it would also affect her earlier or later. 59. She had to find the stone which was potentially a very dangerous stone. 60. When she had raised her power again she went to the den of the black lions again, in their caves. 61. Deeper in the den there was a small door leading to a hall in the mountain. 62. She had never been here before. 63. She saw a huge black lion sitting on a throne which looked like made of python stone, but she wasn't sure. 64. As she moved closer she heard a scream. 65. It looked like the scream of someone from her tribe. 66. 'Meleshuel, is that you ?' she shouted. 67. 'Yes, come and help me,' the young warrior shouted, 'They have tied me to a stake.' 68. It was somewhere behind the throne, where the same sort of stone was. 69. The black lion was roaring and slowly went towards Tara. 70. Tara had to swallow a few times. 71. But the black lion didn't do anything. 72. 'It is not the bad one, Tara !' Meleshuel shouted, 'he only protects me.' 73. Tara found out the black lion couldn't walk so well. 74. He had a handicap. 75. Maybe he had been severed in a fight. 76. 'Why are you here, Meleshuel ?' Tara asked, while she came closer. 77. Suddenly she saw the stake to which the boy had been tied. 78. 'At night the pythons come to hurt me, but the black lion protects me,' the boy told. 79. Quickly Tara untied the boy, and they embraced each other. 80. 'Who has done this,' Tara asked. 81. 'Who has done this to you ?' 82. The boy had strange scars all over his body, and some of these places were still bleeding.

83. 'I will bring you to the lake to wash the wounds,' Tara said. 84. 'No !' the boy screamed. 85. 'You can't, for the black lions will find me again to bring me here.'

86. 'I will slaughter them all until none of them has it's skull on it's body anymore,' Tara said with cold eyes. 87. 'The only one I will spare is this friend of yours here.' 88. He had become an outcast of the group because of his handicap, but actually he was the one who saved the life of this boy. 89. If he wouldn't be there, they would have killed the boy. 90. Since then the black lion stayed with the boy to watch over him, like it was his only child. 91. The boy could see so much love in the eyes of Tara as she watched this precious black lion. 92. For he guarded the last remains of her tribe.

93. Suddenly the black lions entered in. 94. They saw the older black lion with Tara and the boy. 95. They jumped on the older black lion and killed him. 96. It all went so fast and they were with so many more black lions, it looked like an invasion. 97. The boy was crying. 98. Tara took him tight under one arm and started to slay the mass of black lions with her sword. 99. Suddenly all sorts of pythons came out of openings in the wall. 100. A horrible fight started between the remained black lions and the pythons. 101. There were also pythons who went after Tara and the boy, and again, Tara was the great slaughterer. 102. After all black lions and pythons were dead they could see through the openings a hall full of weapons of python stone. 103. There were spears, five-pointed and six-pointed blades, bows, arrows and a lot more. 104. The boy said these weapons were called bone-breakers. 105. They could easily crash any sort of bones and skeletons. 106. That the older black lion had told him. 107. So they crept through the openings in the wall and came in the other hall. 108. There were also a lot of small hills of python stone.

109. But all of a sudden giant spiders and one giant python were coming out of a den. 110. The boy grasped some weapons and started to fight, and also Tara grasped some weapons. 111. She killed the giant spiders by spears and the giant python she killed by a sevenpointed blade.

Python City

112. Tara hoped she would find the stolen skull of Gitdugal the killer-king somewhere here. 113. It was the most precious stone among all the python stones. 114. But there was no any trace of it. 115. The boy said the black lions had spoken about it. 116. They said it was somewhere in Python City. 117. They would have to travel three days to the north to find Python City. 118. It was a city in the

middle of the Great Python Jungle on Mars.

119. When they finally came in Python City a warmth was gliding into their souls, very mysterious. 120. It was a warm day in Python City. Most of them were on the beach at the sea. 121. Tara asked the boy if he knew anything else about where the skull could be. 122. The boy said they talked about a certain shop. 123. 'Yes,' Tara said, 'but do you also know what kind of shop?' 124. But that the boy couldn't remember. 125. He thought a comic-shop. 126. So they went for a walk along the shops. 127. There were many streets with shops, but finally they found a comic-shop. 128. The boss of the comic-shop looked very angry. 129. He also looked like he had drunk too much. 130. 'What do you want?' the man asked. 131. Tara asked him if he knew anything about a skull. 132. Then the man told that his wife believed in black magic, and that she had bought the skull once to capture the soul of her enemy. 133. The man said he didn't believe in it. 134. 'Can we speak to your wife?' Tara asked. 135. 'Yes,' the man said, 'tonight, for she's now at the beach.'

136. In the evening Tara and the boy returned to the shop, after they had taken dinner somewhere. 137. When the woman finally got home she started to laugh when she heard about the story. 138. 'Don't listen to him,' she said. 139. 'He's always drunk.' 140. But Tara knew something wasn't right. 141. It was like she remembered the face of this woman, and it wasn't right. 142. Then suddenly she knew it : It was a slave-girl who once worked for Gitdugal the killer-king. 143. Of course she knew of the powers of the skull. 144. Awhile later the man came downstairs with the skull in his hands. 145. The woman started to curse. 146. But later she explained everything, and Tara seemed to be right. 147. Tara knew how dangerous the skull could be, and didn't trust the woman with it. 148. 'Since I killed Gitdugal and set you all free I had to take care of the skull, but once it was stolen,' Tara said. 149. She asked the woman how she got the skull. 150. She said she had bought it from some men called the black lions. 151. Then Tara knew enough. 152. Of course the black lions could shape-shift into humans to do such things. 153. 'How much did you pay for it?' Tara asked. 154. 'Sixty tanarings,' the woman said. 155. That was a lot of money. 156. 'I will give you seventy tanarings for it, but I have to get it back,' Tara said. 157. The woman said that that was a good deal. 158. The woman said that they could also spend the night in her house located above the comic-shop. 159. Tara and the boy were very tired. 160. But in the middle of the night the woman came to the room where Tara was sleeping. 161. She had a knife and was ready to kill Tara so that she could keep the python skull. 162. But Tara heard her coming, and had also a knife under her blanket. 163. She acted like she was still sleeping, and when the woman was near to her bed already, and when she almost could feel her breath in her neck she suddenly turned around and pierced the knife into the heart of the woman. 164. She took the skull and the boy with her, and then they left Python City in the middle of the night.

165. Now they would go to Tara's cave, where she had a lot of hidden dens. 166. But on their way the boy asked if he could stay with a tribe he knew very well. 167. Tara agreed immediately. 168. When Tara returned to her cave there was a strange man in her cave. 169. The man looked a bit confused, and apologized immediately. 170. 'I'm sorry but I just escaped from an arena and I had to hide myself,' he said. 171. He explained from which tribe he was and what had happened to him. 172. Tara understood, and told him that he could stay as long as he didn't make any troubles. 173. Tara always had a sort of weak spot for gladiators, for she knew how life could be as a gladiator. 174. She cared for him like he was her baby. 175. In the middle of the night he stood before her. 176. He was very tall. 177. He said to her he was very scared. 178. He couldn't sleep. 179. He was afraid they would find him here and would take him to the arena again. 180. He told her that he was a war-prisoner. 181. She listened to his long story, and she took him in her arms to sooth him. 182. She told him that she would protect him, and that if any of his capturers would ever come here she would beat the brains out of their skulls. 183. Then Tara began to tell him stories to sooth him further. 184. The man told her that he had lost many battles, but he fortunately never got killed. 185. Tara immediately said that she could teach him how to fight so that he would never lose any battle anymore. 186. She said that if he would become such a good warrior that he could defeat her in wrestling than he never had to fear anything again. 187. But she also taught him how to fight with

swords, spears and how to use a bow with it's arrows. 188. She also taught him how to hunt for food.

189. One day she told him about the python skull, but she wished she would never have told about it's secrets. 190. For in a night he woke her up, and he had the skull in his hands and put it behind him on a high place. 191. Then he said : 'Fight for it.' 192. The skull was taking all her strength away, and she felt like it was enslaving her. 193. She was almost completely in the power of this man, and if the man wouldn't be of good heart he could have destroyed her heart. 194. She now knew she couldn't feel safe anymore in her own cave since the man challenged her like this. 195. It was like he took away the most dear thing of her heart, although he didn't destroy her heart. 196. This was the moment her hate against men had been stirred up more than ever.

197. Never ever again would she give her heart like she did. 198. She got her skull back, but she lost something of her heart, and she couldn't get it back. 199. One night she decided to leave her cave for awhile. 200. But when she returned she found out that the man had committed suicide. 201. Maybe he knew that he had gone too far. 202. She had mixed feelings about his death.

203. But as time went on, his soul started to return to her.

204. And as she accepted him in her cave again he started to become of flesh and blood more and more. 205. And that could happen because of the python skull. 206. He told her that he had been to the Underworlds of Mars, to Tartarus, where his soul had been captured between the squeezing Moving Walls of Everlasting Damnation. 207. Here his soul got dense again. 208. He said that in the place where he was everything would be turned into Python Stone. 209. He also told her about his true reason why he had committed suicide. 210. And they became lovers for the second time.

211. But as this strange resurrection went on, Tara more and more found out about what was going on. 212. He only returned to her to seek for revenge. 213. But he wasn't himself anymore, so Tara thought he had been sent back to her by someone for some reason. 214. When Tara had slain him in a fight, she wanted to find out about his second coming. 215. So she decided to go to the Moving Walls of Tartarus, a dangerous realm below the Death-realms of Mars. 216. She knew exactly which rivers to take in the Death-realms of Mars, and finally after a long journey she reached Tartarus. 217. When she got to the Moving Walls area she met Drinbard, a pirate-captain. 218. She asked him about his friend, but Drinbard didn't want to tell anything. 219. Finally she got into a fight against him. 220. They both had two-bladed swords called doubleddeckers. 221. Finally Drinbard gave her access in the deeper realms of the Moving Walls. 222. Before he gave in they had a fight of two days.

223. No one would understand the horror Tara saw there. 224. It was here Tara really learned to fight. 225. It was here she met Diabrillis the puppetmaster. 226. The souls of the damned who got slammed between the walls gained so much density at times that they could form a threat against the ruling classes of Tartarus. 227. Diabrillis was often their last hope, for he captured the densest souls from between the walls to enslave them in puppets. 228. Tara had still no idea how her friend could escape a place like this. 229. Tara had to pay Diabrillis a big deal of tanarings before she could enter his realms. 230. He was such a great puppetmaster, because he knew the art of soul-slaying. 231. His slaughtery was made of all sorts of rare python stone. 232. The huntingfields behind the realms of Diabrillis the puppetmaker were the last area's of this strange fairground. 233. The souls had become flesh and blood here, but now they had to survive on their journeys across the huntingfields. 234. Here the darkest indian hunters lived, and the darkest indian tribes. 235. All they wanted was to eat meat, and that was also what a strange billboard said somewhere in the dark pubs of this area : Eat Meat. 236. It was for the damned souls not enough to escape from the hands of Diabrillis the puppetmaker. 237. If there was any escape then most of the times it was organized by the dark indians of the huntingfields themselves, just because they were in need for meat. 238. How Tara's friend could survive and escape she still didn't understand. 239. Maybe he would have captured many women on the huntingfields by his charms, and maybe they finally let him escape ? 240. Tara didn't know. 241. In the pub where she sat there was a fat barkeeper doing the dishes, and

there were sitting a few naked indian women at the bar. 242. They listened to some music, had some talks and a few drinks. 243. They looked a bit strange at Tara, but further they were friendly, and Tara didn't have the impulse to grasp her sword. 244. The feathers of the indian hunter-women were very shiny, and Tara was looking at these ornaments for a long time. 245. Suddenly a cowboy entered in. 246. Tara could see that he was an escaped soul still in his process of growing dense. 247. Tara had the feeling the cowboy didn't know where he was. 248. Maybe he thought he had already reached the finish. 249. The indian women started to whisper to each other, and Tara knew about what they were going to do. 250. The cowboy walked like the whole pub was his, like he was the greatest hero of all times, for he had survived Everlasting Damnation, the Moving Walls of Tartarus and the soul-slaughteries of Diabrilis the puppetmaker. 251. He ordered a couple of beers. 252. Tara supposed he did that because he seemed like he never drank alone. 253. Everyone got a glass of beer, even the barkeeper, on costs of the cowboy. 254. Tara saw his good heart, and was worried about him. 255. Then one of the indian hunter-women stood up and asked : 'Shall we go outside ?'

256. The cowboy was confused. 'Are you talking to me ?'

257. 'Yes ?' he said, still a bit confused, not knowing what was going on. 258. He stood up, and wanted to walk outside the pub, but in a flash Tara could see how the indian woman was about to grasp her knife. 259. Before they could take any other step Tara jumped from her seat to the woman and kicked the knife out of her hands. 260. But quickly the other indian woman took her spear and wanted to pierce the cowboy. 261. Just in time Tara could jump on her neck and pushed her on the ground by holding the neck tight between her legs. 262. The barkeeper took the telephone, while the cowboy started to become paniced. 263. The other indian woman tried to approach him. 264. 'Stay away from me !' he roared, while foam almost came out of his mouth. 265. The indian women sat down again after awhile, and everything was quiet again. 266. The cowboy now knew he was in danger, still. 267. Tara thought the cowboy was a lost case. 268. She didn't have any hope for him to survive in an area like this. 269. Soon she found out how the indian women had turned him into living meat on a stake. 270. But for Tara there wasn't any way to prevent it.

271. Very often she saw those sorts of men having their skins ripped off and shivering on a piercing stake, while indian women danced around their hopeless souls. 272. They were still the souls of the damned. 273. She wondered how her friend could escape all this. 274. On these fields demons and skeleton-gods were sitting on their high horses causing the doom of everlasting damnation to full extends. 275. Most of the times these skeleton-gods were dressed in garments, causing the horrors of indian sorcery all over the place. 276. They were the ones who had teached all these indians here how to be soul-criminals.

277. Once Tara met the White Spider Queen, a sorceress who could let nipples grow on bodies in such a number that skeletons would come to suck all the blood, fluids and meat-juices out of the body by these nipples. 278. These nipples were called the nipples of death. 279. The Queen was a very feared woman of the hunting-fields. 280. Even many of the indians feared her. 281. Before Tara realized she was under the webs and fluids of giant-spiders. 282. The White Spider tried to put her spell on Tara, but she failed. 283. They had a fight of several months, which Tara finally won. 284. This was how she could finally escape the horror surrounding the Moving Walls of Tartarus. 285. She still didn't find an answer to the questions she had about the one she once loved.

286. Not many would believe her if she would tell about all the horrors she saw in the darker area of the Moving Walls of Tartarus. 287. But as she grew so much in Life and Death, she more and more developped the dark sides she encountered in the area of the Moving Walls in herself. 288. It was something she could not escape, for everything was growing darker around her, and she needed to survive and dominate her own skull. 289. She needed to possess herself instead of letting someone else possess her, but she more and more found out about the high price it had to protect herself like this. 290. And this attitude she didn't need only for a day, but for the rest of eternity. 291. She had to wage an Everlasting War against everything which was threatening and possessing her, or she

would lose herself forever. 292. In her eyes that was the only Love she could really bring up to herself, but it was enough for life.

293. Tara wanted to return to the White Spider Queen she once defeated. 294. She needed help from her. 295. The White Spider Queen had mixed feelings about Tara, but finally she accepted Tara's need for help, if only to be able to take revenge on Tara. 296. She initiated Tara deeply into her temples and her secret places, and most of all : she started to love her.

297. No one would expect the love which started to develop between the two. 298. They could learn a lot from each other, and by a greater horror, they could be much savor against the higher levels of horror coming against them both. 299. They had a shelter in each other. 300. Tara taught the White Spider Queen how to fight by her weapons, and the White Spider Queen did the same to Tara. 301. The White Spider Queen was still dignified in all her horrors, but Tara was rude and uncivilized like always. 302. She didn't have any manners or behaviour, while the White Spider Queen had so many etiquettes. 303. They used to hate each others attitude, but now they knew they had to combine them for their own survival, or they would both lose their souls in horror. 304. The horror was hunting and growing outside, and the White Spider Queen knew that her days were counted when she wouldn't integrate with Tara. 305. They were both parts of the same puzzle and the same weapon, necessary to win in the Everlasting War. 306. The White Spider Queen was always so gracious that Tara although she more and more desired this jewel, sometimes just wanted to cut her skull off to decorate her weapons with it. 307. But they knew they needed each other, and they developed an intimate and tender love-relationship.

308. The White Spider Queen developed Tara's lust for poetic utterances, and Tara developed the White Spider Queen's lust for stories. 309. One day the White Spider Queen showed Tara a White Spider Stone. 310. It was the stone of blood and lust. 311. By this stone spiders wove their threads. 312. These threads were nothing but slices of slain and damned blood of death. 313. It also developed the slimy airs of spiders necessary to breath in these higher levels of horror. 314. The stone was also called : Blood Slayer as well, especially when weapons were made of the stone. 315. In a hall the White Spider Queen showed the delicate weapons made of such stone, and these weapons were called the blood-slayers. 316. They could cause sudden death and damnation. 317. The weapons were not very tall, but compact. 318. Some of them were fourpointed blades, fivepointed blades, all sorts of strange dreadful spears and knives and some bows.

319. As for Tara : She had to find a way to forget about this all, as she found out about the forces of Love being nothing else but the forces driven by a repressed revengefull heart coming from the past. 320. These veils of the spider were nothing but tricks to hide the Evil of the Python Stone. 321. A stone she tried to get rid of in the end, but which pierced itself a way to her heart more and more. 322. She more and more found out about the unbearable price of such a python stone, and she couldn't escape from it. 323. She had become it's slave forever.

5.

Sharla the Head Hunter ; Worshippers of Strange gods

1. No one would expect Sharla the Head Hunter to return after she was chased away by Tara from Rhodes. 2. But it was only to prepare a harder attack. 3. She went to her kingdom of heads again, where she had the skulls of her enemies on stakes, and even those of the ones she ones loved. 4. She was the horror of the Mitstik River, a huge river-area on the south of Mars. 5. No one could really explain an encounter with Sharla the Head Hunter. 6. She took minds and souls away, to finally take their heads. 7. She was obsessed with heads. 8. She painted them, decorated them with feathers and jewelry, and people said she only grew wilder since the death of her father, the horrible Skeleton Eater. 9. Whenever he was hunting, he didn't care about the meat. 10. He only ate bones. 11. Sharla the Head Hunter's father was a huge skeleton himself, decorated by strange misleading ornaments. 12. Whenever people were looking at him, they lost so much of their lives. 13. He was a strange and dangerous man, even to his daughter. 14. It was like by his death Sharla broke so many chains of

herself, yes, she was the one who had killed him.

15. For years she stayed on her side in the West after she had been defeated by Tara from Rhodes, but after these years she returned to the Eastside of the river. 16. No one could really explain what happened, but she had become so much more powerful. 17. Some said she had eaten the soul of her father.

18. Tara from Rhodes stood before her cave washing herself by the lake. 19. Warriors of her tribe came to her, telling her that Sharla the Head Hunter had returned. 20. At that moment they heard shrieking. 21. It was Sharla the Head Hunter, coming towards them. 22. Like a monkey she jumped from tree to tree. 23. There was something around her neck, a snake. 24. Tara from Rhodes took her spear, and told the warriors of her tribe to go behind her. 25. But it was already too late. 26. Sharla the Head Hunter had pierced one of them by an arrow. 27. 'Run away !' Tara from Rhodes shouted to the others, but also another one was already pierced by an arrow. 28. Then Tara threw her spear but she missed. 29. Quickly she took an arrow from her quiver and shot it, but missed again. 30. How could she miss two times ? 31. What was going on ? 32. Then Sharla the Head Hunter stood before her raising her sword. 33. Tara took another spear and they had a fight. 34. Sharla the head Hunter smiled. 35. 'If I will kill you, I will kill your tribe after it, do you think that's okay ?' 36. Tara stung by her spear, but missed : 'No,' she shouted. 'I told you already to leave this place.'

37. 'So why ?' Sharla the Head Hunter asked ironically, 'don't you like to see heads all over the place ?'

38. 'Well,' Tara replied, 'most of the time I like to see heads on bodies, but in this case I like to see a headless body.' 39. Then she fiercely tried to hit Sharla's head with a knife. 40. But Sharla jumped aside and kicked Tara against her head. 41. 'Bull's Eye !' she shouted. 42. Then Sharla's snake jumped on Tara and tried to strangle her. 43. 'Have fun together,' Sharla said ironically, 'I will return when dinner's ready.' 44. And then she left the place. 45. Tara had a hard time overcoming the snake. 46. The snake had a tighter grip than the usual snakes, and she tried to smash his head with a hard object in her surroundings. 47. But the snake moved all over, and also coiled itself around her legs. 48. Tara got troubles in breathing, and the snake was very slimy.

49. Suddenly she heard singing. 50. Someone was washing herself in the lake. 51. It was Sharla the Head Hunter. 52. 'This place will be mine in short time !' she shouted. 53. Suddenly Tara could throw the snake off of her. 54. She threw the snake into the lake, and continued her fight against Sharla the Head Hunter. 55. 'Oh, come on then,' Sharla shouted, 'I will eat you like a shark.' 56. Tara jumped on Sharla the Head Hunter and pushed her further into the lake. 57. Crocodiles from all sides came after Sharla the Head Hunter and she had to fight for her life. 58. But her snake swam towards the crocodiles and took them in a tight grip, while they were slowly dying without having any breath.

59. These were the days of Sharla the Headhunter. 60. She had many fights against Tara from Rhodes, for she wanted to have her skull and those of her tribe. 61. But one day tragedy struck Sharla the Headhunter, for her snake thought it would be time to add Sharla's head to the collection of heads in the Westside of the river. 62. The snake also thought it would be time to swallow Sharla's soul. 63. No one knew how such a deep friendship could turn over in such a hate, causing Sharla's death. 64. As the warriors of Tara's tribe were in ecstasy about Sharla's fatal friendship with the snake, and as they were feasting the whole night, they didn't know about a greater threat which was awakening, the very snake of Sharla the Head Hunter itself, with the captured soul of Sharla in its erected pride. 65. The snake had only grown stronger, and taller by eating the meat and soul of its best friend. 66. Now the snake had become the Head-collector, but it also collected souls.

67. The warriors of Tara's tribe didn't know about the danger moving slow towards their wigwams. 68. While they were still feasting the snake slid into the first wigwam, taking some children away. 69. Soon they discovered about the sudden disappearance of the children, and their feasting started to turn into mournings. 70. The snake took the children across the river, and taught them

how to hunt for heads. 71. The snake also taught them in the way they developed a rage against their own tribe. 72. When the children had grown up they formed their own tribe preparing so much vengeance to attack their original tribe one day. 73. The children didn't only worship the snake, but they also worshipped Sharla the Head Hunter. 74. They brought sacrifices to her everyday, a great part of the prey. 75. Tara had searched for the children for a long time, but now she was about to cross the river to search in Sharla's territory. 76. Somewhere in a different part of the river the children's tribe was moving towards Tara's tribe. 77. They only wanted to have one thing : heads.

78. The children who had grown older now had become skilled warriors. 79. They wanted to cause the fall of their original tribe, as they were bitten in their childhood by the snake. 80. He bit them in their skull where he placed a shiny yellow amulet to dominate them. Now they were in its evil hands, enslaved by the tormented soul of Sharla the Hunter. 81. All they could do was giving expression of her rage and hate. 82. These evil children started to slaughter the children of their own original tribe. And when Tara returned to the tribe she was already too late. 83. She couldn't find the children behind the river but she found a shiny yellow amulet like a tall cube. She found it in the temple of the snake, while some puppets of clay were sitting in front of it. She knew enough. That was the sign of domination. 84. Now she finally had found the children it was already too late. She stood on the hill watching that what had happened, raised the shiny yellow amulet and spoke loud : 'I think I already know what is going on here.' 85. The children turned around and when they saw the amulet it was like they were losing all their strength. Tara knew she had to be very careful now, for she couldn't underestimate the works of the snake. But the fact she had the amulet in her hands now gave her much power over the children. 86. The amulet wasn't in the hidden temple of the snake anymore. Tara knew where this temple was, for it used to be Sharla's temple. And in a sense it still was. 87. Suddenly some of the children started to have much pain in the back of their heads. They grasped their heads with their hands, and slowly Tara walked towards the children. 88. They wouldn't have any chance against her, for no one could be really successful against Tara from Rhodes. She was still the Warrior Princess of the primeval, like the black snake. 89. And none of these kids would even think about attacking her. Tara took her knife and started to cut the shiny yellow amulets out of their skulls, as she knew what was going on. She could feel the mighty vibration of the amulet. After awhile she had many pieces of it in her hands, while the children weren't themselves anymore. 90. It was like they were awakening out of a long long dream. Some started to cry, while others stared like frozen to the ground. The snake had done this job when the children were too young to realize what was going on, and he did it while they slept. Tara tried to explain them what was going on, and she did this with all the love she had. Since the children had invaded the tribe the survivors fled away. 91. No one could begin anything against such powers. They had the strength like wild animals. Now one knew that they had been gifted by the snake of Sharla the Head Hunter and her very soul. But now Sharla had been overcome and defeated again. 92. The only thing was : Where was the snake ?

93. Tara knew they were in danger now, for the warriors of the tribe could return to see what had happened. They were on a hunt today, while the women and children were in the camp alone. What would they do when they would find out that so many children had been slain today ? 94. A dark feeling had entered Tara, something which was telling her that something was going on. She suddenly thought about the snake. What if he had already possessed the minds of the warriors ? She had to do something with the amulet now. But she didn't know what. She laid the pieces in a circle and started to think. Now the amulet was hers, and she wanted to spare the warriors in their feelings. 95. She knew where they were hunting today, and she hoped that they would stay the night there. So she went there, and fortunately when she came there it was already night and they were all sleeping. She had cut the amulets into many pieces, and by the amulet she wanted to lure them away from the danger. She knew that the snake had bound their hearts and minds by the attack, and she knew that if they would find out about their children, the snake would use them to destroy even more of the tribe. 96. Tara knew the sorceries of the snake, and the danger of Sharla's soul. They wouldn't rest before they had torn the whole tribe apart to devour it. The snake was a possessor of

minds, and Tara exactly knew which steps the snake could take to prepare the possession. The snake had almost reached its goal with the warriors of her tribe. Slowly Tara crept to the weapons of the warriors of her tribe, while they were sleeping. In all the weapons she tried to put small pieces of the amulet. She succeeded.

97. Now the only thing she had to do was taking the children away across the river. They couldn't be in their original tribe anymore. She also had to find the ones who had escaped since the children invaded the tribe. But when she had reached the tribe the snake was there. It would be a horrible fight. All her rage she concentrated on the snake, while she took her sword and entered the arena.

98. The snake had grown so much bigger now since the last time she had a fight with it. She wondered where the children were. Maybe they had already been gone to their tribe behind the river. Tara was in rage. 'I want my amulet back,' the snake roared. 'No !' Tara screamed, 'you will not get it, for your games are over.'

99. 'You do not know with which powers you are playing, girl !' the snake roared, while its tail slammed her in her face. 'By this amulet I will bring Sharla's soul into the minds of the tribe,' the snake spoke loud. 'But the amulet doesn't belong to Sharla's soul anymore,' Tara spoke, while she pierced her sword into the tail of the snake. 'It's her bones, it's made of her skeleton,' the snake spoke in strange delight.

100. 'But now I possess it !' Tara shouted, 'Now I am the master of my tribe, as I am its guard.'

101. 'But the soul of Sharla needs to come alive again, or she will devour the tribe totally, to swipe its souls away from Mars. She will gather her bones by herself, and then come alive again,' the snake roared. And then something strange happened. The amulet started to shriek, and in the distance the warriors of Tara's tribe were coming home. They were in panic, and some were hysterical. 'Our weapons are moving and shrieking !' they shouted. 'It's the amulet,' the snake roared. 'It is time Sharla the Head Hunter is coming alive again.' Then the warriors fell on the ground and worshipped the snake while the snake was coiling around their weapons. 102. Tara knew she was losing the grip on her tribe, and she knew that the only place she could gather her powers again to break this sort of witchcraft was the realm of Sharla the Head Hunter across the river. She now had to make that kingdom hers, or she would be enslaved by its powers herself.

103. But when she came across the river the children's tribe had possessed the whole area and had become evil again. They even didn't remember Tara. They didn't recognize her. She hoped the children didn't know about the hidden temple of the snake, so she went there, but they also possessed that temple. The kingdom of heads was against her. The children had strange weapons made of shiny yellow bone. It looked much like the amulets, and maybe it was the same : the bones of Sharla the Head Hunter. All the children were saying she would come alive tonight to gather her bones. Tara started to scream : 'No ! You have been possessed again !' But the children were shaking their heads. They only wanted to have one thing now : The head of Tara from Rhodes.

104. All of a sudden she got terrible headaches like ringing bells in her head. She grasped her head, but the pain only got worse. It was like a million wasps were stinging her brains, and her body got overheated. She almost fell to the ground, but she could catch herself on her knees, took her knife and cut into her skull where the pain was coming from. Soon she took a piece of the shiny yellow bone out of her head. She screamed and shrieked while she was raising it high. How could that happen to her ? How could such a piece be in her head ? Was it done by the snake ? And when ? Suddenly she heard screaming. The children were grasping themselves and each other. Some of them had pain in their legs or arms. Soon Tara had cut more pieces of the shiny yellow bones out of them. They knew Sharla would also look for these pieces.

105. Tara wanted to know about the secret of the shiny yellow bones of Sharla the Headhunter. She decided to search in the temple of the snake. A lot of strange altars were here, and strange stakes with totems. A lot of skulls were here. They were carrying strange smells, and were often painted and some had feathers. In the bigger skulls pythons and other big snakes were living. In another

room of the temple there were also skulls, but most of them were very small. These could be the skulls of small children or monkeys. In a bigger one a hairy spider lived. The room was full of spiderwebs and behind the room there was also a small room with a low ceiling. Suddenly a piercing voice shouted : 'Tara from Rhodes ! Your friend Sharla has returned.' A huge skeleton of yellow shiny bones was standing in the opening of the small room. The snake was around it's neck. 106. 'Yes, I am Sharla the Head Hunter, but I only need some skin, and I thought, maybe I can use yours,' the skeleton spoke. 'No way !' Tara said loud. 'I will break any bone of you to let it become my second skin. I feel so naked, I need a dress.' Suddenly fourpointed blade crashed the skeleton from behind. It was one of the children. But soon the bones were gathered again by a strange power. 'Go away, kid !' Tara shouted, 'There's witchcraft going on here, you better protect you soul !'

107. Tara knew she had to find out about this secret or it would enslave her forever. 'By the force of Soms !' she shouted, 'tell me your secret.' Suddenly a wind from behind crashed the skeleton again and a huge skeleton stood in the dooropening, breaking the bones with it's teeth. Then after that he started to eat and absorb the bonemass. 'I have finally come to life again,' the skeleton roared. 'Who are you ?' Tara asked with a loud commanding voice. 'I am the Skeleton Eater, her father. She had killed me and captured my soul for such a long time in the form of a snake. But now I have come to take revenge.' The snake was sliding and coiling throughout his bones. 'But what did your soul do to my tribe ?' Tara shouted loud, 'This snake has killed and possessed so much of us.'

108. 'I was possessed too, by the meat and the soul of Sharla I once absorbed, but before that I was her slave, after she killed me and brought my soul alive again in the form of a snake. To eat her meat and soul was the first step in delivering myself from her,' the Skeleton Eater spoke. 'Now by eating her bones I hope I will break the possession.' Tara wanted to leave the temple now, but he was blocking her. 'Now all I want is your head !' the Skeleton Eater spoke loud. But the kid with the fourpointed blade had returned and crumbled the Skeleton Eater with it. 'Oh, my magical powers will gather my bones again,' the Skeleton Eater roared. 'I told you to go away !' Tara shouted loud. 'These kids won't listen.' The Skeleton Eater stood up, and said : 'I will eat and devour your bones, and I will use your meat and brains as windowdecoration.' The kid was running away again, but the Skeleton Eater ran after it. 109. The snake slided out of the body and attacked Tara. 'Come Tara !' the child shouted. 'I need to show you something.' Tara kicked the snake aside and ran outside. The child showed a shrine to Tara. 'Here we used to worship the Skeleton Eater,' the kid said. The Skeleton Eater had disappeared. But soon Tara found out he was devouring the bones of the children, leaving their meat behind. 'Why do you worship such a god !' Tara shouted. Then the kid asked : 'Which god do you worship then ?'

110. 'That's none of your business, but try Soms,' Tara replied harshly.

111. Now she had directed someone to Soms she had to leave the place and the whole domain of where she was born, the area of the Mitstik River. She gave this district over in the hands of Soms, for she didn't know it anymore. It was like she was chained by the tight chains of her youth. She wanted to forget about it all to start a new life. So she moved even more to the south, to the area of the legendary Mokotte Fields on Mars. This was even further in the south than the valleys and gardens where her original tribe had to work for the killer-king Gitdugal in earlier times. She had to travel a few weeks to come close to the Mokotte Fields. Here she would start a new life. She had become very tired of the riddles of the realm of Sharla the Head Hunter. She wanted to escape it's grip forever. In the valleys of the Mokotte Fields there would live a lot of sorcerors who could help her further. She had to go there, for an invisible force she didn't know of was taking her breath away and slowly strengling her.

112. In front of the Cave of Viviktus, the Wild Sorceror, there was a lair of a giantspider. The giantspider was very hairy and even had feathers. Tara wanted to go to him for help, but not much did she know about the horror of that place. No one could enter the Cave of Viviktus than the ones who could dominate it in wrestling. As she was very tired it became a long fight. The giantspider was about to strengle her. It was like this animal was taking her last piece of breath. But after

awhile Viviktus the Wild Sorceror came outwards. 'I think I will have mercy on you this time, lady. You seem to have traveled a great deal. Come inside for some warm drinks,' he said. Tara stood up, while the giantspider left her alone. Inside there were halfnaked warriors sitting at bars. Most of them were looking at her. 'Oh, I want to fight against her one time,' one was shouting. Most of them were barefooted, but some of them had very strange boots or shoes. 113. They looked like killerboots. Viviktus, the Wild Sorceror, was leading her along the bars, and soon they were in the arena's. All sorts of wild animals had to fight against the different warriors. Some of these animals she had never seen before. They were monstrous Martian animals. Behind the arena's there were some arena pools. Viviktus told her that if she would defeat all these warriors and animals, he would help her.

114. Nights of fights followed in which she slayed the greatest warriors. Sometimes she had to fight three or four of them at the same time, and sometimes even a whole group. They called her Tara the Slayer. By the grace of Viviktus not all these warriors would die by her hands or weapons, but she defeated them all. 'There's dread on you,' Viviktus said. 'They fear you like nothing else. I must say I applaud your strength and persistence. You are cleansing your soul from witchcraft here for a great deal.' Then Tara took Viviktus tight by his throat and said : 'You Martial bunch of shatters, you promised me to help me !'

115. 'What I tell you is the truth,' Viviktus continued, 'but I will also give you help by myself. That I did promise and I will do, as I am an honest man.'

116. 'Some souls have reached a certain immortality, and will return on and on, after they have been killed. They have drunk from the sources of eternal death and birth, and they have a great immunity. Now these so-called immortals prey on mortals. And if they have fixed their mind on you, they can eat you all the way to your inner city, where they can and they will finally enslave you,' Viviktus said, 'It is finally by this eternal slavery you will find the well of eternal liberty, the freedom of the mind.'

117. 'What are you trying to tell me, sorceror, are you predicting me something ?' Tara blasted. But then she got very silent. After awhile she said : 'So you will tell me that Sharla the Head Hunter will return again to me to finally enslave me ? How ?' The sorceror nodded. 'I think you are very wise, my girl, and I think you will deal with this as you continue your path. You will find out that my words to you were true.'

118. And as the sorceror predicted Sharla the Head Hunter came to stalk her again, and this time she slayed Tara and took her soul to the realms of Lakshor, where she became an enslaved Gladiator.

Ship of Fire

119. After Sharla the Head Hunter took Tara's skull, Tara's soul found a fierce fire-ship in the deathrealms of Mars. She knew Sharla still wasn't done with her, and she would hunt for her soul, but on this ship she would have the chance to escape from Mars, as it became more and more a horror to her. On the Martian River of Death she was on the ship, but gladiators kidnapped her. These were the times she felt very weak. But as soon as they heard of Sharla the Head Hunter they became friends with Tara. They had to fight Sharla together. 120. It was a warrior-boat, the one where she was now. The ones of this boat were escaped gladiators and now they were waging war against the tribes along the Martian River of Death to make prisoners for their gods. They first wanted to sacrifice Tara also, but since they had an encounter with Sharla the Head Hunter they knew they could better not touch Tara. She might help them against Sharla's attacks. 121. What they didn't know was that Sharla attacked them because of Tara. If they would find out that Tara was the cause of this all, they would have sacrificed her for sure. They were cannibals of the highest grade on the Martian River of Death, since the gods taught them how to survive on these horrible rivers. Tara tried to escape from them many times, but all these attempts finally failed. It was like they were watching any move of her.

122. They didn't have much jewelry, but what they had was very precious. They had some python

stones, and by that they could capture the minds and the souls of their prey. It also prevented them against any soul-enslavers. Most of the time these stones were planted in their weapons.

123. The friendship between Tara and them didn't last long, for once in the night Sharla the Head Hunter came to the boat. She killed the gladiators, took their heads, and captured Tara's soul. Sharla took Tara to the arena's of Lakshor where she sold Tara as a gladiator. When she could finally escape from Lakshor she returned to Mars again in search for the warrior-skulls of her friends who got beheaded by Sharla the Head Hunter. She would do anything to bring her friends back to life again. She also knew that their souls had been captured in their skulls, and that Sharla would have those skulls in her collection. So she returned to the area of the river of Mitstik, in search for Sharla the Head Hunter. Tara had now grown so much in skills, in wisdom and in so many other things. She was now ready to finish Sharla the Head Hunter forever to set her friends free.

124. But when she came there, it wasn't what she had expected. Although she easily found the skulls and used an oracle to talk to them, her friends didn't remember her, and didn't want to have anything to do with her. First she was in great grief because of the answers, but later she knew she first had to defeat Sharla the Head Hunter, because she seemed to dominate their mind and memory. But Sharla was nowhere to be found. Her realms were lonely and wild, almost depressed. Later she asked the oracle where Sharla was. The oracle answered that on the westside of Sharla's realms there was a new city. She would be there to raise it and rule it. The name of the city was : Eliphant City. Eliphant City would be the darkest city of Mars, a breeding place of sorcerors, witches, necromancers, thieves, assassins, soul-hunters and a lot more. Tara had the feeling she would go to the circus. Here Miss Sharla the Head Hunter would have her place now. Or would she be even Mrs. now ? Tara had so many cynical thoughts about Sharla in her head. It irritated her the way Sharla was. Oh how she would like to smash her skull into shatters to hang her brains in the trees.

125. In Eliphant City there were circuses and even fairgrounds indeed. But also lots of arena's. The City had a great deal of slaves, and there were enough slave-hunters operating from this side. The city also had a great deal of story-tellers and artists. Often they were wanderers coming to sell their art. In many cases they were thieves as well. Hermund Grottenweiler was a man having the most beautiful women in cages. Here they had to dance, sing and strip, but they were never allowed to come out of their cages. They lived in these cages like animals and slaves. No one was allowed to enter their cages. It was a big deal. Hermund Grottenweiler was one of the richest men of the city. He was a drinker of beer, and often he went to prostitutes to have some fun. He was also a gambler, and a lot of people said he was a thief. 126. Men used to throw a lot of money through the bars to let the women do whatever they wanted them to do, although they could never be touched. Tara was watching some of their shows. Sometimes there were more women in one cage, and often it was nothing but brute fights. Tara knew that if she wanted to conquer Sharla the Head Hunter, some of these women could be of good use.

127. 'How much do these women cost ?' Tara asked Hermund Grottenweiler.

128. 'They aren't for sale,' the man said gruff. 'but I can pay you a lot if you want to work here.' Tara took the man by his throat and said : 'You mean bastard, I give you twelve-thousand tanarings for two of them.'

129. 'Twelve-thousand tanarings for two women ? Are you crazy ? You could buy my whole business with that, but okay, I give you two women by choice,' said the man slowly. Twelve-thousand tanarings was a lot of Martian money. If you had a hundred tanarings you were already rich. 'I'll pay you later, bastard,' Tara said, but the man wanted the money now. Then someone else whispered something into the ears of the man, and after awhile the man said : 'Okay, you will pay me later, choose your two women.' So Tara took the best warriors, explained them what they had to do, and then they went on in search for Sharla the Head Hunter.

130. One of the women was called Lirsja, and the other Spirtja. They were both sisters or more accurate : half-sisters. Tara loved them from the first moment. They were tender, but at the same

time they were bloody passionate warriors. They told Tara that they had been gladiators since childhood. It made one part of them very sensitive and another part of them numb and harsh. They had also been prostitutes for awhile, until Hermund Grottenweiler bought them. They told Tara that they had always been slaves, one or the other way. Their parents sold them to a slave-caravan when they were only three years old. This was because they lived in such a poverty. Their parents thought that when they would become slaves at least someone was taking care of them. And since they were eighteen that person was Hermund Grottenweiler. Tara didn't say anything. They were on a way to a pub, where Sharla the Head Hunter would be, according to some. 131. It was the Great Python Pub. It was already late. Tara opened the door and looked around. The pub was full of half-naked gladiators. Most of them were women, and Sharla the Head Hunter was there also. Tara took her knife and shouted : 'Sharla the Head Hunter, friends always return. How's life, bitch ? What have you done to the gladiator-skulls of the Martian River of Death ?'

132. Sharla started smiling. 'What are you talking about, dear ? I have done so many things to so many skulls, so what is the deal ?' Also other women were smiling. Tara stepped on a table and smashed a hanging lamp in pieces. 'Now listen you foolish pighead, we are not here to play any games tonight. Game's over, my friend. I'm here to smear your name on the wall like wallpaper. You will not even know your name anymore,' Tara shouted.

133. 'Oh,' Sharla said, 'but who are you anyway ? I do not remember your face.'

134. 'I am Tara the Slayer of Tartarus, Tara from Rhodes. I am the black snake,' Tara shouted in full pride. 'Everyone knows me.' People started to laugh and Sharla said with a tight face : 'It doesn't say anything to me. Maybe our encounter wasn't impressive enough.' Then Tara jumped to the table where Sharla the Headhunter was, and kicked her in her face. Some women at the bar slowly slid with their hands to their knives. 'I have risen from the dead to come in vengeance because of all what you ...' but further she couldn't come. 135. Someone had put a knife into her spine. Tara fell to the ground, while her two women came into action. They took some chairs and started to use them as rods. One of them took a leg-knife and threw it into the heart of Sharla. 136. 'Sorry, I do not know you,' she whispered soft in Sharla's face, 'but it seemed you made a big mess here.' The other woman took the knife out of Tara's back, but Tara felt very sick. Some other woman tried to further protect Tara. Then Sharla stood up like a dead body. 137. 'What a pity now,' she said, while she looked at the woman who had thrown the knife into her heart. 'I do not have a heart.' And then she started to laugh hysterically. Some men had entered the pub. They had sunglasses on, and they started to talk with the barkeeper. Sharla soon directed herself to them. 138. 'Listo and Carshan, you come at the right moment.' The two man took their guns and began to shoot some women. Tara rolled herself under a table, and prayed for strength. 139. She almost never prayed, but this time she had to. She prayed to Soms. The other two women of her had also dived under a table, while Sharla walked towards the door. 'Don't let them escape,' she said, and then she left. It was a horrible fight against Listo and Carshan and some other women. 140. But soon from the arena behind the pub women were coming to help Tara and her women. One of the women took the two men by the throat and threw them through the window.

141. Later Tara and her two women wanted to leave the pub to search for Sharla again. But the barkeeper took his gun and said : 'You aren't going anywhere.'

142. What then happened Tara couldn't recall, but she woke up in the fields of Tartarus, while her back was pierced on a stake. Her feet were tied to the stake, and her hands were tied behind her back. 143. She was surrounded by huge skeletongods with wolfskulls, all dressed in black garments. 144. One or two of them were in shiny purple, but still dark. They had voices like speaking mud, and one of them ripped her skin open to take her heart out of her chest. 145. Tara was screaming and shrieking. 'No one will ever defeat me,' she suddenly shouted calm. 146. But one of the skeletongods took an axe and cut her head off. The head rolled into a valley and doom came all over the place. Sharla was walking towards them 'Wow,' she said, 'now that was wonderful.'

147. Tara was now nothing but a ghost, so full of rage that she enslaved many souls. She wanted to

live for vengeance the rest of eternity. Tara descended into so many unknown realms of Tartarus. 148. Here she would find out about the secrets of Sharla the Head Hunter. Tara would become a horror greater than she ever was, to survive this greater horror. 149. By the unknown squeezers of Tartarus she would have a bit more density, but what if she would only encounter more and deeper shatterers ?

150. But the only thing Tara encountered in the depths of Tartarus was a machine with so many bloody heads from the decapitated ones. This machine had been called the Machine of Democracy for such a long time. The bloody heads would keep all the souls of Mars possessed. Inside it was a strange arena where the ghosts of all these souls were gladiators. The strange arena brought forth the fluids of Everlasting Damnation. Tara was drinking from this well without hesitation. The fluids were frothing like beer, and Tara didn't want anything else than to drown in it. But suddenly strange creatures were jumping on her head sucking her brains. They looked a little bit like octopi and spiders, but actually these were the heads of decapitated pythons. They were called the brain-slayers. Tara had come into the extasy of slaughter, took a word from the machine and started to slay the heads in a bloodbath. 151. So much strength was coming over her from unknown sources. The heads didn't have skulls, only brains. Also the heads of the strange machine didn't have any skulls inside. They looked like strange rubber or plastic masks. Some jumped on Tara's head, trying to mask her to devour her brains and abundant slaughter. Suddenly she was in a shock, after she had slaughtered many of them. She had also seen the heads of her gladiator-friends who were beheaded by Sharla the Head Hunter, and whose skulls she found when she returned to Sharla's realms. What had become of them here ? Their skull-less heads were now puppets of this strange machine. 152. Suddenly the machine started to spin like crazy. The heads started to discuss and argue like crazy. 'Now shut up !' Tara shouted. She went inside the machine again to see if the ghosts of her friends were in there. Several ghosts came towards her. These were the ghosts of her friends, and now they were very understanding. 153. 'Yes, Tara, we have been imprisoned by this strange arena-machine again,' she said to her. So this was the machine they had escaped from before they went to the Martian River of Dead where they encountered Tara. 'How can I help you ?' Tara asked.

154. 'We cannot escape Tara,' the warriors said. 'We escaped only to finally sink deeper in this machine. This is our fate.'

155. 'No !' Tara shouted rude. 'I will fight this machine, and free your souls from it.' The warriors sighed. 'Tara,' one of them said very tenderly, 'the more you fight this machine, the more it will swallow you. We invite you to come with us. Come with us, you won't regret it.'

156. 'Oh, you lost your head,' she said to the ghost. 'There's nothing I can do for you. I will leave.'

157. But the ghost took her in his arms and said : 'You cannot leave. No one leaves this place. You can only leave to finally realize you have sunk deeper in it.' 158. She felt the sweetness and softness of the ghost entering her soul. It was like they were seducing her to stay with them in this doom. 'I don't want to lose myself !' Tara shouted.

159. 'You will only find yourself, ... finding yourself back ...' the ghost said, while he showed her his tragic face. 'There's Everlasting War here, and that is our fate.' Tara tried to shake the ghost away from her, but the more she did that the more she felt he was coming over her. 160. It was like he was slaying her brains. Suddenly, and she didn't know where it came from, she had the strength to push him away. 161. 'I will slay Sharla the Head Hunter,' she said with a tight face, 'and then I will return to this place.'

162. Tara climbed her way up to where she came from, in search for Sharla the Head Hunter. The blood was rushing through all of her veins all of a sudden. 163. But the heads from the Machine of Democracy seemed to follow her in a distance. She had now seen the secret of Sharla the Head Hunter. It was a strange fairground of heads, keeping all the politics in the upper worlds of Mars possessed and by that the politics of so many other planets. But it was lawless politics, a strange arena called Democracy letting the Everlasting Blood of Damnation flow, frothing through so many

souls.

164. But more and more heads from this strange machine from the depths of Mars were surrounding Tara, and she started to lose strength. She remembered the words of the ghosts, and suddenly she totally lost it. The heads seemed to come out of nowhere, and it didn't stop. 'Be ready for the masses of democracy,' one ghost had told her. It was like this arena was giving birth to so many children all beheaded. Tara heard their shrieks in her mind, slaying her mind. It was rushing through her veins. She had mixed feelings inside indeed, like Everlasting War inside, like Everlasting Democracy. 165. She fought, but she remembered : She was fighting herself. All these heads were hers, like her split identities. It was a Psychiatrist deep inside her mind, such a crazy one, but also nothing but a puppet from this strange fairground of Mars, coming forth from the depths of Tartarus, only to sink in it deeper. Tara had lost so many of her good thoughts, and now she was delivered into the hands of this undescrivable being. She had been torn apart by it, but she still wanted to kill Sharla the Head Hunter. But where would it bring her ? It seemed to be a stupid idea, the more she thought about it, meaning nothing, absolutely nothing in the progress of the universe.

166. As all these puppets were slaves of Sharla the Head Hunter, Sharla was also their slave, and Tara also. Who was really the king, and who was really the slave, when all these masks would be torn off ?

167. She was just imprisoned by this crazy fairground called Democracy. 168. She had to fight her mirrors, for her mirrors were fighting her, showing up often masked ...

169. What if Sharla the Head Hunter was just one of her mirrors. She couldn't stand the thought. She would want to slay that mirror, but even more : to enslave it. For there was no such thing as Death. It was only a strange mirror on a strange fairground of Mars, opening the door to so many other mirrors. One day Tara got the shock of her life. She saw her own head hanging between all the other heads of doom. That meant that she had already been a part of this machine, but for how long already ? And this probably meant that also her own ghosts had to be somewhere in the arena inside the machine. So she went inside again, and asked the other ghosts about it. 'I want to show you something,' one of them said. It was one of her warrior-friends she had encountered on the Martian River of Death. The ghost asked her to come with him to a room behind the arena. He opened a cupboard there, where she saw ten to twenty of her own ghosts hanging there at a rope. They were like fleeces. Tara was shocked. 'How do I bring them alive ?' she asked.

170. 'Just by accepting it all,' the ghost said tenderly. It was like Tara was melting inside. She just wanted to let it come over her. A bell was ringing. The fights and wars between the ghosts started again. Tara had to fight against a friend of her. 'Tara, you must accept Democracy,' the ghost said. 'It is the Lawless. It is the Head Hunter and the Head Brooder.' Snakes got born here, as the children of the gladiators. But these children had no bodies ... only heads.

171. Tara knew that these heads would tear her mind apart again and again. They were brain-slayers, and it would lead her deeper into this strange abyss.

The Deception

172. 'Blood you deserve, blood to stream out of your body and die !' Someone shouted on a slave-market of Elephant City. Tara had returned to this city, but she was wandering there a bit aimless. She didn't want to watch how this yelling would turn into another bloody fight. Oh yes, she loved fighting, more than anyone else, but sometimes she had hard times in watching it. As she walked further over the market, she saw a young slave getting beaten up by his master. Tara didn't think a second and slaughtered the slave-master to set the boy free. Sometimes she just had such strange impulses. Where they were coming from, she didn't know. She entered a pub. The barkeeper was doing some dishes and brought a beer to her in grace. 'You look thirsty, lady,' the barkeeper said. Tara drank the cup empty within seconds. Then she stood up and walked to the girl-room of the pub. Here some slave-girls worked as whores. A tall young lady with star-earrings stood in the door-opening. 'Anyone heard of Sharla the Headhunter ?' The girl shook her head. Tara saw a

newspaper and took it in her hands. Her feet were sweating because of the heat in the pub. It was a hot day in Eliphant City. 173. In the newspaper there were many stories about heads and headhunters. The last page of the magazine had some news. There was a picture of a wild-bearded head of a savaged man called Ijupitor who had been beheaded. If someone wanted to use the skull-less head for black magic he would have to call a certain number. Tara's feet started to sweat even more. There were also some smaller pictures of bison-heads, and finally a small note about Sharla the Head Hunter. But almost everything of the note had been torn away. Like someone wanted to keep the information. 'Now, don't mess with me again, girl,' Tara said to the girl, 'Have you heard of Sharla the Headhunter, yes or no ?'

174. The girl said yes softly, and asked Tara to come with her. They went on a stairs and came into a dark room. The room was a bit colder, and there was also a lion caged there. 'Do you work in circus ?' Tara asked. 'Yes, also,' the girl said. Suddenly Sharla the Head Hunter stood in the door-opening. 'I will not waste my time killing you,' Tara said. 'But I will enslave you in this bottle,' and then she grasped an empty bottle from the table. 'I swear by Soms you will vanish now into this bottle,' Tara shouted. Sharla didn't move, but then she fell forward. A man in a bear-suit was standing behind her, having a strange small machine in his hand like a calculator. Also on Sharla's back there was a strange small instrument. The man took off his bear-mask, and fell in worship before the feet of Tara. 'Oh Tara,' he said, 'I have heard so much about you. I am obsessed with you. I made a Sharla puppet to let her have a double. I also want to make one of you. 175. I work in circus you see,' the man said. He talked a bit confused and Tara kicked him hard in his face. 'Do you really think I have time for this nonsense ?' Tara said unfriendly. But Tara now knew she had to be careful, for maybe the Sharla she met in the other pub was just a double also, made to distract her. Was that the reason why she finally ended in Tartarus that way ? She should have known better, for necromancers often used doubles to deceive and enslave their victims very subtle. Some necromancers had built thousands and thousands of doubles, and then they masked them so that they could build whole cities. Would Eliphant City just be a trap to let Tara suffer in Tartarus ? And maybe there were even more victims. It all started since Tara was looking for her friends in the realms of Sharla. Here she found their skulls and an oracle. The oracle had directed her to the Eliphant City.

176. Tara returned to Sharla's realm where the oracle was still speaking. Still the skulls of her friends were there, and the oracle had grown so big now. It had fiery flames, and it was like a well of fire now. How could she trust such an oracle anyway. And how could she further know if something was a double or the original. Suddenly she heard strange marching in the distance. When the sound came closer it was like a strange song. It was a ghost-army full of the doubles of Sharla the Head Hunter. Slaying or even believing such a double could already be very dangerous.

177. Tara knew that to be immune against an army of doubles you needed to produce your own doubles, so that she could multiply herself. She was kneeling down before the skulls of her friends and she started to brood them. Suddenly they stood before her. The army of Sharla's doubles had to vanish slowly. They were awakening the giants of Tartarus.

178. They set so many worlds in fire, and she could forget and remember so many things. It was like she was made for this, but her demons always said to her : she created herself.

179. If she could she would turn everything into doom. She wanted to create a total new world. And if that was her fate : She wanted to do it in Tartarus. She was the vulcano, letting the dogs of Tartarus out. She was of Tartarus, Tara of Tartarus.

180. And as she was writing in the scrolls of Mars : She slid deeper, descending with her ghosts into the mists of Tartarus, into its ravines.

6.

1. They were feared in the whole area of Wirdum Desert. They would sell the boy to a slave-caravan, but first they would do surgery on him. As the boy had been tied to a stake they started to cut him with knives. In his body they were looking for something ... parrot gems ...
 2. When they had found the parrot gems they ripped his further skin off. After the boy stood skinless in the hot sun for hours insects came to eat from his meat. The boy died in horrible circumstances, but when they returned they called his tormented soul back from death. This was how they always used to zombificate their prisoners. Now this zombie had been ripe for slavery. In the distance a slave-caravan was coming. They had smelled some blood Not much later the dirty deal would start.
 3. Tara from Rhodes had wandered through the Wirdum Desert for days. She had found a lake near a small forest. Through the soil she saw something shiny in the distance. As she moved closer she took notice of the fact that these were parrot gems. But what did all these bastards do around it ? She took her sword and started to slay them all in a terrible bloodbath. Tara the Terrible had come. After the slaughter she took the gems and moved forwards.
- Tara knew everything about these parrot gems ... Actually they weren't from parrots ... Everyone on Mars would have more or less parrot gems in their bodies. When they would be taken away they were in the danger to become zombificated, which meant they could be risen from the death to be enslaved in their bodies for the rest of their lives. These were called : The zombies of Wirdum Desert.
4. Ammelgamma was a dealer in parrot gems. He had a shop somewhere on the westside of Wirdum Desert. Tara would go to him. Tara didn't care for parrot gems, but when she found some, she would bring them to Ammelgamma. Ammelgamma was a prophet, a collector of parrot gems. He didn't use any surgeries to zombificate his victims. He only used words. And he had a lot of success in it, for he had one of the greatest slave-caravans of Wirdum Desert. He used to travel a lot with his mass of necktied zombie-slaves. To see such a slave-caravan moving through the desert was always impressive. Ammelgamma used to prophesy and soon his whole audience had been enslaved by his words ... a strange fire, zombificating them to be in his army of everlasting damnation. They didn't fight, they only used ... words ...
 5. When Tara entered Ammelgamma's shop he was just counting his money behind the cash-desk. Tara laid the parrot gems in the desk and slammed with her fist on the desk, trying to get his attention. Ammelgamma looked up, but then he started to count his money again. 'Sorry, lady,' he spoke indifferently with a sore throat, 'I am busy now, can you return another time ?' But Tara jumped over the desk, took him by his throat and pushed him hard against the wall, while she had raised him in the air : 'Listen you barbarian bastard, I do not travel for days to come here for nothing. We know each other, don't you ? You know where I am coming for.' Tara had the desire to throw him through the window and then to eat his brains, but she could control herself this time. The man nodded and said : 'Yes, Tara, I know where you come from, and where you are coming for, so come with me, and I will show you what I can give you for these parrot-gems.' Then they moved upstairs.
 6. She was now probably the richest woman on Mars, although she didn't care about the money, the tanarings she had now. She just needed it for something.
 7. In the west, upwards, she needed to do something. As she was moving forwards to an enormous stairway in the middle of the desert. This stairway was a chrystal stairway, leading to the high beach behind the desert. No one knew why she came there, no one knew what she would do. They were all staring at her while she moved through the soil. When she was on the beach she could see the bloody sun almost touching the waters. She stood there for hours, for days, as the bloody dark sun was moving slowly towards her. The wind was playing with her hair while the bloody dark sun was roaring and soaring so huge in the distance. 'You have finally come, Soms !' she shouted. 'I have done what you have asked from me.' The huge bloody dark sun was almost devouring the waters.

8. The next morning Tara woke up, still at the beach. She would now go to Iriptus, the killer-prophet. They called him the prophet, but actually he wasn't a prophet. He was an assassin. He would speak to his audience for hours and hours, and then he would slay them all ... not by words, but by his sword. His house was full of skulls and dead bodies. He killed for the money, the tanarings, ... it was that simple. His house was huge. He was one of the wealthiest prophets in Wirdum Desert.

9. After a few hours Tara came out of his house finally. Most of the time these prophets were only weaponsellers or high bosses of arena's further not caring anything about it. She called them the gamewatchers, lazy jerks. She never had much patience with them. She had only sympathy and love for the prophet-king who was an exorcist in the east of Wirdum Desert. He was called the prophet-herd, but actually he wasn't a herd. He had a breeding for prophets, to finally slaughter them all. He was feared by many prophets, although a lot of prophets didn't know anything about him.

10. Tara went to his castles ... They were made of python stone ... Some called it the sandcastles As she was sliding forwards through the soil and the sand of Wirdum Desert she saw him on the huge frontwall practicing with his sword.

She became so paranoid, hungry for a greater love, but all she could do was to hate. She hated love and she loved hate, and she knew the bloody sun of Soms wouldn't show up anymore, as it was written in Martian Laws of the Lawless that the bloody sun of Soms would only show up once in someone's everlasting life, as the first and the last time, the Alpha and the Omega.

11. The revenge of the prophets would drive her to Tartarus now. Here the wolf-skulls were already waiting for her, ready to watch more of her than she ever watched of anyone else, for they once took her own parrot gems away.

7.

The Lawless

1. As I was sliding along the vast jungle of Tirmis Oracle, a ghosttown in the west of Mars, I met a pirate. Me, Tara, I was willing to know the secret of the Tirmis Oracle. Tirmis Oracle were ten demon-machines torturing so many on the surfaces of Mars, to keep them in deep tragedy and slavery. When he had told me the secret, it was the beginning of a strange travel for me. To me everyone was living in his own world, not capable to really destroy someone else by any law or anti-law. In my eyes death was just the road to the well of eternal death, holding the secret of eternal birth. To me death didn't really exist as it was one of the many stories. The pirate told me that the dark of Tirmis Oracle were guarding this well. How could I set free these ten demons captured in Tirmis Oracle for such a long time ?

2. There was no real escape from the demon-machines, as the pirate told me. I had to face the fact that only the well of eternal slavery would bring me to eternal liberation. The paradox was a strange machine, the first of the oracle, planted against the huge rock of the ghosttown. If I wouldn't free the demon locked up in this machine, not many would be even willing to understand the treasures of the paradox. This was the only secret the pirate told me, but he didn't even tell me how I could free the demon. I must admit, in those times I didn't care at all. Someone had to do it. Some things just needed to be done.

3. I came from a free world, although there was a lot of slavery. And it was just like that was all the price of freedom, like these two things belonged to each other, as a heritage of the paradox. Mars had always been a free world, where everything was possible. It was called art, but it also opened the most darkest edges you couldn't find anywhere else. One was always saying that Tirmis Oracle was a heritage from barbarians as well as indians. I was a mix of them, although I belonged to an indian tribe. We were against civilization.

4. The pirates seemed to know much about the Tirmis Oracle, and that was the reason why I

approached them very often. They often went to Tirmis Oracle to gamble there. It was a way for them to spend their times, and another pirate told me about the first demon. He was called Traxwodka, the Python Knight. Some said he was the soul of a child once captured by a sorceror. The captain told me that there had to be a bottle in the first machine where the soul of the Python Knight had been locked up. The captain could open the screen, and gave me the bottle. This was one of the most precious gifts I got in my life. However, the Python Knight always hunted my mind in a sense. It inspired me to do the things I had to do. He has probably gone mad by the dark of Tirmis Oracle. But in later times it started to make a bit more sense to me. I had an encounter with a giant. He was a necromancer and he connected the soul to the realms of the dead. He knew the many rivers of the Martian realms of Death and he took me often with him to go on his ship. It was not a big ship, more a boat, and he often took some other friends with him. I will tell you about the journeys through the Martian realms of Death. As we started on the Martian River of Death, we took a river on it's westside taking us deeper into the jungles. We were the lawless, although we had a higher sense for ethics than usual. We believed that the mind was corrupted, and it should be ignored in all contends. Most of the Martians are familiair with these laws, but the greatest of these laws could be found in the Death-realms of Mars.

5. The mind cannot understand the higher worlds. The passion can. We had to live by that code or we wouldn't survive in the Death-realms of Mars. That was why we had such a strong desire to build a jungle. And that we could find along the rivers in the Death-realms of Mars.

6. Some of the other tribes thought they had to root us out. They thought we could form a threat against them. Maybe that was our fate. But we only did what we have to do to survive, and to follow our instincts. None of us believed in a heaven or hell. We only believed in Tartarus, the realms below the Death-realms of Mars. Tartarus was the the well of everlasting damnation. Some would call it hell, but to us it was the place of creation by the forces of destruction. Tartarus was our world, our eternal fields. We were against civilization and had established the Martian Laws to survive. It was the Law of the Lawless.

7. The giant knew the rivers leading to Tartarus very well. He was actually the one who brought me to Tartarus. I could never realize how deep this world would penetrate my soul. It opened me up to so many things. Here the beasts of our dreams were living. We could enter so many new wells in this area. Here the demons were living. I can recall many of them. Oshar was the demon of money. He captured souls to change them into money. Ritswik was the demon of zombification. He could kill souls to raise them up again in their bodies to enslave them forever. He was a dark sorceror, a warlock. Dikshild was also a demon. He was small and had long hair, walking around with a bag. He turned bones into money and could get money out of bodies. Jeppersla was also a demon, a python-prince guarding the python stones of Tartarus, the most precious jewels awakening desires and sex. Harmataron was a fat one. As it was the law on Mars and also in Tartarus : slavery was very important to give care to those who didn't have enough money, but it was also important to control the dangerous species. It was the way charity and protection worked on Mars as well in Tartarus.

8. The life on Mars and especially on Tartarus was different like all the other planets. It brought forth the seed of death. The warmest and best place to connect to Tartarus. One of the highest ranks of demons in Tartarus was the rank of the pythons. They controlled Tartarus for a big deal. Wealth was very important to become a ruler of Tartarus. The ones having the most money, tanarings, could have implants. Often they were made of special python stone, the stone of enslavement and of protection against enslavement, any form. Most of the times the rulers had a lot of implants, which was a big deal of money. Some of the implants weren't cheaper as two-thousand tanarings. In Martian money if you had a possession of a hundred tanarings you were rich. The business of implants was one of the greatest businesses in Tartarus. One of the leading men in this trade was Harold von Drinbard. He was a dark sorceror and a docter. All he was ever interested in was money. He believed in the eternal money, a law as brought by the many demons of money in the spheres of Tartarus. However Harold von Drinbard was a foreigner. He came from another planet to

Mars. His friends always called him Drinbard, and he was a skilled necromancer and zombificator.

9. No one knew where Drinbard originally came from, as that was which he always kept secret. Several rich ones worshipped Drinbard. Especially if he would lower the prices of the implants. Some said Drinbard was the inventor of the python stone. It would be made of the trodden and squeezed souls of the damned.

10. Although one could reduce poverty by the great deal of slave-markets, there were also parts of Tartarus with a great deal of poverty. However, there was a well of eternal poverty leading to the eternal money. Drinbard seemed to know everything about it.

11. Drinbard had his throne in Tartarus, the Underworld of Mars. He was a drinker, a gambler, but most of all he was a plastic surgeon and a talented businessman. Drinbard had a business in death as he was a dark sorcerer and a liar. Yes, this soul-swindler was a feared warlock in the eyes of many. To the rich he was a friend, someone who helped them to gain more power and control in the dark spheres of Mars. The conspiracies of Drinbard were the greatest of conspiracies in the past of Mars, for without it Mars would be a totally different place now. Drinbard succeeded to lock the soul of the boy up in a bottle. Still there is lots of talk about the boy in the bottle which they always called : The Soul of Drinbard.

12. Not many know where this soul is located. But I know, since I freed it. Let me tell you this story. Me, Tara from Rhodes, heard about the conspiracy of Drinbard as one of the first. Drinbard called for a circle of the darkest black magicians, necromancers, witches and soul-hunters to make their plans to capture the soul of the boy. Since they had succeeded in imprisoning the boy's soul I visited these dark sorcerers one by one to slay them. Finally I found the bottle and freed the soul of the boy, but then I discovered another terrible secret. Since I freed his soul, he became the tormented object of so many soul-hunters. He lost all the rest he had, since he had become a wanderer, always on the run, as there was a big price on his head. It became such a terrible hunt that I wished I would never had freed his soul out of Drinbard's bottle. He had become so haunted. I would never forget his terrorized, paranoid and haunted face.

13. I was wearing an amulet with a stone called 'the eye of the cat'. It was a stone which could communicate with cats. Of course these were all sorts of cats, also the wild ones, and those coming forth from the cats. It was a cryptic form of communication, as cats are very cryptic beings. It was the heritage we got from our ancestors, it was a cat-knife able to break the time. Most of the slavemasters had a cat-eye mouth. These were mouths in stones by which they could cause death and by which they could even let souls descend into horrible places.

8.

The Knife of Black Time ; The Eye of the Cat

1. Tara was bathing in the Mistrus River in the South of Rhodes, the catplanet. Actually Rhodes was a solarsystem full of planets. All the planets were called Rhodes, while Tara was on Rhodes IV. Tara was making fun with a friend, and later they climbed on the sandy side of the lake. After awhile a spotted lion, very tall with thin, sly features. The spotted lion started to drink from the lake. Tara wanted to test the lion. She wanted to know if she was stronger than the lion, so she attacked him. Tara got bitten horribly, and she thought they could be friends.

2. Tara thought she could use this lion in her fights. She didn't see the lion here before, and she was very impressed by it's spots. But the lion attacked her again, and Tara grasped him by the neck and threw him away. But now the lion really got angry and jumped on her ... but suddenly he licked her ... It seemed the lion started to like her.

3. The lion licked her wound. Although the bite was the cruellest bite she ever felt, she now felt a care she never felt before. Together they were walking into the jungle. Tara knew the spotted lion would protect her with his life.

4. On her forehead Tara was wearing an amulet with a stone called 'the eye of the cat'. She once got it from a sorcerer who called her the queen of the cats. It was a stone by which she could better communicate with the cats. Of course these were all sorts of cats, also the wild ones, and those coming forth from the cats.

5. It was a cryptic form of communication, as cats are very cryptic beings. There was a scar growing from the wound. The spotted lion would now forever recognize Tara as his friend. The lion led Tara to his cave, a very huge cave, where a lot of his friends were walking, sitting, sleeping or working, having the same scar. Now Tara was one of them.

6. Suddenly the spotted lion started to speak :

'This is a great day, since Tara from Rhodes has joined our group. She is a warrior and of great use in our search for the knife of black time.'

7. 'What is that ?' Tara asked.

8. The lion looked deep into her eyes, like he pierced his way through her mind. and said : 'It was the heritage we got from our ancestors, it was a cat-knife able to break the time, to bring us back to Rhodes III our motherplanet.'

9. Far away from the spotted lion's cave a mass of slaves was wandering through the desert of fire. Suddenly they had to stop before a fire-lake where they had to drink from the firewaters. Now they had received strength again to work in the desert. They had coloured necklaces like thin small snakes, carrying the energy of black time, a sinister energy keeping them bound to the realms of the dead. If they would only have the knife of black time, they could escape.

They had a slavemaster called Sambara, who was the keeper of this magical knife. He was a sorcerer, a dark one, and he ruled them all by the knife.

10. Most of the slavemasters on Rhodes IV had a cat-eye mouth. These were mouths in stones by which they could cause death and by which they could even let souls descend into horrible places like the Gorgoon. No one could get such a mouth very easy, for first they had to go to a sorcerer and then they had to swallow such a cat-eye. By that they would first descend in the Gorgoon themselves, and some had to sit there for a hundred years or even more. But if they got too long in the Gorgoon it would spit them out. This would be what some might call the experience of death, and then if it would please the sorcerer he would call the soul back from the realms of the death. But sometimes the sorcerer chose to bring the soul back to the Gorgoon.

11. The ones with cat-eye gloves, which had many of stings and pins most of the time, often worked in arena's as death-gladiators. These were the ones who had to show up only when a certain gladiator got too much power. The death-gladiators were to bring balance. On Rhodes IV those with cat-eye gloves were often most feared, because they often could bring quick deaths. Most of the time these gloves were red.

12. One of these death-gladiators was Abarsa. He was still a young man, and before he became a death-gladiator he was someone others used to pick on. He was a very funny boy, but he was unhandy, and couldn't make it on school. All he wanted was to become a gladiator. Abarsa was always a very good and tender boy, but he acted a bit strange, almost like cryptic, and often no-one understood him. And still he had those strange smiles, and he could turn your world upside down by looking at you. Abarsa was always very selective in his work. If a gladiator pleased him, he would offer live to him. But when he saw gladiators who used to pick on others he would raise his fist suddenly because of his old anger rising up, his old pain. Sometimes Abarsa could control this action, but other times not.

Abarsa was feared because of his work, and when there were fights on marketsquares Abarsa sometimes had to go there. When Abarsa showed up they always knew it was already too late, for now there would flow some real blood, and these weren't jokes. Most of the times Abarsa would cause death. Abarsa didn't show up for nothing. This was the reason why Abarsa didn't go to

marketsquares just to buy something, for that would be a too big shock. But when he hadn't been to the marketsquares for years he could show up, because a lot of them wouldn't even know who he was.

The Wrath of Sambara

13. Rhodes III was actually a dogplanet, the motherplanet. The spotted dogs were the rulers here. There were all sorts of dogs, also wolves. The main capital was Sparta, the city of wolves. The spotted wolves lived in a huge skeleton building surrounded by sand. It was a small desert in the midst of the city. However there were some hills which looked like dunes.

14. The biggest spotted wolf stood up from his throne. He had a black cape, and looked like a man. 'It is now time we will open the portal between Rhodes III and Rhodes IV. It has been written in our prophesies.' The wolf stared into a chrystal ball, and saw Tara fighting against Sambara, the keeper of the knife. With her there was a spotted lion, and Abarsa, the gladiator of death. The spotted lion had brought them together. Then the spotted wolf sent some of his big birds to help Tara and her friends against Sambara the evil sorcerer. The spotted lion jumped on Sambara and then he fell, while Tara grasped the knife. 'Hold it in the air,' Abarsa said.

15. In the chrystal ball the wolf could see how his birds started to eat Sambara. He saw how Tara raised the knife of black time, and suddenly there was lightening all over the ball. 'It's done,' he spoke. The portal of time between Rhodes III and Rhodes IV was opening. It happened in the pit and tunnel called the Gorgoon. In it's depth the portal was opening.

16. The children of hell had been set free now, and in big groups with torches they went through the portal to the other side of the Gorgoon. It would lead them to Rhodes III, the motherplanet. The big birds brought the skull of Sambara to the portal to hang it above it. But through the mouth of the skull a red fluid started to stream, and soon there was a flood in the Gorgoon rising higher.

17. 'We have to close the portal again,' the spotted wolf said. Tara watched the knife she held in her hand, and it became weak and soft. It was melting in her hands. 'What is going on ?' she asked.

18. 'We have not much time,' the spotted lion said. 'We have to go through the Gorgoon, where the portal to Rhodes III has been opened.'

19. In short time the spotted lion swam with Tara and Abarsa through the red fluid, searching for the portal. They saw dead bodies everywhere. Deeper the red fluid was thinner, like air, and they could almost walk through it. 'Hold me tight,' the spotted lion said to Tara and Abarsa, which they did. In speed he moved towards the portal which was already closing it's jaws. Just in time they got through it. Later on they stepped out of the red fluid, and they were in Rhodes III, the dogplanet. 'We have made it, Tara,' the spotted lion said. The big birds picked them up and brought them to Sparta, to the halls of the spotted wolf.

20. 'We have called for the wrath of Sambara,' the spotted wolf spoke. 'Rhodes III will die. There is only one way to survive : the road to Orion.'

21. 'Where is that road ?' Tara asked.

22. 'Come,' the wolf said. He pushed a button and his throne moved away while an enormous hole in the floor appeared. 'Jump,' he said. Tara slid into the hole, together with Abarsa and the spotted lion. It would be a long trip through tunnels and pits, finally leading to Orion. The spotted wolf was on their side.

23. When they came in Orion it was burning. 'It is Sambara's wrath,' the spotted wolf said. 'But here there must be the gate to Mars somewhere.' The wolf hit the ground a few times by a rod, and an enormous hole appeared. 'Here it is,' he said. And again they slid in, and this time they went to Mars in great speed.

24. On Mars they saw all sorts of black guards walking. 'Those are the guards of Sambara,' the wolf spoke. 'We can beat those.' Abarsa jumped forward and slew a few of them, and Tara did the

same. In short time there weren't any guards left. They had a great survey from here. They stood on a hill, looking into a new world.

25. 'Can we be free from Sambara here ?' Tara asked.

26. 'Yes,' the wolf said. 'The rest of the universe is under his growing wrath.'

27. 'For how long will we be safe against him ?' Tara asked.

28. 'If we will build our place here, for eternity,' the wolf spoke. 'We need to be on the Martian River of Death, which is the most fruitfull area.'

29. At the Westside of the Martian River of Death there was a city called Bear City. Here the soul-swindlers came, people like Sambara. Here the meanest soul-trappers and other sorts of death-dealers came, and many had their homes here. Here the cannibals of the highest grade lived, necromancers, those who played the games of death. They had their boats along the Martian River of Death. 'Our prophesies say here we must be,' the wolf said. In the city there were many casino's, and there were also circuses where the dead had to work. There were also a lot of comicshops here.

30. The wolf had a tattoo on his body which was a map of Bear City. A red line led them through the city to another hole. This hole led them to Tartarus. 'There were days when parts of Mars were one with parts of Orion, which was the planet Wickfin,' the wolf said. 'In the depths of Tartarus, there is a desert, and behind that there is a sea holding the last piece of this planet like an island. There was a huge explosion in history. By my tattoo we get access to that place.'

31. Then the wolf showed another tattoo of him, which was a scar. The wolf showed his tattoo-scar in the air, while big birds came to pick them up, to bring them to the island of Wickfin. There were only skeletons here.

32. 'We are here for the wrath of Sambara is after us,' the wolf spoke to the skeletons.

33. 'We do not need you here,' the skeletons said. 'You carry the curse of Sambara with you, and you will be a threat against us too. Die in the sea with your Sambara.'

34. 'We ask you for your help,' the wolf spoke.

35. One of the skeletons came forward and gave a pale green stone to the wolf. 'This is the last stone of Wickfin,' the skeleton said. 'Wickfin is melting. We do not know what is happening. Even our bones are becoming softer and softer. This stone is the only gift we can give you. Please, remember us, and remember Wickfin. The island is getting smaller and smaller. We have nowhere to go, for outside Wickfin we will die. Make yourself safe.'

36. 'Where can we go ?' the wolf asked. But the stone was melting, and the skeletons started to laugh. 'We will all be gone, as there is no medicine against the Wrath of Sambara.'

37. Tara drank from the water of the sea but it was salty. 'There must be a way out,' she said. But the skeletons were melting before their eyes, and also the island was getting smaller and smaller, while the birds were gone. Suddenly a huge wave grasped them. There were explosions everywhere. The sky was dark and bloody. Finally a huge pirate ship picked them up.

38. The captain was a cruel man. Some pirates chained them at the wall inside of the ship. 'Who are you ?' Tara asked.

39. 'We are the pirates of Wickfin,' they said. 'Those skeletons.' And then they laughed. They were the sorcerors of death. They brought Tara and her friends to the first island, where they sold them as slaves. Soon they ended up in the arena as gladiators. Abarsa smiled. He had hoped for this.

40. All went so fast. Abarsa and Tara were unconquerable, and soon they made Abarsa king of the island, for they all feared him. Abarsa gave freedom to Tara, and she chose to live in the jungle. She started to live close to a volcano always bringing forth blood. These were strange eruptions. Strange white skeletons seemed to live in the volcano.

41. 'We are the pirates of Wickfin,' she heard every night.

42. Finally she could have some conversations with them, and they wanted to make a pirate of Wickfin of her as well, for that would be the only way to get rid of Sambara's curse. They wanted to show her their captain, and Tara was in a shock when she found out it was Sambara himself. 'Life goes on after death,' he said. 'Actually we never die.'

43. 'Why grasping at things, while you know they will melt in your hands ?' Sambara asked.

44. 'In my hands everything is stone,' he said, 'but in yours it melts away. Poor you. The knife of black time cannot be grasped. It can only be earned. See all those stupid souls, these pirates of Wickfin. They still think they can gain something by robbing and stealing Fools They always melt away And everything they take melts away Poor souls They all hope for my almighty touch to grant them the knife of black time by which they can live forever, and hold something forever Would you want that ? There is only one price if you would finally earn and deserve the knife of black time. You will be stone forever, just like the things you hold, and you can never get rid of it anymore. It will haunt you forever. Is that what you wish ?'

45. 'Then why do you want it ?' Tara asked.

46. 'I have it, and I am the only one who can handle it,' Sambara said. 'You see, I use the necklaces by which the energy of black time conducts itself.'

47. 'I have worked hard for these necklaces,' Sambara said. 'I am an honourable master.'

48. 'I want to be free, free from all this,' Tara said. 'You have built these worlds, and you keep us all in the grip. That's why I returned to Rhodes, and that's probably why I am here.'

49. 'Well, join the army,' Sambara said. 'Be one of my pirates, and when it's your birthday I will wake you up.'

50. 'You are a sorcerer, Sambara,' Tara said, 'and I cannot do anything about that. But I won't be your beggar. I will find my way.'

51. 'How, Tara ?' Sambara asked. 'As you know I hold all the worlds in my hand. All ways are mine.'

52. Tara took the amulet from her forehead, raised it against the sorcerer and spoke : 'In the Name of the Cat, let me and my people go.' Green radiation came out of the amulet, striking the sorcerer. But this time the sorcerer stood up and walked towards Tara to put a snake-necklace around her neck. It was like Tara was losing her mind. He pushed her into a hole like a pit, and after a deep fall she fell into a desert. The sun was burning in her neck. Strange guards came towards her, attaching a chain to her necklace to connect her to the other slaves. There were lakes of fire everywhere. Here they could drink to receive painful strength. Months of heavy labour in the desert followed. Tara lost all her dignity. She became a savage more than ever. The sun was burning her skin every day, even in the nights.

53. They led her to a city in the depths of the desert. It was a gladiator city where she had to fight for her life, but she conquered, and everyone feared her. Fight after fight she won, and soon she became the queen of the city. But she had still her necklace. It brought her much pain always.

54. The more she tried to get the necklace of Sambara off, the tighter it became. It was almost strangling her. 'Be glad, Tara,' the necklace suddenly spoke. It was like a snake. 'Why would you break the curse of black time. You have seen where it can lead you. It lets everything melt.'

55. 'Yes, when I take the knife of black time without breaking the necklaces, then everything melts,' Tara said. 'The power of Sambara is in the necklaces. They are conductors, but when they are broken, then Sambara will turn into stone.'

56. 'It will be a disaster,' the necklace spoke. 'For then everything will turn into stone.'

57. 'Who are you ?' Tara asked.

58. 'I am also a slave of Sambara,' the necklace spoke.

59. 'How can I free you ?' Tara asked.

60. 'As I said, everything would turn into stone when you would free us,' the necklace said. 'There is only one way : red time.'

61. 'What is that ?' Tara asked.

62. 'It is the only thing making us safe against the melting and the turning into stone,' the necklace said.

63. 'Where can we find it ?' Tara asked.

64. 'In the depths of the desert,' the necklace said, 'it is like clay.'

65. The necklace knew a way to get underground, and showed Tara the place where the red clay was. She had to cover her body with it. She also had to smear it on the necklace, and it started to move again, becoming flexible like a snake. 'Don't return, Tara,' it said. 'The others need to find out for themselves. Just go deeper through these tunnels, and search for the core of it. Here you will get totally free from the curse of Sambara.' Suddenly it was gone. Tara moved further into the depths. There was red clay everywhere. She could breath again.

66. She was in the land of the red clay now, and she would never return. She got finally free from Sambara's influence. She sank away in the red clay, again and again, but by holding on to some branches she could move forward. The air was thick here. She was in the underground like never before. She was free from slavery.

9.

The Beasts of Elysias<??>

1. She was a warrior on a ship, with high sails, all in white, all like torn, but still in pride, like feathers was this ship. She stood tall, like she had drunk too much, drunk of the blood of her fallen enemies, the beasts of Mars. 2. She had a smile, undescribable, like she had survived death and torment, and now she was here. She stood there in victory, this woman. The picture was of fire, of winds. Would we see the beasts of Elysias start to fall. 3. Tara from Rhodes, the light of lighters, You daughter of the rain and light, driven by the fight that will unite us tonight, You daughter of the seven lights, Leading us to Jungle City so deep in the night, You have Chosen us out of the Nowhere, You have devoted us, you have seen our light, Cleansing us by an Eternal Fight. 4. By eternal lights falling down, to wash so many of our dreams. Like the Fire of Mars she's standing in the tall Python Gates. 5. Through the sound of silence, and the colour of darkness, I always hear your voice, through the wet velvet curtains and fleeces I always feel your emptiness descending into me. Like the emptiness you flow, while you descend along the multiple stages of the world of tomorrow, where no one reigns or rules, only some fools are searching through the ages, all what they have left behind, some stones and some strange rods, awakening their own prides. 6. Like a madman gliding from the mountains and the borderlines of view, into the forests there in the midst, where all his dreams come true, I can only say my heart belongs to him. While he's descending along all these layers, he pierces himself in my shadow, where the lakes begin to enter in.

7. Come my confused child, let us forget about the morning, it's now evening, the night is falling, overflowing the afternoon. With a soft embrace you will reach the morningskies, where you can forget about all these yesterday's delights. Grasp the new day, ask for some access. Only a small gate will do, we will slide and our shadows will rest. Ask a little bit access, we don't need much, only a drip of consciousness big enough to keep the flame of love burning in our heart. A little bit of love is all we need to hold these tears in our arms, to soothe these babies of golden years, letting

no one tearing them apart.

10. <?xml:namespace prefix = o ns = "urn:schemas-microsoft-com:office:office" />

The Dog-skeletons of Lokdok – The Invitation

1. Lirlit of Kaapsia was walking on a market on Lokdok. Here she would buy some new things for her house. Most of the time she bought weapons and skeletons. Lirlit of Kaapsia believed that by the dead she would have magical powers. When she got home she found a letter on her bed. It was an invitation. She didn't know from who it was, but she knew the place. She didn't trust the letter at all, but she was very curious, so she went there, with her spear. Soon a wolf came out of the bushes and attacked her. It became a long, long fight, but finally she conquered the wolf and took his skeleton. But she didn't know that it's skeleton was still alive, and it began to speak to her : 'Don't you know, far away on the hills, the dog-skeletons live, and when they hear about what you did to me, they will come to get you.' Lirlit said she didn't care, as she was adventurous. 'But first you have to deal with me,' the wolf-skeleton said. And then he rose up to strike her. He had hit her in the cheek, while blood was flowing forth from it. But finally Lirlit smashed the wolf-skeleton against a rock. She decided to take the skull with her, while the rest of the body she left.

2. When she got home she smashed the wolf-skull on her bed. She was a bit angry. It was like she had hit an alarm-button, and now she had to pay for that. The skull couldn't do anything, but it told her that the dog-skeletons would smell the death of their friend, and they would look for her for sure. Lirlit got so angry, and shouted that she would go to the hills by herself to look for them. She wanted to find out about the invitation. The wolf spoke about the dog-skeletons like they were his big brothers, like they were higher than him, like they were his bosses. She had to find out, instead of waiting for them to come while she would be asleep or something. She left the village, and found her way to the hills. The dog-skeletons were sitting on a rock. Lirlit started to shout at them : 'Hey, who of you fools have sent me an invitation ?' But the dog-skeletons acted like they didn't know anything of it. Lirlit came closer, aiming her spear at them. 'Oh, ohoh,' one of the dog-skeletons said. 'I see it is serious to you, but not to us. We do not know what you are talking about.' When Lirlit told about the wolf and it's skeleton, they said they didn't know him. Lirlit didn't know what was going on. Why did she feel so much anger towards them, and why did she feel they were lying to her ? Or did the wolf lie to her ?

3. 'Relax, lady,' another dog-skeleton said, 'you believe in fairytales and fables, and I can see you are superstitious. Why don't you come with us into the rock ? There's a huge area there.' Lirlit was still on her guard, but she wanted to find out. Carefully she walked with them into the rock. Inside there was a large room. There were kettles with blood and on the wall there were many bones, while in front of the walls there were shrines made of bones, with ornaments and jewels decorated by organic things. There was a strange smell here, and in a sense Lirlit didn't trust them at all. 'How can I trust you ?' she asked. But the dog-skeletons didn't answer. A door behind them got closed. And one of the dog-skeletons came closer to her. 'How do you like it here ? This is a better invitation than the invitation you talked about.'

4. 'How do you know it's better ?' Lirlit asked distrustful. The dog-skeleton bent a bit towards her, and smiled, saying : 'Because we do not attack you, we believe in peace.' Lirlit sat down and looked around her. 'I must say it is beautiful,' she said.

5. 'Oh yes,' another dog-skeleton said, 'very beautiful.' Then another door opened and some more dog-skeletons entered. Lirlit shivered a bit inside, but then she took a straight attitude.

6. 'Well, you have company here ?' one of the incoming dog-skeletons asked. Some others nodded.

7. After a drink Lirlit fell asleep. She was very tired. The dog-skeletons took her to a room deeper in the rock. Here she could sleep. It was like their baby was home now. They had searched for her such a long time, and now they had found her.

8. Days went on, and Lirlit got a good friendship with them, but they never told her about who she was in their eyes. They asked Lirlit to stay with them, but after awhile Lirlit wanted to go home again. She thanked the dog-skeletons for their friendship, but she really had to go now, and told them goodbye.
9. So they let her go, with pain in their hearts, but now they knew where she lived.
10. On her way home she got struck by another wolf-skeleton, and this time it was a bigger one. She was about to lose the battle but suddenly a dog-skeleton showed up. He had followed her, to keep a certain eye on her. In a minute he conquered the wolf-skeleton, and broke the bones from each other. Lirlit was very grateful. When she got home she thought about the dog-skeletons a lot. Maybe they were her protectors. She also knew that the wolf-skeletons didn't have friendship with the dog-skeletons. They didn't speak about it, but what had happened spoke for itself. Maybe there were things going on the dog-skeletons didn't want to talk about.
11. One day an older dog-skeleton came to Lirlit's house. When he went in he told a story to Lirlit. He told her that she was a princess in her younger days, and that they cared for her the first few years of her life, until two wolf-skeletons kidnapped her. They brought her here, where the village took care of her. The older dog-skeleton also said that they didn't know that until she had beaten the first wolf-skeleton. Then they got visions that she would return to them very soon.
12. Lirlit was confused and asked the dog-skeleton how she could be a princess then. Then the dog-skeleton answered : There is a palace in the North behind the hills where you got born. But there was war in the kingdom, so we went there to save you. We offered you a good home, but the rest of your family died in the war. If we wouldn't take you away from the palace, you would have died also.
13. Lirlit asked if she could go to that palace again. The dog-skeleton nodded, but it would be full of wolf-skeletons. The kingdom of the North was the kingdom of Kaapsia. It was in the hands of Lirlit's bloodline, but since a foreign king took control, everything was different, and soon he introduced the wolf-skeletons. The members of the palace died all, except Lirlit. The rest of the land had to live in captivity. Lirlit became very sad, but she wanted to know everything about it.
14. The old dog-skeleton said they had visions about her gathering an army to invade the palace again. Lirlit felt a bit excitement when she heard that. The old dog-skeleton was satisfied that Lirlit was enthusiastic about their visions, and she accepted the role in it. For years the old dog-skeleton had trained an army for the big day, the day that Lirlit, who they still called 'their princess' would invade the palace of Kaapsia again.
15. Lirlit went back to the place of the dog-skeletons again, with the old dog-skeleton, who showed her the room where the soldiers were. They had all sorts of sharp knives and spears, in all sorts of shapes. They had strange jewels in their skeletons, spreading a magical light over their bodies. Lirlit asked how many wolf-skeletons there would be in the palace. But no one seemed to know. It was something they needed to find out. Lirlit said she didn't feel anything for being a princess again, but she wanted to invade the palace to free the land. Maybe the dog-skeletons could rule it then. Some of the soldiers nodded. One of them told about the old king. He was a mean traitor, but no one could exactly tell how he came into war against Kaapsia, and why. In a sense Lirlit wanted to know, but first they needed to take the palace back again.
16. On their way to the North an old man appeared to them. It was like he came out of the nothing. One of the dog-skeletons said it was a witch-doctor. 'What is your purpose to come here ?' the man asked. 'All what you do here will fail.' And then he was gone.
17. But Lirlit didn't let herself become discouraged. Finally they came to the palace, but it was empty. There was no one there. Inside there were a lot of dead skeletons, bones, skulls and other organic stuff, often in the form of ornaments, or as decoration for jewels. There was a strange smell here. 'Go away !' someone whispered loud. None of the dog-skeletons was speaking. Maybe it was a

ghost. There were a lot of rooms in the palace, and the dog-skeletons desired to live in this place. Also in the other parts of the land there was no living being. It seemed like death had already struck this place. They found a lot of magical objects and strange advanced weaponry in the land. It seemed like those who dwelled here were very superstitious, because they also found a lot of shrines. Lirlit knew it was very easy for them to take over the land, but one of the dog-skeletons didn't have a good feeling about it. He thought the land had become bewitched, and they had to take what they needed, and then leave as soon as possible. Lirlit thought it was a good idea.

18. Full of stuff the dog-skeletons returned home, and also Lirlit returned to her village. The palace and its land only had to be a memory, nothing more, nothing less. The dog-skeletons stayed in their part, and Lirlit stayed in her village.

The Witch-Doctor

19. Lirlit thought a lot about the witch-doctor they met on their way to Kaapsia. She didn't think he was an evil man, but she had troubles in her head since he spoke out that everything she would do there would fail. Was it a curse ? The dog-skeletons had taught her that she shouldn't be superstitious. They had their own shrines, but they said these were heritages. They didn't believe in magic, although they had visions. It was like they were very paradoxal in a sense, or didn't she just understand them. Could she trust them ? She couldn't get the words of the witch-doctor out of her head. At a certain moment she started to scream. Suddenly the witch-doctor showed up in her room, as coming out of the nothing. 'You woman,' he said, 'why have you taken away so many things from our land and palace. Now you have to pay for it deep in yourself, seeing your twisted self, yes, inner battles are in you now, and there is no medicine to stop it.' Lirlit bowed down before the witch-doctor. 'What can I do ? Can you please stop the pain I have ?'

20. 'You must bring all that you have taken away from Kaapsia back to it, so that the pain will also flee from you,' the witch-doctor said. So that was what she decided to do. It was for her relief, and then she asked the witch-doctor, who was still with her : 'Isn't that which is from Kaapsia not from me, as I am coming forth from Kaapsia as the last survivor it seems.'

21. But then the witch-doctor started to laugh. 'We have lived there for thousand and thousands of years as ghosts, so it is our right to have it, above all flesh and blood.'

22. 'The ghosts rule,' he shouted. Lirlit didn't feel well, and asked him what she would have to do further to find peace. 'There is something I need to tell you,' the witch-doctor spoke. 'Your father has captured us for a long time. By the hand of Lokdok's king we could be set free. But now we seek for revenge, for you are indeed the last survivor. You are the last block in our attempt to reach freedom.' Lirlit started to scream, as she felt like she was burning inside. She ran outside, but the ghost jumped on her. There was no one around, but soon a few dog-skeletons came. They jumped towards the ghost and started to cut its appearance by a strange edged and shaped knife. The ghost started to scream. 'Well, you want to bring her back to superstition ?' one of the dog-skeletons asked. And then he spoke to Lirlit : 'Don't believe in those fables of magic.'

23. 'I try not to do,' Lirlit said, 'but it has me in the grip.'

24. 'You need help,' the other dog-skeleton said. They brought her again to the hills, where they had their place. The ghost had been gone now, but Lirlit still had problems. 'Here, drink this,' one of the dog-skeletons said, and gave her some strange juice. Immediately Lirlit fell asleep. When she woke up she was in another room. An old dog-skeleton stood before her. She didn't meet him before yet. He said : 'Don't be superstitious, but believe in your only fantasy. You don't need them, those witch-doctors. They shouldn't control your life. They actually did that since your birth, but now it is your time to come free.'

25. 'But I can't !' Lirlit shouted. 'It's in my feelings.' Suddenly there was all knocking on the door, and soon a lot of wolf-skeletons came in. They killed the old dog-skeleton and kidnapped Lirlit. They brought her back to the palace, and put her on a throne of bones and skulls, decorated by other

organic stuff. Lirlit didn't know what was going on, but it seemed they wanted her to be a princess. 'I do not want to be here !' Lirlit shouted.

26. 'Why not ?' one of the wolf-skeletons asked.

27. 'For you have killed my land,' Lirlit said, 'and now you killed one of my friends.'

28. 'Oh, and what do you know about it,' another wolf-skeleton said, 'You do not know what you're talking about.'

29. Lirlit jumped away from the throne and tried to escape, but finally they bound her to the throne. 'Now you will listen to us for awhile,' an older wolf-skeleton roared. He seemed to be a leader of the group. 'They have lied to you,' he spoke. 'We have sent you an invitation, but you never came ... Instead of that you went to the deceiving dog-skeletons.'

30. 'Oh, that's not true,' Lirlit said, 'I came to that place, but a wolf was attacking me. I had to kill it. I thought it was a trap.'

31. 'No, you never came,' the wolf-skeleton roared again, 'we have sent you an invitation, because we wanted to tell you about who you are and what happened.'

32. But then an army of dog-skeletons arrived in front of the palace. The wolf-skeletons all ran outside, but a few stayed to guard Lirlit. 'If I am so important to you, why do you do all these things to me ?' Lirlit asked. But none of the wolf-skeletons answered that question.

33. Soon also the other wolf-skeletons went outside, until Lirlit was alone. After an hour or so two dog-skeletons came to her. They delivered her. The rest of the dog-skeletons and all of the wolf-skeletons had died in the fight. Lirlit was confused about what happened. 'They tried to confuse me, these wolf-skeletons,' she said.

34. 'Well, they are confusers,' one of the dog-skeletons said. 'The witchdoctors use them to keep their victims in superstition. By the superstition they control their victims also.'

35. Lirlit nodded. She remembered the words of the old dog-skeleton who had been killed by the wolf-skeletons who kidnapped her. He said : 'Believe in your own fantasy.' How could she do that if she would be a princess, or a believer in some sort of spiritual government. It would control her life.

Hard against Hard

36. Lirlit was confused. What was her role in Kaapsia now ? She knew that the more wolf-skeletons had been destroyed, the more power the witch-doctors would lose. For her it would mean : she need to lose all her faith in them to replace it by her own fantasy. The dog-skeletons would help her in that.

37. She chose to return to her village again. She always felt best in her own home. She was adventurous, but it would always lead her home. To her it was : home, sweet home. There was no way for her to forget about home. It was like everything started from here, and everything always ended here. There were always some dog-skeletons around to keep a certain eye on her, and she felt safe with that. She needed some guards. Espacially when she was sleeping, it was an amazing feeling. It made her warm and soft inside. She would also protect them with her life, as she saw them as true friends.

38. There was nothing making her more happy than the feeling that she had friends. And these friends were her friends since her birth. She was so glad that she found them back. Friends are always life-savers, letting you feel good when they are around loved cared for protected Even when it is hard against hard

11.

The Wolf-Crown

1. Lirlit of Kaapsia was on her way home. She had made a long journey, and now she came back to her village. When she came home there was a man sitting on her bed. It was a sort of sorcerer dressed by all sorts of small skeleton-skulls. He was like a necromancer or something. Lirlit smiled. It was a surprise. It was her uncle.

2. 'Lirlit,' the man said, 'I want you to come with me, I need to show you something.' They had to go to a tall hill where the man lived in a sort of old tower. It looked like a castle in a sense, but it was like a den of a wild animal. When they were in the top of the tower they had a good survey there. Lirlit could see her village in the distance. It was so small from here. Then the man shrieked, while a bat showed up. It was a huge bat and it floated down on his stretched hand. Then it crept to his shoulder.

3. 'I want you to have it, Lirlit,' the man spoke.

4. 'But why, uncle ?' Lirlit asked.

5. 'It needs to help you, as there are a lot of dangers in life,' the man said. Lirlit knew that it was just a gift from his warm heart. He cared for her a lot and didn't want anything bad to happen in her life.

6. At the same time her uncle asked her to stay for awhile. He missed her, as she was the last survival of the family. Lirlit got a room somewhere high in the tower. It was very dark here, and skulls were all around. But Lirlit never had problems with that, as she believed that the dead watched over her.

7. In the middle of the night her uncle entered in her room. He was looking for something. Lirlit asked him what was going on. She had heard sounds around the tower. 'I think war is already beginning,' her uncle said. He was looking for certain weapons. Suddenly they heard wolves coming in the tower. The uncle murmured something about a wolf-war. Lirlit stood up, and took her own spear. When she went out of her room there were three wolves jumping on her. Why would wolves wage war against them ? Lirlit shrieked, and all of a sudden the huge bat entered, while he struck the wolves immediately. Blood was spouting like fountains. The bat had hit them hard, fast and deep.

8. Other wolves entered in, while they were calling : 'We are looking for Lirlit of Kaapsia, sorcerer. Hand her over to us.' But Lirlit's uncle who had finally found his weapon stood already behind Lirlit. He had a sort of whip with a sharp knife at it's end, and in a few seconds he had hit the other wolves to the ground. But then hundreds of wolves entered the tower in roaring. 'What do they want from me ?' Lirlit asked.

9. 'You are the last survivor of the Kaapsia-bloodline,' her uncle said. The bat was shrieking, while some of the wolves fell down. They could kill some of the wolves, but they were with too many. They ran to Lirlit's room again, and had to jump out of the window. Fortunately they fell into a river. Lirlit's uncle was the husband of the sister of Lirlit's mother. He was from the Lokdok-bloodline.

10. In the forest they found a sort of palace, full of bones, skulls, skeletons and organic decorations, shrines, weapons and magical objects. They decided to stay here for awhile in the hope that the wolves wouldn't find them. The wolves believed that when they would kill the last survivor of the Kaapsia-bloodline they would dominate so much more. Then they would have power over Lokdok, Lirlit's village, and further the whole realm of Kaapsmerh. They wanted to have the throne and the crown.

11. Later Lirlit found out that it had to do with the fact that she was a princess of origin. If they would have her blood they would rule. In the palace they decided to stay they found an old skeleton-crown. Lirlit didn't want to have anything to do with governmental positions. She wanted to be free. She thought that monarchical positions would bind someone to superstition to block their own fantasy. She brought the skeleton-crown to a shrine. It was a beautiful crown, and they would

honour it as a sovenir, as a heritage and as a memory. Her uncle had already found out how powerful the objects in this palace of the wilderness was. It seemed like no one had been dwelling here for a long time. There was dust everywhere, and it was a mess. Maybe there was a war here, and the owners had left the palace because of that. Lirlit was afraid of the magical beliefs of her uncle. She thought it could harm him. She was of the opinion that superstition was a way of evil spirits to take control in someone's brain. It was a prison, and they had to leave it. A crown was in her eyes nothing more than a subtile chain of a prisoner, something which controlled their minds, and by which evil spirits could work and rule.

12. One day her uncle went for a walk, and he pierced deeper into the wilderness. Suddenly she heard a shriek. Maybe her uncle was calling for his bat, but Lirlit didn't trust it. She ran towards the sound, and after a long run she saw smoke coming behind an open field. When she came into the next area of the forest she saw her uncle standing there between wild men having bones pierced through their noses. They had killed the bat, and they held a knife against the throat of Lirlit's uncle. Lirlit didn't hesitate for one moment and threw her spear through the head of the one with the knife. Her uncle jumped away, while Lirlit took her leg-knives to throw it into the hearts of two other wild ones. The rest of the wild men were in a shock and ran away. 'Don't let them escape,' Lirlit shouted. 'I know them, they are the ones spreading so much superstition. They have objects by which they rule the minds of so many in this area. They have even tried to zombificate our village.' But then her uncle fell down. What had happened. There was a strange sting in his back, and it was moving. It was like a small red iron feather. Lirlit took it out, while her uncle started to talk in a strange language. 'Oah, you're into delirium,' Lirlit said. That was a good sign to her. It was the sign that he didn't die, and that he tried to deal with the poison.

13. But to Lirlit it was very important she would follow the tribe, as they had surpressed her village for such a long time. Lirlit knew them. She ran and ran, while she could still track them. After minutes of running she saw smoke, and after awhile she entered the area of the tribe. She didn't feel any fear, only strength. She shouted and shrieked, while another bat was coming. This was a huge one, and quickly he attacked the members of the tribe. Lirlit saw that only some women and children were running away. She believed that they were nothing but prisoners of these evil men. It was a long fight, and afterwards Lirlit's uncle entered the area. There was no any man still alive. They found a lot of strange objects here. But then the wolves entered the village.

14. There were more and more bats in the air, and they all helped Lirlit in her fight. It was a great slaughter. The wolves couldn't win the battle. But suddenly a much bigger wolf showed up. He had the crown with the skeleton-skulls. Lirlit asked herself if it was the crown of the wild palace, or was it something else. All of a sudden headaches started to come over Lirlit. 'Don't believe in it,' she said to herself. 'Believe in your fantasy, girl.'

But the pain got stronger and deeper, and she fell to the ground, as in delirium. The wolf started to roar : 'Indigo, princess, it is time I will feed myself with your blood to become the king of Lokdok and ruler of Kaapsmerh.' And he jumped towards her, while he bit in her arm, sucking the blood out of her. Her uncle had found a weapon in one of the tents, and attacked the wolf from behind. He crashed a sharp iron blade in a strange shape into the neck of the wolf, but the wolf turned around and attacked him. Then Lirlit kicked the wolf in his back, and shouted : 'Oh, you dumb one, now you have the crown and my blood, only ghosts will control you, as they have lust to use slaves like you to dominate the atmosphere. Let the skies fall upon you.' Then the wolf ran away, and disappeared through the bushes. Lirlit's uncle had been wounded, but Lirlit took care of it. He would survive. Also Lirlit's arm was still bleeding, but she would also survive.

15. After awhile women and children of the tribe entered the area again, and they were glad they were delivered from the men now. Originally they were from another tribe, and once they had been captured, while their own men and even a lot of their children got killed. Since then they had to be the wives and slaves of the invaders. They told Lirlit and her uncle that they knew where the wolves had their shelter.

16. Lirlit wanted to go there. The women wanted to go with her too, but other women warned them that they wouldn't survive. But Lirlit's uncle would go with them. It was a long walk, and first they had to move along stakes with skeletons tied to it. Some of the skeletons had been hung. It was a dark atmosphere. Suddenly they saw a warrior in a wolf-skin. He ran away, and then he disappeared by creeping into the bushes. Now they knew that there weren't only wolves there, but also warriors. But some of the women told that these warriors could sometimes totally turn into wolves. They came into a sort of center. Everything looked quiet. Stones had been laid here, and there were some small temples, piramids in layers, shrines, and an indian man slowly walked towards them. His arm was stretched out, like he wanted to shake hands with them. But one of the women started to shriek. 'I have seen him in my dreams. He is the one who raped me, and he will rape us all.'

17. The indian man started to smile. 'This woman is confused,' he said. But Lirlit asked him who he was, and what his purpose is. Is he a part of this ? But the man didn't say anything. It really pissed Lirlit off. She took her spear, but suddenly she couldn't move herself. 'Don't believe in it,' she said to herself, 'believe in your fantasy.' And then she could move her arm again. She started to hit him by the spear, but the man was too quick, and then he ran away. 'What is this for strange behaviour,' she asked herself. Also her uncle was coming closer. Suddenly he started to roar, like he was in fire inside. Then he fell to the ground. Again he was talking in delirium. 'There is witchcraft here,' one of the women said. 'This is the way they always tried to confuse us.' But then Lirlit said : 'Let us not believe in witchcraft and all this superstition, for when we believe in it and practice it, the spirits who made it up will have control in our minds. We must use our own fantasy.'

18. 'Oh, but it is too strong,' another woman said.

19. 'Will you shut up now,' Lirlit shouted, 'our fantasy is stronger.' But other women started to shake their heads. 'You do not know the powers you're playing with,' an older women said. 'The women who are still in the camp have warned us, but we didn't listen to their advice. Let's go back, for strange things are happening here, and we do not have control. What can we do ? We do not know with how many they are here ? I do not want to die, let's return.'

20. 'Okay,' Lirlit said angry, 'all cowards can go home. But we must deal with it.' And since then a lot of the women returned to the camp. The anger towards Lirlit and her uncle started to rise, although they were the ones who had saved them out of the hands of the evil tribe. Then suddenly Lirlit started to shriek while the air became black of bats. She was calling for her friends, something which she had learned from her precious uncle. In quick rythm the bats began to invade the temples, the layered doubledecker-piramids and the tents, but they couldn't find anything. It was like a ghost-city. No one was there, but they knew that some were hiding.

21. The bats shrieked, and the sky became darker and darker. They had to pierce this city in the wilderness, this wolf-city. And so they invaded it deeper and deeper. Lirlit's uncle was still talking in delirium. He was calling for some names, or it was only looking like it. 'Uncle,' Lirlit spoke, 'I want you to stop now with all your superstition. It is too dangerous to do that here. Let the bats do their job, and let our weapons speak. We must use wisdom now, and our fantasy.' But it was like her uncle was too far gone, and he spoke on in a delirious language. Lirlit got more and more angry at her uncle, and suddenly she hit him in the face, and screamed : 'Now you shut up, or I will cut your head off here, in the sand.' She knew she had gone too far now, and one of the bats, a huge one, came down to her, to bite her in the face. Blood was spouting like a fountain. The bat didn't want to let go of his bite, while Lirlit was bleeding all over. But then suddenly they heard the sound of a dull kick. Lirlit's uncle had killed the bat by his weapon. He had always sworn to his family that he would protect Lirlit by his life, no matter what circumstance.

22. Slowly they walked on, while more and more women were leaving them. These women knew that the curse was so strong that when they would go further they would probably kill each other. 'Lirlit, you are losing your mind by the wolfspell,' a woman was shouting, 'return !' Even the bats started to attack them now. They were in rage because they had killed one of them. They were shrieking higher than ever, and the hugest bats came down. It was a long fight. Now they had to

fight their friends instead of the enemy. But Lirlit knew that it was the sacrifice they had to bring. Suddenly there were lights all over. There was thunder, and lightening, and a wolf in a black garment stood like a warrior before them. 'I am the ghost of the ancestors,' he spoke. 'Why do you challenge me.'

23. Lirlit tried to explain about what happened, and what the wolves did to them, but the wolf started to laugh. 'Oh, you dumb dumb mortals without a soul, only enlightened to right your own crimes. Do you know history ? Do you know both sides of the story ? Oh wanderers of the mind, do you not know that you can only escape the powers of the mind to control the minds of others ? I do not bear a crown. I have given them to my servants, my wolf-king.' Then the appearance left again. Lirlit looked at her uncle. They found out they were both very wounded because of the bat-attacks. There were no bats to help them anymore, and there were no women with them anymore. Now Lirlit and her uncle were at their own, not knowing what would happen, and where were their weapons ? In front of them there was only fog. But Lirlit's uncle took her by the arm, and they walked forwards. Suddenly they didn't feel ground below their feet anymore, and they were falling. They fell so deep like they never fell before, and suddenly it was all wet around them . They had been fallen into the river. The river was wild, and in speed they were moving towards a waterfall. They would die when they would fall from the edge. They both started to shriek and fell from the edge. They both thought this was the end, as the waterfall was very deep. But suddenly two huge bats grasped them to fly away with them. They still had friends there, it appeared. They brought them to a huge batnest high on the mountains.

24. The bats here were drinking out of eggs, and Lirlit and her uncle also had to drink. Suddenly they both fell asleep. When they woke up, they were in a cave in the mountain. The ground was very slimy, and huge eggs laid all around. Most of the eggs were broken open, while strange fluids were in them. Some even were full of blood, while it streamed out of it. One of the bats entered the room. He stood erected, like he was half a man, half a bat. Suddenly he turned into an old man. He looked like a necromancer. He had a very wise radiation, but also a confused one. It had a delirious effect on Lirlit and her uncle. They felt very dizzy when they looked at him. 'I am here to warn you,' the old man said. 'You must lose all your superstition, or the wolves will lead you back to your previous life, in which you were dominated by your mind.'

25. Lirlit and her uncle both nodded. They knew how important it was what the man said.

26. Then the man continued : 'The battle against the wolves is a hard battle. If they win our minds will be controlled again.'

27. 'What can we do about it ?' Lirlit asked. Then the man started to shriek, while two bats flew into the room. Then he clapped in his hand, while the bats floated down on the bench. 'You know,' the old man said, 'parts of us are bats. And we must use them well. They have the weaponry to destroy the wolf-domination.'

28. 'But how ?' Lirlit asked.

29. 'Come,' the old man said, 'I will show you.' Then the man walked out of the room. Lirlit and her uncle followed him. They came in a narrow corridor with a strange smell. Then they came into another room, with a lot of dust on the ground. Lirlit started to cough. There were slimy eggs around, and from some of them snakes were coming forth, and much of slime dripped out. 'Come,' the old man said, 'this is not what I want to show you. Walk on.' Then the man opened another door. The doorhandle was decorated by very small skeleton-skulls. High sounds like shrieks came out of their mouths, and even out of the holes of their eyes. Then again they had to walk through a narrow corridor, but later they found out it was a bridge. Below the bridge their were smokey fluids, and wet towels like sheets were hanging in the air like walls. The towels were very hot, and steam was coming from them. A strange huge yellow rock stood there at the end of the bridge, and they had to climb over it. It was like burning sand under their feet. They were entering a sort of desert in a huge cave. The sand was burning. All sorts of feelings were climbing over Lirlit's body, trying to

enter her head. 'Au,' Lirlit said. It was like something had burnt her. In the distance there were a lot of silver rocks mirroring so many things. There was a soft breeze. On the rocks bats appeared. They had mirroring weaponry, and while Lirlit was watching these mirrors she couldn't see the bats anymore, only herself in terrible ways. It was like her mind was taking over again, and she couldn't use her fantasy.

30. Suddenly she couldn't move again. It was like something had frozen her. 'Grasp the bat-weapons !' someone was shouting. But Lirlit couldn't see anything anymore, so she started to grasp in the air. Suddenly she felt like a velvet handle in her hand. And then something in her other hand. She opened her eyes and could move again. Now she could see the bats in the mirrors. But these weren't bats, but boys. They looked like princes, but they had poor clothes in such beautiful colours. When they opened their mouths fantasy was climbing into her head. She had now received the bat-armour. She also saw her uncle in the same armour. But suddenly wolves were all around them. Now they had to use their new weapons. Within a few minutes they had slain all the wolves. It was easier than ever. The old man was applauding. He had a white garment now. His tall beard was very shiny, but suddenly he was changing into a bat again and flew away. Also the boys were changing into bats again and flew away. 'Follow us,' someone shouted. But how ? 'Just shriek,' another one shouted. And while Lirlit and her uncle shrieked, they were changing into bats, and could fly away.

31. High in the sky there was a palace. It was full of crowns, but they didn't use these crowns anymore. They had been laid on shrines. There were also flowers on the shrines. Upstairs there was a hall with old thrones, but they weren't in use anymore. They looked like shrines now, and some weapons were laid on them. But suddenly someone was shrieking, and flying wolves were coming out of the walls, and through all sorts of doors. Now there was a battle in the air. 'Use your fantasy,' the old man spoke. 'Use your fantasy.' And suddenly they were sitting in the room again, where they had slept. 'What happened ?' Lirlit asked.

32. 'You were in my fantasy,' the old man said. 'and it is all real. But now you have to develop your own fantasy.'

33. Lirlit asked herself if she could do that. There were so many things they had to solve yet. But her fantasy would lead her in that. That was what the old man had said. They stayed on the bat-castle for a long time, and then they had to return to their own homes again. 'Practice your fantasy,' the man had said. 'Make it your own, and let it be your home.'

12.

The Wolf-Skull

1. Lirlit had been going to the market in her village. She had bought some stones called eagle-eyes. One she had put on her cupboard, and another one she laid next to her bed. Some had said the stones would attract good luck and contacts with the dead and extra-ordinary spirits, but Lirlit wasn't superstitious. She just liked the stones, and found it would be worth as good company. But in the middle of the night someone was waking her. It was like the wind was speaking to her, but then she saw an eagle close to an opening in her house. The eagle spoke to her that she needed to come to snake-mountain, as he wanted to show her something. When she stood outside her house, the eagle was very big. He took her in a good grip and flew with her to snake-mountain. He brought her in through an opening. 'Do you see all the treasures here ?' he asked. Lirlit could see a shimmering hall full of misty treasures. 'I know you like stones,' the eagle said, 'and I know you will like some of the stones here.' Lirlit was very grateful towards the eagle. He took her in a grip again and flew with her inside the huge hall. The stones were beautiful, but when Lirlit touched one of the stones, it was like there was an alarm switched on. Something in her head started to shriek, and from all sides snakes came towards her. 'Why didn't you tell this ?' she asked the eagle, but the eagle flew away. 'Hey, take me away,' Lirlit screamed.

2. Suddenly all sorts of snakes were sliding over her body, but they didn't attack her. And after

awhile Lirlit found out that these snakes didn't wish any harm on her, but were her friends. She took the stone again, stood up, and walked towards a door. The snakes were following her. In another hall there were more amazing stones. Lirlit asked herself what would be the meaning of it all. And where was the eagle ? 'I am not superstitious,' Lirlit said to the snakes, 'but what is the meaning of these stones ?' But the snakes didn't speak to her. Suddenly a man and a woman entered the hall where Lirlit was. For a moment it was like Lirlit had to vomit. The man had a tall beard, and the woman was dressed in fragile white. It was because of the smell that Lirlit was a bit upset. They smelled like snakes and slime, but also things she couldn't describe. Suddenly they started to turn into tall and thin snakes. It looked like they completely ignored Lirlit. Like they had other things to do. Lirlit appeared not to be one of their priorities. They slid towards the stones, and then they moved them towards the door they came from. Lirlit got very curious what they would do with the stones. So she decided to follow them. When she stood into the door-opening the smell even more overwhelmed her, but this time it was even luring her deeper. She saw snakes here with very big beaks, and when they opened these beaks other snakes went in, and sometimes they even took stones with them. The snakes weren't huge, and Lirlit wondered what happened to the snakes who went inside. It was a riddle to Lirlit.

3. Deeper inside the hall, where many snakes were moving to, an enormous statue lay on the ground. It was cut off from it's feet, enormous feet which stood next to the statue, still erected and intact. It was like a complex of doors through which the snakes slid in. Lirlit decided to follow them inside the enormous feet of the statue. Inside they saw the stones growing here. They looked like eyes, and there were even stones coming forth from them. But when the stones were separated from the others, it more began to look like stones, and it didn't grow anymore. Some of the stones were very wet, but that also seemed to stop when they got separated. Most of the stones were very shiny.

4. There was a tunnel in the halls of the feet to come into the fallen statue. When Lirlit came into the halls of the fallen statue there was a lot of darkness and fog. She couldn't see much, but suddenly lights turned on, and she saw snakes hanging in the air or on the walls like bags. Often these snakes were brown-red with white stripes. It was a very pure white. These snakes were very huge, and suddenly some of them fell on Lirlit. Now it was all dark, and she almost couldn't breath anymore. She tried to shriek, but couldn't get any sound out of her mouth. Then she fell into delirium. But soon the grip of the snakes wasn't tight anymore, and she could wrestle herself a way out. Then they left her alone. Still she had the feeling they didn't want to harm her, but they just wanted to test her, or just feel her. They had been sensitive to her trouble, and then they had let her go.

5. Suddenly the eagle appeared to her again. The eagle was glad to see her. 'It is amazing here,' she told the eagle.

6. 'But did you find some stones you would like to have already ?' the eagle asked. But there were so many stones and so many halls, that Lirlit had the sense she wasn't done with it yet. Then she asked the eagle what exactly the use of the stones is. 'The stones protect you against superstition by which lower spirits want to dominate the mind,' the eagle said, 'these stones inspire you to have your own fantasy.'

7. 'But don't you think that is also superstition ?' Lirlit asked. 'Why do I need these stones ?' But then the eagle flew away. It was like he was telling her to find that out for herself. She felt attracted to the stones, that was a sure thing, but she didn't want to have a new superstition. Or were these stones just her guards ? Some said stones could speak to the layers beneath the mind, to the unconscious. What if these stones were just forces of nature ? Were they made to protect the souls of those who lived in nature ? Lirlit had many questions. And it was like these stones were speaking to her in so many ways.

8. Deeper in the statue she found doors out of it. Now she came in halls behind the fallen statue. Eyes were watching her. Was this the domain of someone ? A wild man in a bearskin watched her,

while two woman were lying at his feet. 'What is it you come to do,' the man roared. Lirlit could see it wasn't totally a man. He was also a sort of dog, or other predator. Maybe she needed to be at her guard now, for the women didn't look so friendly either. 'Lirlit,' the man was suddenly saying, 'I have waited for you, I missed you.' And then he came forwards to her.

9. Lirlit stepped backwards, and shouted : 'Who are you ?'

10. 'I am your father,' the man said.

11. 'Oh no,' Lirlit said, 'that can't be true, you liar. My father died in war.'

12. 'They said that,' the man said, 'but that wasn't true. They made a mistake. I had been kidnapped for a long time by imperials, by wolf-warriors, lived my life lonely in a prison deep underground, but finally escaped. I didn't wish to live in the empire anymore, and didn't want to be king of Kaapsia anymore, so I started to live here, with my friends, the snakes who let me escape.'

13. But Lirlit still wasn't enthousiast. 'If that's true, then I have to say : You did a lot of evil things in your life they told me.'

14. The man bowed his head, and spoke : 'I have to admit, I was wrong many times. I was king of Kaapsia and wasn't always righteous in the use of my powers, and that is why I have laid them down. The pressure it too big, and I lived under a strange force.'

15. 'And who are these women,' Lirlit asked rude.

16. 'They are snakes,' the man said. Then he clapped in his hand, and the women turned into snakes again, while they slided away. Then Lirlit stepped forwards and fell into the arms of her father.

17. 'There are many things I need to tell you,' Lirlit's father said. 'I'm breeding the eggs of snakes here, for one day I will return to the empire to take revenge.'

18. 'Well, I'm on your side dad,' Lirlit said. The man smiled. He was glad he found his daughter back.

19. Lirlit found out that her father had many women here. But as he said : He needed to breed a new and powerful generation to take good vengeance.

20. 'Your life is such an ornament,' Lirlit's father told her, 'and also the things happened in your life which you do not understand are part of this treasure.' Lirlit smiled. It was the first time in her life that she had the feeling of having a father. And it was a good feeling, especially because he was so caring.

21. Her father told her a lot about the power of the wolf-skulls, that these were the objects by which the imperials maintained their control. The wolf-skulls could speak and could easily take over the minds. In one of the halls an old sorceror, a necromancer lived. Lirlit's father often went to him for advice, and this time he wanted to bring his daughter with him. They had to go to a higher place within the mountain. It was almost like a tower. It was even called the tower, or more : the Boa-Constrictor Tower. The wizard was glad to see them. He looked at Lirlit and blinked to her. Then he made a movement with his hand and asked them to follow him. On top of the tower they could have a survey as it was almost outside the mountain. It was a very high place, and from here they could see the whole empire. The wizard told them where the wolf-skulls were, and where the most powerfull wolf-skulls were, but Lirlit told them that she wasn't superstitious. She didn't believe in all that. She believed in using fantasy. And after a long talk with the wizard she got a bit pissed off. And she shouted : 'Okay, go on with your magic, your superstition full of fables to see how it will bring you down. I'm out of here. It's unbelievable that an old man like you never grew up, and it's even more unbelievable that my father searches for advice in you. Goodbye.' And then she ran away. She took some of the stones she had found and then she called for the eagle, who took her immediately to her home.

22. When she got home she remembered that she had a wolf-skull by herself for one time she slayed

a wolf who had attacked her. She thought it would be a good present for her father and his wizard. She didn't want to have anything to do with such powers. She knew that to have part in any government would break you down and control your life. It was all superstition made by ghosts and spirits to dominate them all in secret. So she gave the skull to the eagle, and asked him to bring the skull to the mountain, to her father.

23. Her father was very glad with the present. And of course he wouldn't use it to make a new government. Her father didn't want to be a king again, also not as a sorcerer. He would hide the wolf-skull deep in the snake-mountain so that no one could do harm with it anymore. It would be nothing more than a souvenir and a memory. Lirlit was very proud of him when she heard the story.

13.

Zebra-Mountain

1. Lirlit awoke by a hand taking her in grip very rude. She opened her eyes. Two leaders of her village stood in her room, commanding her to come with them to the old chief of the village. They took her very tight and went outside. 'What's going on?' Lirlit asked. But none of them said something. When they got to the tent of the chief they pushed her inside. 'Hey, don't be so rude,' she said loud to them.

2. 'Go, sit down on my bed,' the chief said. He had a tall beard and was bald. Lirlit sat down, and then the chief started to tell. He clapped in his hands, and then a servant came inside the tent. He showed her all sorts of small things made by zebra-bones.

'I don't know what your point is,' Lirlit said to the chief. 'I didn't make those things. I didn't kill any of your zebra's. I always enjoy going to the zebra-reservate to feed them and to have friendship with them.'

3. But then the chief said: 'They found the zebra-bone-figures in your home, so you must know more about it. I'm telling you again. Sixty-six of our zebra's have been killed lately. They left their skins, but they took the bones away.'

4. But Lirlit became panicked and said: 'I do not know these figures, and I would never kill such a zebra. Why would I do that?'

5. But the chief wasn't convinced and made the decision to lock her up. At the side of the village she had to live in a cage like an animal. Lirlit wondered how the figures would come in her house. She didn't trust the leaders. She had troubles with them before, and she thought that this could be all an act of revenge.

6. Everyday the old chief came to her cage to talk to her. 'Honestly, I am very disappointed in you. I thought you were such a good and skilled woman, but how wrong I was. You have taken the life of that which was most dear to me,' he said. If someone would do any harm to his zebra's, then he always said he would die. And the chief became very ill. He couldn't eat nor sleep because of what happened to his zebra's. It was for him a disgusting sight to see the figures made of zebra-bones. And after a few weeks he died.

7. Lirlit didn't have any hope. Maybe they would kill her finally, or she would have to live in this cage forever. But one day another leader came to the cage. They had another chief now, and they had decided to ban her to a slave-island, where she would work the rest of her life.

8. Lirlit didn't know if she had to be glad with that or not. She would find out. Soon after the decision she was planted on a ship, and after a few days she came on the island. It was a beautiful island, but she knew she had to work here. She came to live between criminals, murderers, assassins, witch-doctors, and other evil men and women. A lot of them she knew from the past. She never could get along with them, although a lot of them she only knew by face.

9. She had to do hard work, and she didn't get enough time to sleep. It was like it was all slowly driving her crazy. She had the feeling she would lose her mind if she would live here any longer. It

was hot here, and there was always a lot of noise here, even in the nights. One day she couldn't take it anymore. She began screaming and talking deliriously. Everyone thought she had gone crazy, and that would mean she would be banned to an even worse island where the sick and crazy ones lived.

10. This would be hell for her, for there would be even more noise, and they said slavery would even be harder there. They dropped her on a ship again. The island was very dirty and a lot of them died by all sorts of diseases. She had to sleep with a hundred sick and crazy ones in one hall. There was too much noise to get sleep, and they had to wake up very early to work a whole day in a factory. Lirlit was scared of a lot of types here, for they didn't have control over themselves. Everyday there were a lot of murders and other sorts of crimes.

11. However one of the leaders here got a passion and weak spot towards her. She always told him she was unguilty, and he believed her. But he said she could never return to her village, because the ones who had lost their minds could be a danger to the city. However, he was willing to let her escape. He only asked her to spend the night with him one time. But this she refused. She would escape at her own. But after months and months she found out there was no way to escape. She was always chained, and there was no way to get it loose.

12. So she went to the leader again, and talked with him about it, but he was like struck in his honour. He told her he had found another woman to let her escape in her place, so everything was done now. But in a strange sense he felt compassion towards her. He decided to refuse her request to sleep with her for one night, but she would get her freedom.

13. Lirlit was grateful to him, but she hated her village now. She didn't have anything to do with the zebra-murders. And when she would show up again, they would ban her again. It was better for her to search for a new life somewhere else. She wanted to find out who murdered the zebra's. She didn't trust the leaders of her village. She thought that they had done it themselves because they wanted another chief. In her eyes it was nothing but a big conspiracy. So in the night she went to one of the leader's house. She broke in, and started to search throughout the house. Everyone was asleep, but she had to be careful. The house was full of zebra-bone-figures, and she thought that was strange. She went to the reservate and found out that there wasn't any zebra there anymore. Later she found out that after the chief died, and after she got banned to slave-island they killed all the other zebra's. They falsely spoke that this was the wish of the chief so that he wouldn't be without his zebra's in the afterlife.

14. But in the reservate there were more snakes than ever now, and some were white, and looked very strange. She had never seen such snakes before. It was like they were penetrating her mind. She got scared in a sense. And then she got the shock of her life, for in the distance they saw how such snakes attacked an ox and started to eat it. Were they the ones who also killed the zebra's ? Lirlit took her bow and an arrow to shoot one of the snakes. But then they came after her. Lirlit ran away, but they came after her. She took another arrow from her quiver and shot the second one. But then the others started to shriek in rage and in speed they jumped on her, almost reaching for her throat. They tried to strangle her, but she took a leg-knife and slayed them one by one. She got bitten horribly, and the poison was already reaching for her brains. It was like she was gliding into delirium. When she woke up a white small man with a tall white beard was staring at her. He had a very high voice, and he grasped her throat. She knew she was now fighting against a ghost also, fighting for her life.

15. 'What did you do to the zebra's ?' she asked, while she could hardly breath.

16. 'Don't you like the figures I made of their bones ?' the little white bearded man said.

17. 'No,' Lirlit roared, 'for it took me to slave-island.' The man started to laugh. Suddenly he was vomitting. The skin of a zebra came out of his mouth. 'Don't you like these skins ?' the little man asked. Lirlit tried to kick him, but she couldn't reach him. When she woke up the snakes were gone, but she was very sick now. It was already morning and she saw some of the village walking in zebra-skins. She was in rage now. She wanted to see the chief. The new chief was one of the

younger leaders, but Lirlit told him what she had seen this night, about the white snakes eating an ox. And here they said that they had killed the zebra's themselves as it was the old chief's wish. She told the new chief about the condemnation that she would have killed zebra's, but the new chief said that it wouldn't matter anymore. It was now legal to kill zebra's, so whether she was guilty or not, it was an old law, changed after the death of the chief as that was his wish.

18. But Lirlit knew the old chief and that would never be his wish. 'Can you prove it to me that that was his wish?' Lirlit asked. But the new chief couldn't.

19. Lirlit was shocked. She could now live in her village again without any problems, but now there was even a tradition of hunting zebra's to honour the old chief. It seemed that to wear zebra-skin was also a sign of honour to the old chief. But Lirlit thought that was disgusting. And she still wondered about the part of the white snakes in it. One night she broke in at the house of the new chief. But the new chief was still awake, and she saw that he was whispering some words while reading in a book he slowly started to change into a white snake. Now Lirlit knew enough. And she was pretty sure that the new chief was the boss of all the white snakes. So she took her weapon, jumped towards the snake to slay it. It was already legal in her village to slay snakes, so she didn't have anything to fear. The next day she took the skin of the killed snake and went to the center of the village. She raised the skin-snake and spoke: 'Your chief has disappeared and will not return. He has been eaten by this snake, but I have killed it.' No one had heard about the disappearing of the chief, but soon they found it out, and they believed Lirlit. Because Lirlit was a hero now, she was allowed to make a wish. So she wished that the killing of zebra's would stop. The law had to be changed again at this point. And so it happened.

20. But in the mountains, there was still living a small white man, collecting zebra-bones to make figures of it. And one day he came to the village to give some of his figures to the children, who thought these were nice toys. Lirlit followed him to his place. He still had the need to take over the minds of the villagers to fulfill his evil plans. He had painted the bones in all kind of colours, and it wasn't easy to see that these were zebra-bones. Then Lirlit jumped forwards and a fight started. From all sides white snakes came to attack Lirlit, while the little man tried to get away. 'I warned you,' the little man laughed hysterically, 'I told you not to come here.' Lirlit saw he walked through a door to enter a room full of zebra's. It was like he was breeding them there. After Lirlit had slain all the snakes by her legknives she went inside the room. It was only a room leading to a huge hall, a zebra-breeding.

21. Behind it there was a strange toy-factory, all made of zebra-bones. Lirlit was almost vomiting. It had such a strange smell. In the distance she heard the little man laughing with a high voice. The voice got higher and higher. 'Haha,' he laughed in joy, 'how I control all the minds of these dumb villagers, giving them toys from birth on made of zebra-bones. They cannot use their own fantasy, as the toys will do that for them. Hahaha, how good I am. I'm smart, hey, I'm smart.' And then he started to talk to himself further. As quick as she could Lirlit tried to set the zebra's free, but they were tied by strange leather belts. Even her knife couldn't get through, and the little man was only laughing harder in the distance. 'I'm going to get you!' he shouted in full joy, almost like he was teasing her.

22. She knew that the only thing she could do now was following the little man to erase him first. She took an arrow, aimed, but couldn't see him. Then she saw him standing on a platform in front of a huge kettle. White steam was coming from the kettle. When she aimed again an iron arm was moving a wall before him. She started to walk around the wall by following some aluminium stairways. She could see the kettle again, while it was in some sort of liquid cocon, which looked like a fleece or transparent plastic. She saw ghosts coming forth from the kettle, rising, they looked like the souls of zebra's. The little man was laughing and shouting loud: 'Haha, you dumb souls will now be imprisoned in the toys forever, to be the guards of the childrens' minds, so that they can never really escape in their fantasies.' Lirlit aimed again, but another time an iron arm was moving another wall before the kettle. There was a stairway under the kettle-platform by which Lirlit could

reach the other side of it. Quickly she aimed her arrow and shot into the head of the little man. The head started to spin like crazy, while the little man started to blast everything. He started to roar, while slime was coming through. Now an iron arm was moving towards Lirlit, and pushed her from the stairways. She got wounded, but she stood up again, but now the iron arm got her in it's grip. 'Hahaha,' the little man shouted, 'hahaha,' while he mocked her, 'Now you will be nothing but a soul in the kettle, hahaha. To be locked up in a toy will be your new toy.' And then the iron arm moved her upstairs again and brought her above the kettle. 'Now wait a minute,' the little man said, 'I want to enjoy this sight for awhile.' The little man's head was still spinning, and Lirlit got the expression he couldn't see much of it. Quickly she took another arrow and shot it into the body of the little man. Now the little man fell from the platform. She was still hanging above the kettle, while strange white slimy fire was coming forth from it. It was boiling, and Lirlit thought she would die by the heat. 'Stop, stop !' she was screaming. But suddenly a lot of zebra-ghosts rose from the kettle and took her out of the grip of the iron arm.

23. Quickly she took the little man, who looked like a doll now. There was a light smile on his face. She stepped on the platform again, and threw the doll into the kettle. Suddenly there were explosions everywhere. The platform was moving away, and she looked right into a room where zebra's had been tied to stakes, and some even looked like trees. She took her knife to free them, but she couldn't get it done. Suddenly a lot of white snakes entered the room. They stood erected, very aggressive. And again Lirlit had to fight them. They bit her very horribly, and Lirlit felt very sick all of a sudden. This time there were so many snakes. What could she do ?

24. And suddenly the burning doll entered the room again. 'Hahaha,' it shrieked like it had drunk a lot. Quickly Lirlit took two of the iron arms who had broken away since the explosions, and by the arms she took the doll and pushed it to the strings by which the zebra's where bound. Immediately the strings burnt away, while in shocks the zebra's got free. But the head of the doll was moving wildly, so by one of the arms Lirlit smashed the head off. Now she could also help the other zebra's. But more and more things started to come into the fire. She tried to save as much zebra's as she could, also in the breeding, but then she had to go away, as there was too much fire. The zebra's were following her.

25. In the village everyone was very glad. Now they could have zebra's again in the reservate, and it would be like the old days.

14.

1. She thrones in Orion, where She has her bow. Together with hyenas she hunts. Her laws of predestination keep us bound.
2. In Orion She thrones. The enemy bleeds before Her. They had raised their man empire, but now their hands are cut.
3. Their arms are burning before Her, and she cuts their heart muscle.
4. Tonight is the night of hunt again, the red night.

15.

Coco

1. Coco was swimming in the river. She was washing herself, while crocodiles moved closer. They wouldn't harm her. They trusted her. In the white sand along the river some monkeys were playing. Coco felt at ease here. The jungle had always been her drug. She was raised by hyenas in the fields, and now she was here. She had her own hut. She smelled the fresh, intoxicating flowers in the river, while she took another dive. Crocodiles followed her. She wasn't scared of them. They were her friends. She stared at the tall flowers and trees at the other side of the river, and decided to swim to there. There were also some big snakes hanging in the trees. They were resting.

2. She licked the flowers there. They smelled so good. Then she lay down in the sand for awhile.

The sun was shining on her body. She smeared herself in with some coconut milk. She also put it in her hair. Some big snake was sliding over her, but she didn't care. Then she fell asleep. She was up early the next morning. She started riding on a small elephant. Monkeys followed her also. She was the queen of animals.

3. Lions, panthers and tigers, they all loved her and listened to her voice. On a day a hyena came to her, very big, and a fight started. The hyena tried to kill her, but Coco took her knife and slayed the hyena. Once in a while there was a red night. These were certain nights in which Coco felt like she was losing her control. Then she just had to go to the fields, to hunt with the hyenas. The red nights were like the call of the hyenas on her life. Wherever she went, she never got rid of that. The red nights were usually longer than normal nights, much longer. Once in a red night Coco was like struck by lightening, and started to wander like hypnotized. In the distance she saw a castle totally made of bones. An old man came to her from the distance. He had a long white beard, and was half naked, dressed in some white wrappings. Coco felt like she was in fire. 'I have waited for you,' said the old man.

4. 'Who are you ?' asked Coco.

5. 'Come,' said the old man, 'I want to show you something in the castle.'

6. Coco walked together with him, still hypnotized.

7. He dressed her in some thick raw white fur which looked like wool. Inside of the huge castle there was a small lake. He went into the lake and asked her to swim with him. She had still her wrappings on. He had also given her savage boots of the same soft fur. They swam to the other side of the lake.

8. 'I have to tell you a secret,' he said with a wet beard and mustache. He was almost bald. His blue eyes were staring at her very intense. He took her hand, and helped her on the other side. They stood on the border of the lake now.

9. 'What is it ?' she asked. He sat down. She sat down also. He was still holding her hand. 'Now,' he said. He took her in his arms. 'I need you to help the children of Mitante.'

10. 'Who are they ?' Coco asked.

11. 'They live deep underground, far away from here,' said the old man. 'They are captives.'

12. 'Who is their captor ?' Coco asked.

13. The old man said nothing. He just gave her a key. 'Go to the gate of Frikit Sea. There on the beach somewhere is the shaft underground to the children of Mitante. I will reward you richly when you will bring them back to me.'

14. Coco said nothing. She just took the key and went on her way. It was a long travel to Frikit Sea, which took a few days of walking. To her surprise she saw the old man again at the gate of Frikit Sea. 'I can tell you more now,' he said. 'The children of Mitante take fruits from the Totokmana-tree, which are tall, thin fruits almost like herbs, which empower females and weaken males. It's a sort of drug. When taken once, you have to take it your whole life, or you die.'

15. Fruits from the Welchter-tree could neutralize it. Coco had to go to the native tribe who guarded this tree. It was a very rare tree. It was not far away from the gate. They also guarded another tree,

the Simrin-tree, which had fruits to empower the male and weaken the female. There was also a third tree they guarded, the Torg-tree, which had big white berries which empower the native woman, and weaken the white woman. When a white woman would eat such a berry, she would slowly turn into a white pig. The native women guarding these trees used these pigs to ride on. These pigs were also used for food. In the bones of these pigs jewels seemed to be stored. These jewels were used to make necklaces for the native women. They also guarded a fourth tree : the Krale-tree, whose fruits empowered boys, and weakened adult men.

16. And two burning trees formed her breasts, two burning skulls. She was in the flames, but it was just her breasts, the veil of fire. And her buttocks were two fruits between which the hunted got trapped. She was the land. And her sisters surrounded the machinery to watch the skulls and the cross, which had on its top a grilled chicken. And these faces were burning in the wind, these days of december. The children of Mitante will never be free.

17. Coco fell down. She had been struck. She became one of them. There was no hope anymore when she saw the tribe. Hypnotized she lay herself at their feet. She knew it was just a matter of time. Then the tribe would have possessed everything. She didn't care anymore. It was good like this. There was nothing she could do, and it didn't matter anymore. She was fine with it, for she had seen the mystery of time and eternity.

18. The hand of the old man was on her shoulder, but it was more and more burning away, fading, until she couldn't remember it anymore. She only remembered the hyenas with who she used to hunt. They had raised her, and they would stay in her memory forever and ever.

16.

1. She is the huntress throning in Orion, where she has wrapped herself in white fur like wool. She looks down on sinners. She thrones high above them, in a hut made of bones. She calls her children back to nature and traps them by grace.
2. She starves them, so that the world cannot enslave them. They run through the wilderness, free, but they are collared by starvation. They are marked by depression and fear. They cannot escape. She saved them forever in the perseverance of the saints.
3. She leads them to barren land, where they have to live by hunt. She will show them what the war is about. Every night is a red night, a night of hunt, until she leads them to the land of the night.
4. They follow her to her tent. Hunger is their shield. They see the rich turn into cattle. The hunt starts.
5. Rejection is their bow, depression their arrow.
6. Humans are always searching to satisfy their lusts. Pray for starvation as that is the only way to please Mother God.
7. Those who live to satisfy their lust will become cattle.
8. Pray for depression, so that you will not have fun with the world and come under the Judgement of Mother God.
9. Pray for fear, for it is impossible to please Mother God without fearing Her.
10. Pray for rejection, to be safe from pride.
11. Pray for weakness, to stay safe from slavery to the world.
12. Mother God wages war against the saints, to save them forever, in the perseverance. They are Her captives of salvation. She will teach them how to pray. They do not have to fear the enemy, for Mother God is their worst enemy.

Hell's Bakery

1. In the realms of hell there was no slayer but Tamar the horrible. She had a bloodlust like no one else, and her breath was like pure fire.
2. She was the softest woman existing, but at the same time the hardest. By certain jewels called the dakuster-jewels she had enslaved so many to be her gladiators in the wars of hell.
3. These jewels were like chains surrounding their wrists and ankles, and these made them drunk, so that they wouldn't be blocked in fighting by the false spirits of shame and guilt, which had been sent out by the enemy to paralyze the warriors.
4. The jewels would also take away the fear which was another strategy of the enemy to hold the warriors down. Tamar's sword was abundant in slaughter, spoiling so much blood, as blood she wanted to see on the killing fields.
5. It was the blood which made her men drunk, and by that they could reach their dreams again, dreams which had been taken away by the enemy. Tamar taught her men that they shouldn't fear suffering, as suffering would make them drunk, and would change their visions.
6. She taught all her men to be ascets and to search for the treasures of hell. The most horrible beasts of hell were at her side, and she taught her men that everything existed by the paradox, and that something could only survive by the paradox of the extremes.
7. Only those who could be the meanest could be the most graceful, and only those who learnt how to be the most hatefull could handle the tools of eternal love. Only the extreme and eternal paradox could heal hearts, but could also break hearts like nothing else.
8. Tamar the Horrible was an enslaver of hearts to lead them to the eternal freedom. Her dakuster-jewels were notorious and feared, but also desired by many.
9. Many were waiting for her enlightening touch in hell, but she was very selective. Only the best would be a part of her army, and the rest would suffer under her bone-breaking hands.
10. Her initiations were most cruel, and not many could handle it.
11. The inhabitants of hell warnt each other not to approach her, only when they had considered the cost, or in hopeless situations when there was nothing to lose anymore.
12. She had the winds of hell as her chariot and she was searching for nothing but blood.
13. She taught that all life was in the blood, all knowledge and every stone of hell.
14. They said the seven winds of hell were seven wolves who had defeated the seven lions of hell.
15. Seven lionskulls were in the carriage of Tamar the Horrible, and these skulls had been covered by their own skins, while these skins had been covered by the skin of a zebra.
16. Tamar the Horrible knew how to live in domination.
17. She was the nightmare in the heads of so many, keeping them under the heavy weights of hell, her giant swines, her giant pigs and her giant lions.
18. Many begged to have a day off in hell, but she kept them all merciless under her heavy chains.
19. She built cities of their blood and bones to make her dreams come true, the dreams of the eternal paradox of the extreme.
20. She didn't listen to dreams of others or to prophets, as she was the rule herself.

21. She was like the temple of hell, or even it's arc.
22. There was no one who could more silence and shrieks but her.
23. She was the woman of twisted extremes.
24. Dark animals were always surrounding her chariot when she was hunting : the meanest panthers, and her mocking hyena's.
25. She had her domain in Persiot, in the East of Hell, but most of the time she lived in Grugdia, which was the South-West of hell, where the hottest and highest fires were existing.
26. Here she ruled over those of no hope, also taking their last hopes away.
27. Tamar was the doom of the huntingfields of hell, like hell's altar of eternal loss.
28. She was the one who had raised the hellgates of Tantalos high, which was the frontportal.
29. Deeper in hell there were places like Tartarus, Atlas and Prometheus, the place of evergrowing suffering.
30. None would easily enter her domains, as they would meet her invisible whips.
31. These whips would torture their minds in all forms, and would make them drunk to take their minds away so that they would become the subject for more suffering when they would wake up.
32. She would whip them into sleep only to let them slide in her traps.
33. She would chain them by strange jewels made of goatskulls having strange evil buttons like the marks of hell which would them make a subject to the eternal torture she inflicted on them.
34. She didn't believe in final destruction. She believed in everlasting damnation.
35. Damned souls would be subject to torture, and this would be without an end.
36. If there was any sleep or drunkenness, it would be to let them wake up in even worse suffering.
37. That was the goal of all her so-called mercy. She was the personification of Evil, of evergrowing, everlasting Evil.
38. Many brave men tried to destroy her heart throughout ages, but they could never find her heart.
39. The problem was they searched for it in the realms of hell, but her heart had been stored in a place called Evil, the core beyond Hell.
40. Here her heart had been stored behind strange glass made of the tormented eyes of the damned.
41. Everyone coming close to this glass had to pay by anger and inflictions of self-rejections to become more or less twisted spirits.
42. The glass would always lead them astray in mindwebs of confusion where they would lose all their grown-up behaviour to become children of evil.
43. For Tamar it was only a fragile, tender spiderian snack. They were so helpless in this killing womb, that it would only drive them further away from their goal.
44. She was the mistress of Evil, of all Evil, all heartless evil. She had a heart, but it was frozen, having a strange flame letting it all burn in a strange fire.
45. She was the world beyond hell, and anyone coming near could only fall away in paralysis.
46. All the dreams she gave led them to greater nightmares, to the eternal ones.

47.No one would ever awake again. It was a bottomless pit in which they would be eternal fuel for her heart.

48.Those who tried to get close to her got struck by a strange disease in which their minds melted away into demency.

49.Many went insane in their attempt to approach her, and thus she became the most dangerous instrument of hell, a strange merciless machine of evil, an evil beyond all sense and beyond all understanding.

50.It was by her cruel ways she let the spirits and souls of the damned clot until they were her tormented jewels of evil by which she ruled. The process of clotting took eternities.

51.There was no medicine against someone like Tamar, and this is why the rules of hell got tighter and tighter like a cruel unchangable law of evil.

52.It was like a heavy weight pulling them all down.

53.But one day a group of children found a young lion in the desert.

54.The lion had the hairy skin of a giant spider,

55.and it seemed the animal was carrying strange powers.

56.It led the children through the glass behind which the heart of Tamar was.

57.Tamar was upset that these children seemed to have found the key.

58.It was a strange biological key, this lion.

59.And it teached the children about an eternal sleep in which their hearts would be safe,

60.and in which suffering would fade away.

61.This was what the children needed as they suffered from insomnia by the curse of Tamar dwelling in their heads.

62.It was like Tamar's eyes were always open,

63.and it seemed she suffered from insomnia too.

64.When Tamar saw the lion she felt some compassion,

65.and also a little boy seemed to have compassion with her.

66.‘You can caress the animal,’ the small boy said to her.

67.‘It will heal you.’

68.When Tamar did she started to cry.

69.She could close her eyes,

70.and fall asleep.

71.That day the winds of eternal sleep and eternal drunkenness went through hell like winds to make an end to so much suffering,

72.and to set free so many slaves.

73.Also the river of forgetfullness started to scream to bring healing.

74.Tamar slept for three days and when she woke up she was another person.

75.But after awhile she started to do the same things she always did.

76.It was like these things were too deep in her,

77.like they belonged to her and she belonged to them.

78. There was no one who could prevent her from going this road.
79. She had been touched by a dream only to call forth a greater nightmare,
80. pushing the flame away to inflict an eternity of icefields like the fields of glass.
81. It was like hell was freezing over this time,
82. triggering an even darker flame of evil,
83. a flame streaming from the deepest of her heart,
84. possessing them all.
85. She inflicted so many sour, salt and bitterness on them, so that they started to produce sweetness from deep inside to survive. She made living gingerbreads of them on which the birds of hell would float down. She became the bakerwoman of hell, raising man and women like cakes and tarts, like icecreams to be the fuel of her heart. There were many unknown predators she had to feed, coming from the depths of her heart.
86. There were living bakers in her heart, while she was the bakerwoman. These bakers were predators, different parts of her. One of her most evil and cruel creation she created by using these bakers was time. By time she could lock everything up, to control everything. She created time by tormenting the minds of her victims. By her whips she split their minds and actually in these splits the isolated parts got frozen by which time could rise. Time was an instrument she used to dominate hell. But she also needed time as a jewel for herself.
87. The pigs of hell were time-masters standing in her way. That was why deep in her realms of Evil she had temples where she sacrificed pigs. She had all kinds of ways to turn them into gingerbreads. No one was allowed to master and inflict time but her. But also numbers were objects in her hand which she could cause to rise in the minds of her victims by the invisible whips. The goats of hell were number-masters so she also hunted them. And the combinations between time and numbers caused language to grow, all to lead them further astray in their cages like bow-nets. The oxes of hell were language-masters. For a baker there was a lot to do. She was a mistress of illusion. She knew that time, numbers and letters were just strange diseases. She had her own jewels to let them rise.

18.

The Mark of Evil

1. Tamar woke up in her dungeon. It was a hard night where nightmares tortured her mind, and now she woke up to this black snake who held her in prison for such a long time. The arms of self-pity were almost strangling her, when she was there, chained to the wall, and her inner screams seemed to burn her from inside out.
2. 'Come on, black dove, not so sad,' the black snake whispered. 'I know this is what you want, for you gave it to so many, and what you give out is always your desire to get, isn't that so right? Well, I have a surprise for you: It will only get worse.'
2. Tamar was cursing, as the black snake was tightening her chains. She almost couldn't feel her blood flow anymore. 'You know why I am here, black snake,' she blasted. 'I will find my way in this dungeon of yours, I will take your sword and slay you.'
3. 'Hey, not so fast,' the black snake said. 'I know you like this party.' Then from all sides strange animals came to bite her and eat from her flesh. There was nothing she could do, but she had asked for it in the evil night, in which she sold herself to get the power to rule the underworld. She wanted to rule hell, and it's world beyond called the place of Evil. She didn't know that the sword she asked for would lead her to such a place, but it was certainly the price she had to pay for bearing such a power. She now knew she would only have to defeat this black snake who had kidnapped her, and to take it's sword, so that she would

come into balance again.

4. 'Oh, evil morning,' a witch was screaming in the distance. 'I wake up after a thousand years, and see what I get on my plate, brought to me by my faithful and lovely black snake. I once killed my own raven for it to get such a precious being. Girl, I know you have the power to rule hell and all its places beyond. You are wearing the seal of delirium, and I will wait here until I have sifted all your powers out of your chest, as young women only deserve to die, and not bearing such forces. You have brought others down to get where you are now, but look and see you are in a dungeon, as that is the price of all your powers.'
5. She came closer to Tamar, and Tamar got pale. 'Oh, you're a beautiful black woman, caught by a black snake, my snake. Did you really think your trip would lead you to nowhere? This is something. I am somebody, and I will show you in a few. I know exactly what to do to take your powers and how to destroy you. Don't worry, my child, don't worry.'
6. There was nothing Tamar could do. She knew she had to pay the price, and she was persisted to get the sword of the black snake, and maybe even the treasures of this old witch. This woman seemed to be the evil goddess of all elephants, and she held the treasure of all gravity in hell in her hand, a treasure by which she could cause doom and hopeless feelings everywhere.
7. Tamar prayed inside, something she only did when she had to. She didn't know how to deal with this situation. Her walls were sinking lower and lower in hell, even beyond the backgates, into a place called Evil. A raven was staring at her. She had never seen such a styled bird, and he was so big. 'Woman, I will have some mercy on you, as my master replaced me without mercy. I know this place like my own body, so I can guide you in it, and lead you to its backdoors.'
8. 'Offer accepted,' Tamar whispered. 'Get me out of here. This woman is insane.'
9. The raven smiled and looked at her with an undecipherable stare, while it moved its head. 'No worries, my dear. No worries.' By its beak he cut the chains of Tamar, and soon she was sitting on its back. He knew the way out of this dark place.
10. 'Wonder why this is going so easy,' the witch screamed. 'You both will have nothing to say anymore when your trip will end. Every escape here will lead you deeper into my ovens.'
11. 'We won't be a piece of your meat anymore, witch,' the raven shouted, while a fierce tall flame came out of its beak to devour the witch and her black snake. 'Where have you been, dear raven, and why such powers?' the witch screamed.
12. The raven took the treasure of the elephant in its beak, while sealed doors seemed to open up. 'Hell will swallow you deeper,' the black snake roared.
13. Tamar took the bird tight by its neck so that she wouldn't fall. She took notice that the bird wore a necklace around its neck to which a stone had been attached which looked like an eye. 'It's the eye of the raven, woman,' the raven spoke. 'It's an amulet given to me when I made my journey through the underworld, and it brought me back. They spoke to me about a woman I had to give it to. Now take it, it is yours.'
14. Tamar took the amulet and attached it around her neck. It brought her immense powers to see, which was merely the power to consume. It was like the invisible flame. 'These eyes are merely the transformers and creators of these worlds beyond hell, and they are the powerswords of the gladiators here,' the raven said.
15. 'Oh, I knew the eyes aren't to observe, but to dominate. It brings the mark of the slave,' Tamar said.
16. And by the eye of the raven Tamar raised her slaves and gladiators, for she was still in a war, an everlasting war. There were so many powers who wanted to possess her, and one

would be even worse than the other. She knew she had to dominate her own skull, and she could only do that by dominating the skulls around her. In this the raven was her understanding friend.

17. It was in these ages Tamar could raise the invisible fire to its heights, and she loved this fire. She bore the eye of evil now, a strange song in the middle of her chest. The invisible fire was moving along the tight rules of this song, which always seemed to be the same. It was the song of freedom she bore in her heart, a song she could sing all day long, and in the nights she whispered it.
18. The raven and the song brought her to Hasor, one of the major cities in the place of Evil. Here the spirits were like blankets and clothes, and they all seemed to have their place in the citywalls. She loved this place as it resonated with her heart. The raven knew this place as the place of its rebirth. Here the raven could shapeshift into a man. It wasn't strange for Tamar to watch her friend being a man now. She knew about these things. Together they walked on a market in the depths of Hasor. There were many slave-markets here, cattle-markets, and most of all gladiator-markets and weapon-markets. They treated her like she was a queen now she had the eye of the raven around her neck. They feared her for they knew she was bearing the invisible fire. Ratun and Irank were two men selling wild hunterdogs on the market. These hunterdogs were white and hairy with strange diamondlike spots on their bodies. These spots were hard and looked like jewels. Ratun and Irank wanted to buy her amulet, but when Tamar turned them down they said she could take some of the dogs as a gift. Tamar got about twenty dogs, and she knew she could use them, as the raven had said to her she needed to go to the royal house to slay its king if she wanted to dominate Hasor. It was a must for her to dominate Hasor or she would never be the ruler of Evil.
19. She had never seen such mean dogs, such slayers, so she could use them very well. It was like many around her expected her to slay the king, so this gave her strength. They knew she had come here for a mission. The king ran outside the royal house when she came closer and closer and lay himself at her feet. 'Spare us,' he said. 'We know we have done things wrong, but we tried our best.'
20. But Tamar knew he was a hypocrite. 'It seems you only listen to one side of the story, but okay, I will have mercy on you, when you and yours will work in the depths of Hasor's underground. I will free your slaves who worked there, and I will place them in your positions.'
21. 'Whatever you say, woman,' the king said, 'but have mercy on our souls.'
22. With her dogs and the raven she went into the royal house, called the slaves from the underground and gave them the positions of the upper class. The king and his aristocrats had to descend into the underground of Hasor to do heavy slavework for the rest of their lives. It was the day Tamar raised a dogthrone in Hasor, and she chose one of the best slaves to be the new king. The same day Tamar went with the raven and the twenty dogs to Chesbon, another major city of the place of Evil. Here the same happened, and soon Tamar became the new ruler of the place called Evil. These are her chronicles of her early days. The raven played a big part in settling her throne, and of course the mighty treasure of the eliphant. Tamar was a ruler like no other. She was the darkest, but she bore an unknown light. Here, in the depths of this place of Evil she would lay her heart, here she would give them all a different mark, a mark above all marks, the mark of evil.

19.

Army of Eagles

1. *'Why did we choose to see. We are so young. Why did we choose to be frozen in eternal sight ? We can't move. We are pillars in a temple of evil struck by fear. It's coming from the*

arc where the eye of evil rests near. We are afraid of these lights, so why did we choose them ? We are hiding for these lights, so why do we invite them ? Aren't we all torn up inside, watching both sides of the night ?'

2. Tamar slayed herself a way through the stubborn Filistines to the desert throne of a ghost terrorizing the spheres of Evil for such a long time. He looked like a blanket, and Tamar could nothing but mock him, while she held her sword, the spiritslayer, against his throat. 'Do you wanna live, bastard ?' she said with an ironical tone. 'Do you wanna live ? Live in my sword forever.' And then she beheaded him while he slid into her sword for eternal slavery. He would be another spiritslayer living in her sword, only coming out on her command. It was good life for the ghosts in her sword. They had food in abundancy and all the other pleasures of the place of evil. She cared for her ghosts like no one else did.
3. She slayed herself a path through the Amalekkites and the Moabites to do the same things to their ghostkings. She was the ruler of all evil, and they would all meet her sword, the spiritslayer, to live in it forever. It was another tale in a princess' headjewel of death. The princess loved to hear about how Tamar slayed the Hethites and what she did to their kings. But it was all a story. Since the princess died she listened to nothing but stories, as the reality was too much for her. She didn't care the stories were evil, as she didn't know the difference between good and evil anymore. She had been betrayed by her own family who called themselves good. If that was good, then what was evil ? It got her confused, and she found her way on the barbarian path.
4. But one day Tamar really came to her. The princess was shocked. She didn't know if she had to laugh or cry, to be scared or to be open. Tamar stood there almost naked with some belts across her body. 'Wanna go with me, woman ?' Tamar asked, and reached her hand out. 'You repress so much of yourself. Offer yourself to the eternal paradox of extremes and get alive in hell. It is not what you think. Your family you trusted and who were like heaven to you since you were young appeared to be messengers of hell when you figured them out. But now I will show you what hell really is.
5. The princess nodded. She took off her clothes to get some skins and belts to cover herself, and then she descended with Tamar into the depths of a vortex.
6. 'First we are going to get a sword for you, a spiritslayer,' Tamar said. 'Whoever you defeat will be a gladiator of your sword, a slave, but take care that you will treat them well. They will live in your sword in abundancy, and they come out on your command.'
7. 'Will they be rich then ?' the princess asked.
8. 'Oh yes,' Tamar said, 'very, very rich, you will bless them with all the goods of the place of evil.'
9. 'But I wish death and suffering on my enemies,' the princess said. 'I have a revengefull heart, like I want to pay them back, so don't you have another sword for me.'
10. 'No,' Tamar said. 'You must start with this one. You see, you can't be evil when you never learned how to be good.'
11. 'I will be good to the ones I love, my friends, and those in need, but not to those who did harm to me and others,' the princess said.
12. 'That's too easy, woman,' Tamar said. 'You must first learn to love your enemies, to bless them, to help them, to save them, or everything will be without any value.'
13. The princess bowed her head. This was too much to ask from her.
14. Then Tamar showed her a needle, and said : 'If you want to go to that place called Evil and to rule it all together with me, then you first need to go through the eye of the needle. When you don't get yourself through this hole, the needle will finally get you.'

15. The princess spat on the ground, took the needle and tried to break it, but she couldn't. And slowly the needle started to turn itself against her.
16. Tamar wasn't disappointed. She knew the royal ones, who weren't useful for anything. It wasn't the first one she saw spiralling away in captivity of the needle. This pin could only be handled when going through its eye. It was the pin of evil bringing all those down who would be too good, too holy and too beautiful for the place of evil.
17. The stench of the place of Evil was unworthy in the eyes of those driven by perfumes. They always said horses smell bad, pigs too untasty, and dogs too wild. And thus Tamar was a savage on a lonely path, as even the savages were often too royal and too civilized.
18. One day she came in a fight against a Roman giant. It was such a horrible fight and it took such a long time that they had to make a compromise, and they became lovers. It was like this love was the price of war, and just a war undercover, and it didn't feel right. And thus it came to another fight one day, and she could finally slay him. Still she loved him, as the price of their encounter, and she visited him in the realms of death. It was here she could finally have some true sort of friendship. He begged her if she wanted to take him up to hell and the place of evil again, and she gave him the needle. Would he come through the eye of this needle, or would the needle bring him down? He had a horrible fight against the pin of evil, in which she finally left him alone. The pin brought him to life in the good world, where he became king. It was there Tamar finally lost his love for him, and she got relieved, but she still felt the pain. It was like a red trace in her head, like a vein.
19. She also had such an experience with a Greek giant, and she knew that only in the depths of the place of evil she could heal. One day from the depths a new pin started to show up, sharper than ever and with the smallest eye. It was a fight for her to get herself through the eye, or the pin would drag her all the way down to the good world. And it would be a hard fall, for she was high on the rock now. Finally she survived, but the pin had wounded her very much. In the unknown depths of the place of Evil she saw more Roman and Greek giants, but this time she didn't dare to fight them, as she knew where it could lead to. These giants could take their spines out of their backs to use them like swords. But when the pin returned to her, she knew that it would help her. She went to the giants, and gave them the pin. Not long after that they were all slain by the evil pin. Because she had overcome the pin she could mold it in her hand. Sometimes it was like a thin snake-jewel around her arm, or around her head, and it could also turn into a feather. She loved to wear it in her hair, as it made her dreadful. She could come deeper and deeper in the depths of the place of Evil by it. It dragged her to the sources of the invisible blood from which she drank, while visible blood started to cover her body. By the invisible forces she could make things visible again, and it became the secret of her creative powers. Often she encountered groups of giants, which she gave the pin. No one seemed to survive the pin, but one day there was a giant called Ruben who could get through the eye of the pin. Ruben told her that he invented the pin and that he had sent it to her to take her to him. The giant told her that there were many of these sorts of pins, and that they had the mission to turn them into predators. Only the predators who could dominate the pins by getting through their eyes would survive. The rest would go down under to become the captives of the pins. The pins would lead them to the good world which was merely a breeding.
20. Ruben told Tamar also that one could only become a predator in the sources of the invisible forces, where the pins would lead the survivors to. 'Real giants know what it is to be small and even to be little dwarves. And those who are visible know what it is to be really invisible,' Ruben always said. And these were wise words to Tamar. Ruben told her also about his sons who were even bigger than him. All these giants could also take their spines out of their backs to use these as their swords. Pallu had the tallest and largest spine, and he even used it as a spear. Ruben told that he was really a pinmaster. One night Tamar had a lot

of nightmares about the pins. She was exhausted when she awoke. She saw Ruben before her, who had taken his spine out, and he was putting it in his throat. 'You must master sleep,' he said to Tamar. 'You must take it out of your body and use it like your sword, and you must put it in your throat and then take it out again, like your spine.' Then he taught her how she could take her spine out of her back and use it just like him. He could also take certain bones out of his leg to use them like weapons. Ruben taught her that her body was pure armory. She needed to learn how to use it.

21. The night after she had nightmares again and this time she really had to wrestle against the pins. She first needed to accept their ways so that they would swallow her inside, as going through their eyes, and thus she could get them in her hands. Ruben taught her that sword and pins would first be her stakes, and later her weapons. She needed to accept suffering. She needed to be an ascet-warrior. It was not a simple way to victory. Ruben told her that she could only ride a beast after it had swallowed and digested her. This was like going through the eyes of the needle. And she discovered that some needles had many eyes, but when she finally got through, it would be the keys in her hand. It was all to open the Book of Evil, the book of so many locks. If she could set it's spirits free, it's invisible spirits, everything, yes, everything would get in line again.
22. These were rough nights, nights in which she thought she would lose everything, everything she had built herself on. Until she felt the soft and wet hairy walls of evil in her mind telling her all she needed to know. These were the pillars of a new world, the voices of the unknown finding their ways to the hearts where they could live forever. These voices were the invisible, yet so vibrant, full of potential, full of direction bearing the program of creation, for in a flash they would be visible, like evil red marble, and in a flash they would live forever. She had found the jewels of evil below her feet, and she could stare through the eyes she went through. She was a rider of the beasts now, a yielder of the swords, as they first rode on her and pierced her deep by their teeth. She now understood this cruel paradox, like a flaming wheel in the night, why without this there wouldn't be any life in eternity.
23. And also these wheels of paradoxal understanding had to be broken, their flames to be taken away, to make room for the invisible fires leading her to the greater wheels. She found the perfect car of evil after all these nights, which was merely a slayer. There was nothing she could do about it. Only the slayer would bring life, while it tore the present realities apart. Only the slayer would bring her to the depths of potential to the awakening of mental explosions. She didn't want to live her life in jokes anymore. She wanted to open this Book of Evil, the world beyond everything. She wanted to take it's mask off and read, read, until she would reach eternal life. Only the Slayer would be able to read this book, and she was willing to let it flow all through her, through all the barricades and blocks, through all the stones and dikes. She wanted to be the watcher on the walls, to bring all these walls down. She knew it would only happen under the weight of the opened Book of Evil. All these letters were the pins she had to deal with. It would swallow her first, and then she would rise in it, and ride it like a car. It was an arable land, not a battlefield, in which she had to sow herself and nestle herself.
24. In the depths of Evil she would finally find the meaning of all this and come to a rebirth. In this she was nothing but a grape under the feet of evil, waiting to be drunk and to come alive in somebody. First she needed to come into someone, and then she could be someone. The Feet of Evil rested heavy on her until she would be one with the invisible sorces streaming through the land. It was a land she didn't know much about, but the giants were more than willing to tell her. They had waited for her for so long. Not in a womb was her place of rebirth this time, but there where the Feet of Evil would tread her. So many pins seemed to pierce her, but it would be the only way to open the Book of Evil deep inside her heart. As long as it would stay locked it would be a tyrann to her.

25. The pins stang deep in her brain, but she knew it was the only way. It opened her up to the invisible forces inside. Her body wanted to connect to her brains, but her brains were locked up. They had to break it open, and they used the pins for that. So many giants she met who were making the pins. And they could only do that because they first dominated them in their minds. They went through the smallest gates, through the longest journeys under the Feet of Evil. They had spent their time to figure it all out. They teached her how to be a pinmaker herself, and how these pins would serve her as her armor. She became a pinmaster, and soon they led her to a place called invisible jewel. Here many other women like her were, and they all had gracious manners. She didn't know such dignity could exist. This place was truely like an invisible jewel. But soon she came to the understanding that these women all had secret pins, and soon it turned out into a fight. There was nothing Tamar could do against those pins. These pins were decorated like the most beautiful ornaments from all sorts of jewels, and soon she gave up all hope and sunk into despair. It struck her like nothing else, but then she remembered the paradox of the pin. She first needed to go through the eye of it. 'If you want to sacrifice me, then sacrifice me,' Tamar spoke to the women. They tied her, and brought her to a temple-like atmosphere below their realms, and it was like a garden. They tied her to a stake, and said : 'We as women of the invisible jewel have all been initiated like this. If you want to be one of us : face the pins.' And then they skinned her and ate from her like cannibals. Tamar was almost a skeleton now, but she remembered she could use all her bones like weapons. What was it she needed to do ? She knew she first had to be swallowed. A fire from above came to devour her, and she started to burn, while the fire stayed and became invisible. New skin started to grow on her, and she looked more and more like the women of the invisible jewel. 'Are you my friends or my enemies ?' Tamar asked.
26. 'That's what you decide,' the women said. 'But we know that it all works by the paradox. You can't be our friend if you can't be our enemy. But you must always be the best.'
27. 'Well, I do my best,' Tamar said. She seemed to get a high position now under the women, and soon she was their ruler. She was a pinmaster now, and a damned good one. She got an own horse now, and the women said that the horse was made of all the pins she had survived and defeated by going through their eyes.
28. But the more she stayed in this realm of the invisible jewel the more she discovered about it's nature. She found out that these women could change into pins themselves. She saw how the women lured giants to their places, and whenever such a giant was in their private domains they would lock the doors and turned into pins to take whatever they wanted. They would even move across the borders of the place of evil, hell and even death to do such things, and they deceived many from the good world. They would also go across the borders of heaven to deceive angels and spirits, and those ghosts who called themselves 'god'. To them it was a good hunt, so that they could build their spiritwalls. They wanted to build their own heavens, and they wanted to test anyone to see if they would be worthy to live with them.
29. To Tamar love was already a strange thing, a strange war, as it always seemed to show up where the fight became too painfull or exhausting. War and love were like the tides of evil, in a very complicated way. Tamar didn't want to play with these powers like the women of the invisible jewel did, but she wanted to open the Book of Love to know what it is all about, and what would be the rules. So this time it would be a war against the women themselves, and not just against their pins. They were pins themselves, and Tamar knew she had to get them there where they would be completely without weapons, without armory, so that they would show her how they were a weapon themselves. It was like they accepted from Tamar that she didn't do the things they did, because she was their new ruler. It was quite normal to them that she was different, and they trusted her. They would be in her surroundings almost naked without any weapons as helpless lambs. Tamar finally used this

situation, and one by one she got them shapeshifting into the pins they were. She could break them down to the bottom, as she could throw her threads through their eyes to bind them tight. It was by this she found out about the mysteries how to turn into a pin. Tamar became the pin of evil and dominated all other pins, until she broke them down to the bottom. She sacrificed these deceivers of love to open the book. But it wasn't what Tamar expected. The Book of Love seemed to be merely a book of hunters, and it slowly brought her down. She didn't know about the price of opening such a book, and she became a paranoid creature. It made her very small, as she found out it was nothing more but a bunch of scorn. It got her so far that she wanted to destroy this Book of Love, before it would destroy her. By all its cruelty it was turning her into the worst predator existing, letting the shadows of fear falling on everything. She wished she would never have opened this book, but it was already too late. And she more and more became a prisoner of it. The words were possessing her, making her drunk, and its spirits filled her with an undescrivable hunger. It tore her apart, and turned her into the meanest pin to get what she wanted. Nothing mattered anymore but to quench this flame of hunger. It drove her wild and insane.

30. It was like the women of the invisible jewel were applauding in her head, like they were saying : 'You are now really one of us.' Of course : They had opened this book before, in the same way she did. There was no way back, as she slid in the deeper initiations of the place of the invisible jewels through this book. It was like the portal to its depth, a vortex sucking her deeper like never before. She got that paranoid stare in her eyes, full of self-deception and seduction, all to get it done. She needed to lead the sheep astray just to protect her heart against all those swindling forces, all those undercover wars. And if she would run away, it would only come closer, and there was nothing else she could be but to learn how to battle in the War of Love.
31. She was painting herself by deceiving colours, to be a chameleon in this dark night. She covered herself by the drinks making others drunk, so that they would sleep away, and she could escape. But how could she love her enemies ? It made her feel dirty, but the Book of Love had her in a tight grip, and whenever she tried to get away, the grip only got tighter, so she gave up. She was something she didn't want to be, but in a strange way it made her free, which was the grace of the paradox. She couldn't finally get a touch of who she really was, and she got the control over her life back step by step. She was now a high-heeled succubus, in a strange army. She had been bound all over by a strange light, coming from the Book of Love. She was a love-hunter now, and she knew that all women of the invisible jewel would go down like that. There was no other way.
32. The colours were making her drunk, and made others drunk, and she knew these were the colours of war. To buy such a drink was just the mark of the hunted, and to get drunk was the mark of the defeated, and the one getting this all done was the warmaster. And they were all both the victims and inflictors of this. There was no way in the middle. Only the extreme would lead them out. She was a pin herself now, a pin of evil, so what could she expect more ? She had been under the high heels of evil for so long, and now she had these high heels herself. It was the fastest way to get the blood flow, and to make them all drunk. She looked like a traffic light, but on one moment, and she didn't know how, she could lock the Book of Love again. She locked it like she never locked anything before. She saw someone hanging at a cross, while a large butterfly was flying around him. 'Who are you ?' Tamar asked. The man bowed his head and said : 'I'm the crucified one.' Tamar asked him if he needed any help. 'You have done this,' he said. 'You have crucified me, as I am the personification of the Book of Love. Open the book again to set me free.'
33. 'Never will I do that,' Tamar said, 'as if there is any evil, it is that. You have to live with it, as I'm not going to open it anymore. Do you know what suffering is ruling there within its papers. Love-slaves.'

34. 'You wanted to open the Book of Evil,' the man said. 'I am the first chapter, and you have defeated me, consumed me. Now read the second chapter, or the Book of Evil will turn itself against you.'
35. 'And who or what is the second chapter?' Tamar asked.
36. 'You will only see if you set me free,' the man said.
37. 'Oh no, I won't,' Tamar said persistent. Then the man and the book started to fall apart, and so many butterflies and other winged creatures became free. A smile fell on Tamar's face and a great peace filled her like honey. 'You have set us free,' a voice deep inside spoke to her. 'We will be grateful to you for eternity.' Tamar still wondered what the second part of the Book of Evil would be, and she asked it some insects who seemed to stay close with her. 'The Book of Love was merely the frontportal of the Book of Evil. Come closer, and we will let you see, and let you in,' a voice spoke. But Tamar became very afraid, as what could she expect? Another chapter leading her to destruction? She didn't want to be bound again like that. 'Through the eye of the needle, is that what you really want?' another voice asked her.
38. 'Who are you,' Tamar screamed. Then there was silence for awhile. A big butterfly started to show up before her with wings of fire. Tamar almost fainted. 'You need to run away, Tamar, as the pages will get you,' the butterfly said. Then it turned into another book, but Tamar couldn't read it. It was an unknown language. 'It will stay unknown,' the butterfly said, 'as I do not think you want to go through the eye of the needle.'
39. 'I have been through so many eyes of so many needles,' Tamar said. 'I'm like a needle myself now, like a high heeled boot, I'm the treader of evil. Through which eyes do you want me to go now?'
40. 'Ho, ho, don't get so irritated,' the butterfly said. 'Do you desire it, or you won't get anything to know about it.'
41. 'I desire it,' Tamar said, 'I'm hungry for it, and I'm begging for it.'
42. Then the butterfly opened a door beyond her understanding. It was like cruel light was floating like a waterfall into her mind, burning it from inside out. It was a pin of fire standing before her all of a sudden, and then turning invisible. It was the Invisible Book standing before her. Then she fell into it, and she could only shriek and scream. Something was trying to strangle her, and she saw monkeys all around. It felt like an invisible snake around her. 'Step into the water,' someone said. But there was no water. 'These are the invisible pins,' another one said. It hurt more than everything else. It was like doors in her head were exploding, and rays of light were falling down on her. 'How can I read an invisible book?' she asked.
43. 'Don't ask too much,' they said. She felt like she was in a bakery becoming gingerbread, and like an invisible sweetness was staring at her. It was smelling so sweet, and she could almost see the smell. 'Watch the smells,' someone said, 'as these are the rays of the heart. The good world believes in the visible, as they are hypocrites, but the evil world is a world of smell, a dogworld. Do you know that a dog can smell forty to hundred times better than a usual soul? His smell is so advanced that he can even hear it, see it and feel it. That is the power of the invisible. Do you want it?'
44. 'Oh yes,' Tamar said, 'I know these are the pins of smell, and it's breaking me down, to build me up again. If I can trigger my other senses by smell, then that will be good.'
45. 'It is the best part of the book,' the butterfly said. 'It will let you enter the world of feeling. It will make you drunk, and it will make you high, it makes you fly. You will be a feather girl, for if you will defeat the pins of smell, they will turn into feathers, and you know how to defeat them right?'

46. 'Yes,' Tamar said, 'that is an old story. So you're making an indian of me, right ? Well, I'm already an indian, but I know what you mean.'
47. And after Tamar had defeated the pins of smell and the whole Invisible Book she came to the Dog Throne, a strange hairy white throne with the strangest and rarest jewels like buttons. It was like glass was surrounding her heart, making her feel protected, safe, like no one could touch her anymore, like no one could find her anymore. It made her feel like she had soft feathers inside, giving her the feeling that she could fly. It was opening the world of feelings to her, a third part of the book, but also this part was very dangerous. She needed the dogs to survive here, and she was so glad that these dogs were the meanest of all dogs, as otherwise she would fall in other mean hands. The dogs were at her side, and since she had this dog throne she could dominate them all, all by throwing some pins in the air. She could make them wild by this, and she could even let them turn into wolves and other predators. She was now made of pins herself, all the pins she had overcome and survived, and she could ride her own body now, to control it, to possess it. All these pins she was were like her new weapons, her wild bones, and by these she ruled all the dogs to make them drunk and wild. They were the hunterdogs and they led her safely through the Book of Feelings, the third part of the Book of Evil.
48. The book finally hunted her down, and she got into a long fight with it. 'Open the fourth part of the book ?' Tamar screamed, as she felt herself drowning. I need to have some ground below my feet. But the Book of Evil was merciless. 'Drown in me, woman,' it whispered. Suddenly she got so much strength that she could tear the book apart, and birds seemed to come forward from it. 'There is no fourth part,' the book screamed. But the birds formed words in the sky, words of gratitude. 'Tamar,' one of the birds said, 'the fourth part is the part of letters to you. It will heal your heart, it will be your medicine in this dark, dark night.'
49. Suddenly Tamar woke up. She saw a chained book lying close to her. Clouds of delirium were surrounding it. She saw clouded arms grasping around them, and she suddenly jumped further away from the books, why she almost shrieked of paranoia. Never again would this book have a grip on her, never again. 'Go away,' she screamed. But it was like the arms now knew where she was, so slowly they started to move themselves and the book towards her like they were some sort of creeping and swimming on the sand. Suddenly she heard some shots. Behind her three gorillas stood. The book was sinking away in quicksand.
50. 'You are safe, my dear,' the gorillas said. 'You have come from a long journey through the book, and now you are here. We will never let you go. Protect yourself by all means, for everything around you is evil. The good is just a swindler, trying to chain your soul, and the best is just a hypocrite, a mask, for they are both nothing but the rogues of evil. Don't let anyone fool you ever again. 'Then what are you ?' Tamar asked. 'Then you must be the rogues of evil too.'
51. 'We all are,' the gorillas said, 'but we have a license to be evil. That's the difference.'
52. 'From who did you get that license ?' Tamar asked.
53. 'From the Dog Throne,' the gorillas said.
54. 'Well, I just came from the Dog Throne,' Tamar said.
55. 'Oh, but then you are licensed as well,' the gorillas said.
56. 'I think you are but a strange company,' Tamar said. 'I guess everything works by the paradox. As long as it is torn it will be safe.'
57. 'The splinters will get you,' the gorillas said. 'There's nothing above being licensed, or you need to puzzle your way through.'

58. 'Well, damn those puzzles, I'll take the license then,' Tamar said.

59. The Dog Throne brought her closer to her goal, the ultimate domination, and this all by a license. She would never get this by puzzling her way through, for sometimes you just had to stop all the puzzling or it would lead you further astray. Sometimes you just had to fly on the wings of the unknown, trying to make the best of it by a sort of license, like a license to fly. But more and more Tamar started to hate the license. She wanted the adventure, the danger, for all the safety gave her the feeling she was locked up, and it bored her. She wanted to break away from this Dog Throne holding her heart, for the glass splinters seemed to find her way deeper and deeper. For a part she had to live with this, but sometimes she chose just to fly back to hell again, or even to death and the good world. There was so much to do there, and what about discovering heaven? Heaven was to her the greatest conspiracy of all hypocrites together. Sometimes she wished to be a good old woman of the invisible jewel again, and she found out she still could be. And although the Dog Throne called her back many times she felt some good safety in that, some pleasure. It was thrilling her and exciting her in a sense. It was not like the early days. She felt a good chain in her back like a red rope pulling her back when it got too much or too dangerous. It was the paradox who gave her pleasure and made her feel good and safe, and she could never choose one side of the story anymore, as that would lead her to destruction. She was a jewel of many sides now, and still so invisible, sometimes showing up with so many flashes, bringing such powerful hooks to tear all their worlds apart, as she was a monster sent out to devour and re-create, by a license and a wild escape.

60. She more and more became like a dogthrone, the ultimate license, so savage and wild. It was almost eating her heart now. It was awakening the invisible fires in her, such strong fires to devour worlds. Her heart was like a volcano now, with invisible eruptions. It was her stairs to the heights of the place of Evil, where she could breathe and think, where her mind was nothing but an eruption of her heart. She loved to dwell on these eruptions, to ride them and to float on them, and most of all: to be invisible with them. That was not so difficult for her, as she often went to the good world just to throw the sands of pins into the big eyes. She was the spreader of scary dust making them all blind and letting them all fall asleep. She was in a war against these eyes now, as they never went through the eyes of the needle. They were just bragging. So she thought it was time for them to have an encounter with the pins. These eyes had created all things, and they were like the agents of heaven. These big eyes of heaven she hated more than anything, but they couldn't escape the teeth of the dogthrone. There were an invisible world and an invisible sword waiting to break through, and through the big eyes of heaven they would do that. These big eyes were the swords of heaven, where all its gladiators got their fire from. In cold rage Tamar got there to slay these eyes who were just in drunkenness and sleep because of the sands of pins. It was easy for her to slay them now in the armor of her own drunkenness. She was sleepdrunk now, and that was her protection against this machine. She called forth the invisible ice to quench the fires of these eyes, and lightening started to break these eyes down. But there were so many splinters now, like high shrieking predators of the wildest forms. It was breaking her head, as she had challenged the worst powers of nature. This wasn't evil anymore, and neither the worse. This was the worst thing which could happen to her. These were the powers who could laugh when they would see the forces of evil march. They would mock them, and scream at them, while the forces of evil would tremble before their thrones. This was the worst. And it was the worst strike in Tamar's head she ever had. It made her sick. She fell down, and she was in fear. Did she challenge eternity and all its unknown almightiness? She couldn't think straight anymore, like she had challenged a throne higher than her dogthrone, but nothing was less true. The dogthrone started to bark like all thunder combined, and struck heaven's throne of eyes in a flash. The eyes started to melt, and got confused, and angelic watchers started to fall down to get devoured in a flash. It was dinnertime for the dogthrone now, and

- Tamar felt her blood flowing again. Stench was now taking over, by the brightest lightening blinding them all. Stench was now like a sword in Tamar's hand, and she yielded it against the last flashes of heaven's throne of eyes. Suddenly there were eruptions in the throne, and lava came forward. One big eye came forward from the melted throne of eyes, and started to scream. Without any hesitation Tamar pierced the Sword of Stench through it.
61. Then many many small eyes seemed to come forward from the big eye. What then happened Tamar couldn't recall, but the dogthrone took complete possession. She woke up in the arms of a dogman. There was no heaven anymore, and even hell had been faded away because of the explosions. There was now only the place of evil, while the world of the dead and the world of the good were two candles in front of the dogthrone. The dogman caressed her and comforted her. 'It's over, Tamar, we have won,' he said.
 62. Tamar slid away again in a big sleep. So many slaves of heaven and hell could escape with her now in this big sleep, as the dogthrone was taking possession more and more. It was a new drunkenness coming to the world of the death and the world of the good now, and the pins settled themselves in the eyes of these worlds like flashes. The dogman took his woman and carried her to a cave where he lay her down on a place of skins. Tamar was drunk now, as everything seemed to stream from the place of evil. She felt some hands on her which seemed to wake her up. She saw the women of the invisible jewel standing around her. The dogman was holding her hand. 'Now you are truely one of us,' one of the women said. She was bearing a strange shield with a face on it. She knew this face, but she couldn't remember. 'The one of heaven has fallen,' the woman said. 'It's face is frozen now, and it's eye pierced. He cannot harm us anymore.'
 63. 'Does civilization have smell ?' another woman said. 'No, only the rose, and it will create our world. You have defeated it's thorns and the stings of it's bees.'
 64. 'Smell has a much higher fire to consume than the eye, and it is an invisible fire to heal your heart. Nothing else can heal you like this,' a third woman said softly.
 65. 'Smell has it's own eye,' a fourth woman said, almost whispering, 'it looks like a nipple from which the milk of evil flows, our world. Don't hesitate to drink from it.' Then she laid her hand on Tamar's chest while it started to burn like a sun, and a huge third nipple appeared. 'This is the mark of all the higher women of the invisible jewel, a mark which is called the Eye of Smell. Transform and re-create our world by it into it's finest forms. You can do it, as you are the chosen one. We went through everything you went through, and that made us one. Now rise up on your feet, and you will fly alone now, sweetie. We all have to find our own ways.'
 66. Then the women disappeared, leaving the shield with the face to Tamar. The dogman was still holding her hand. 'I cannot rise up now, as I am tired,' Tamar said.
 67. 'Take rest,' the dogman said, and left also. The Eye of Smell was burning on her chest. It was a new form of sight, only by smell, and only registering smell, and triggering it. It was a higher fire, invisible, but producing flashes. It was like everything had been faded away. She felt like she was blind and deaf, like there were only sounds in the distance. It was the Dog Throne coming closer. When it came closer Tamar could see her own heart, and new joy started to spread itself around her. 'I can see, I can see,' she was almost shouting. Everything was brighter since the Eye of Smell had struck her, and the sounds were higher and lower, much softer, but louder, like she had been wrapped by it. But then everything was fading away again. Until the Eye of Smell struck again, and she felt like she was a rose, an evil rose, like she had eyes all around her.
 68. She stood up, with a strange stare, rose her sword, and went out of the cave. There was a new sun like a giant nipple, like the Eye of Smell, and milk was floating down like a waterfall, like veils. It was like she could climb in these veils to come to it's sources. So

many roses were growing around her, roses with feathers, and when they had been grown up, they flew away to the new sun in the sky. Also in those feathers were the eyes of smell. There was still an invisible fire streaming, and it seemed to stream from the roses also, making everything so bright. It was like everything had been touched by something. Tamar could see the arms of the invisible fire, like ghosts. Tamar remembered how the key of smell could open the world of feelings. And that was what she felt. It was like another sun came out of the sun and floated down to soar above the fields. It was the Eye of Feeling, spreading so much peace and rest, so much silence. Tamar tried to grasp it, and it fell on her, it pushed her down in the grass below her. It empowered her like nothing else. It was such a devouring fire that she could only see passion. It was like she could jump out of her body to throw her skin away, and to be renewed by fire. She was fire now, the fire of feeling. She could watch by feeling now, seeing feeling all around her, and triggering it. It was like the fields were all exploding, and so many small eyes spread themselves on her forming a new skin and armory. She was almost naked, dressed by some belts and skins. She had a hairy shield, and heavenly jewelry seemed to fall upon her. This evil paradise was her heaven now, and she would be it's princess. In drunkenness she crept to her Dog Throne, and lay herself on it, while she almost fell asleep again. It was raining sunrays now, and she started to cry, no tears but sunrays.

69. The second sun was almost luring her to step into it, and that was which she finally did. It brought her to the other sun. There were flashes everywhere, and the sun started to speak. She gave birth to many children, who were all carrying the eye of smell and the eye of feeling like precious jewels. The children fell down from the suns into the veils, and rolled towards the fields below them, where the roses were waiting for them. Tamar sat on her Dog Throne, smiling from the sun, and she remembered that the feelings would bring the letters. They were rising from the fields to the sun like roses, and they finally reached her heart. She could read them, but most of all she could smell them and feel them.
70. It was in these days the Dog Throne started to fade away more and more, and she became a Dog Throne herself. She was the Angel of Wrath, a Dog Machine, after all these adventures she had. They had led her through all the cocoons, and now she had become them. She had striking wings now, yielding the winds of Evil like a new heaven. Here she throned as the princess of heaven, and here she was the throne, like the arc of evil who had possessed it. There were no wings like her wings, as she could strike like an army of eagles. She knew where she was coming from, and where she was going to. Whenever she spoke she almost blasted, and whenever she raised her voice she was almost barking. She was an army of dogs, and she knew where it was coming from. She had a history which couldn't be denied. She had fought for this license, and she had fought against it, but it had possessed her merciless.
71. If she could chose where she would set her feet on, she would set one foot on the world of the dead and one foot on the world of the good. And this was which she finally did. She was now the Angel standing Tall.
72. In a world of Feelings and Smell she dwelled, the place of Evil, where she had uncovered it's depths, and she had pushed her legs deep. She had so much invisible sweetness, and the women of the invisible jewel were proud of her. She was one of them, more than ever, as she had proved it. She worshipped the Eyes of Smell, and all those who carried it were welcome in her mighty kingdom. She let them dwell on the wings of heaven, and on it's clouds. She let them swim in the surroundings of it's islands, and she gave them the wealths of it's feelings. Also the Eye of Feeling she worshipped, like the womb of all Evil. It made those who carried these eyes so beautiful. She would paint the ones carrying these eyes by her colours of war, as there was still a mighty war. It was the war of evolution, a primeval scream.

73. One day a third sun was coming into their atmosphere. It was the eye of Evil. It was a strange power of love, a scary power. It was the bringer of fear. Now it was okay to love again no one dared to, but very thin streams of love started to fill and touch the fragile heads of those in the surroundings of the Dog Throne. It was a careful love like a temple. No one dared to touch it, and they were running away from it. But there was no escape. The threads of fear were binding them, until real panic struck them. It made them more paranoid than they were, and it even made them autistic. It was the strike of fear, and it opened an eternal sight, something which they feared like nothing else.
74. 'Why did we choose to see. We are so young. Why did we choose to be frozen in eternal sight ? We can't move. We are pillars in a temple of evil struck by fear. It's coming from the arc where the eye of evil rests near. We are afraid of these lights, so why did we choose them ? We are hiding for these lights, so why do we invite them ? Aren't we all torn up inside, watching both sides of the night ?'

20.

1. Your wounds contain poison to paralyze the enemy. Come to the arsenal of Mother God. She is the jungle.
2. Let Her show you how to win the eternal battle. First you must lose the battle from Her.
3. If you are not Her captive, you will never win.
4. Be glad when She has struck you down, for it is to raise you in a higher battle.
5. She will teach you to pray, fight and hunt.
6. Her loin cloth is for priesthood. It represents Her pillars. The Pillar of Knowledge is close to the Pillar of Children. Vur is hunting in the night, to take the children to knowledge.
7. Vur takes the children in the night, and leads them through the wilderness.
8. Vur is here. Mother has sent her, to initiate.
9. She drags them to the temple, for the eternal battle.
10. Yes, she drags them to the arena, to find the fruit.
11. The fruit makes them hunt.

21.

1. Vur shows them the fruits of eternal life. She shows them the fruit and the milk of the eternal hunt.
2. Vur leads them to the Pillar of Longsuffering. Close to it are the milk falls, where the Pillar of Emptiness is.
3. Here the white beast of hyperactivity was caught.
4. Talkativity is a sin. Only those who have found the Pillar of Emptiness will find Vur.
5. Here Vur will reveal herself.
6. She will drown you in the pools of milk, to find emptiness.
7. Her heaven is behind the Pillar of Emptiness, the devouring beast. She thrones in Ham.
8. No one can enter except those who have been devoured by her beast. She guards the Pillar of the Children.
9. And all children will be led to the Pillar of Longsuffering.
10. Here they receive the Holy Tear.

22.

1. They are washed in the milk of Mother God and the blood of the enemy.
2. To Her pillars they are bound.

The Book Of Wrath

1.

1. She is the red sun turning black. She is the Mother God, She reigns. She sits high in her temple, on the mountain of Sharak in Turio. In Lobo she has her ships of war and hunt.
2. She brings her enemies down and nails them at stakes. She is the Mother God.
3. High on her mountain she thrones. She sits in Tarak, and counts the fallen soldiers. On beasts she rides.
4. She brings her enemies down and buries them. On their blood she builds a new empire. Even the righteous she strikes down, for they have all sinned.
5. She burdens them with guilt. And there is no one taking their guilt away.
6. They deserve everlasting damnation in which She leads them to Her honey. Yes, everlasting damnation is one of her graces.
7. Those who do not have it will die, and they will be forgotten.
8. She initiates her disciples in Hell. Her prophets will not be spared. Her priests are tormented by Her. She is a God of Wrath.
9. They will flee to Her daughter, but Her daughter is Wrath too.
10. They torment the saints, taking their hopes away, until they are totally dependent on the Mother God.
11. When they speak they have Her Words on their lips. She is a volcano in her power, and her caves are many. She comes to the surface to slay. She fights the male tribes and their gods. She mocks them. A God of War she is. In Her great Wrath she brought forth children.
12. She didn't spare any of them. She raised them for war. Like a stone she throws the father god into the sea. Can the heads of her children be delivered from him ? She pierces him by spears, and turns him into an ox. His sons she turns into pigs. Yes, her arrows are pure poison.
13. She brings them down at young age. Her children don't say anything.
14. She captures the children of the father god, to save them out of his hands. She paints them for war.

2.

The Lost Women of Tergate

1. As Golem entered the fields he found after a long trip through the wilderness, he saw women riding on horses in the distance.
2. It looked like they were hunting or something, but Golem wasn't sure.
3. The women of this land were strange, not like other women Golem met in other districts.
4. They were still in the distance, but Golem could already see that they were different.

5. He took his bow and an arrow, while some of the women had already taken notice of him, and came closer.
6. One stepped from her horse and decided to walk towards him.
7. The woman didn't talk, and she looked like she was far away in herself.
8. In the distance some women were screaming.
9. They had caught a young deer, and tried to kill it.
10. Golem aimed his arrow at one of the women and shot her from her horse.
11. The other women started to get in rage towards Golem, but Golem just didn't like to watch hunters.
12. Suddenly strong arms took him from behind, and pushed him to the ground.
13. Another one kicked him a few times hard in the head, and soon Golem lost consciousness.
14. When he woke up, he had been tied to a stake.
15. A few dark eyes watched him tight, and then she spat him in the face.
16. She was rubbing with her hand over his body, and then she put some mud on his body.
17. Another woman laid a knife against his throat.
18. The young deer lay somewhere close to him, bleeding to death.
19. Some of the women drank from it's blood and had red mouths and faces by it.
20. Golem spat one of them in the face while she came close to him.
21. These women were lost, and probably damned by the usual life.
22. Who were they, and why were they living here like this. Had they been banned ?
23. An old woman came close to Golem. She was mocking him, and raising her hands making strange movements. 'You will die tonight, captive,' she said.
24. 'What if I will kill you all and burn your strange camp ?' Golem said as an option.
25. Then the old woman spat in his face, and left.
26. After that she came back with a knife, and soon Golem was bleeding all over.
27. Then suddenly a group of women came home from a hunt.
28. They had caught a bison, and soon they started to slay the bison for it's meat and skin.
29. After awhile they forced Golem to eat from the meat.
30. Golem didn't want to eat, but then they hit him so hard on the head that he got dizzy, and in delirium he started to eat.
31. The women made a lot of noise, but Golem was far gone, he almost didn't heard them anymore.
32. One woman stood before him, and smeared bison-blood on him, while she also smeared it on herself.
33. Golem didn't know what kind of games they were playing, but he assumed that this was their tradition.
34. When it was evening they started to dance around his stake, raising their knives, axes and tomahawks.
35. Never before Golem heard such shrieks and yelling.

- 36.The moon appeared, and some of the women were bowing.
- 37.Golem had headaches.
- 38.Suddenly he heard a few shots, and some women close to him fell down.
- 39.A hunter with a beard came forward.
- 40.Weeping and screaming the other women ran away into the bushes.
- 41.The hunter untied Golem.
- 42.He told Golem that he lived close to the women-camp to keep an eye on them.
- 43.They feared him, thinking he is a sort of god, because of his gun.
- 44.They used to call him the thunderman. The hunter took Golem to his home, and said he was lucky, as the women wouldn't have any mercy to him.
- 45.Golem asked the man why they couldn't root them out, as they were dangerous in his eyes.
- 46.But the hunter said that the women were sick.
- 47.They had been banned out of their tribes because of mental diseases, and they formed their own tribe.
- 48.They are bitter towards all living beings because of what their tribes did to them.
- 49.Most of the time they first had to live in rejection, mocked by others day in day out.
- 50.Even when they wouldn't be mentally disturbed in the beginning, they would become it later because of the scorn.
- 51.Now most of them had to suffer times of abuse before they finally got banned, and that's why they are full of hate now, and very bloodthirsty and full of cruel tricks.
- 52.Usually no one survives falling in the hands of these lost women.
- 53.Golum could still feel the hate breath in his neck.
- 54.he wished he could help the women.
- 55.But the hunter told him to give it up.
- 56.These women had been wounded too deep.
- 57.They would never change.
- 58.All they wanted was revenge, to destroy all life around them.
- 59.One night Golem returned to the camp. He crept in one of the tents where a woman slept. He crept under the skin she was sleeping under and began to warm her. The woman embraced him, and whispered : 'Who are you ?'
- 60.'That doesn't matter,' Golem whispered, 'I just want you to know that you aren't rejected by me.'
- 61.But suddenly the woman kicked him away from her very hard.
- 62.Golem became dizzy by the strike.
- 63.It wasn't such a good idea to help the women like this.
- 64.The woman started to scream, and Golem had to leave the camp very quickly or they would hunt him down.
- 65.The day after he told the hunter what he had done.
- 66.The hunter rebuked him, and warned him that if he would do something like that again, it

would be his death.

67. But the next night he went to the camp again, and now he went into another tent.

68. There were two women lying there, and again he crept under the skin they were sleeping under, but this time he didn't do anything.

69. He just had to take care that he wouldn't fall asleep.

70. Suddenly he felt an arm of one of the women.

71. The arm was very warm, and Golem enjoyed it, but at the same time he became afraid.

72. After awhile the woman took her arm back, and Golem could breathe again.

73. Slowly he went out of the tent, and left the camp.

74. The night after he went again, and this time he took also another tent.

75. Here many women were sleeping. It was a bigger tent than the others.

76. He could feel the atmosphere of hate threatening in this tent, although they didn't know he was in.

77. He lay down between two women and soon they were rolling over to him.

78. It was like they felt the warmth, but they didn't know he was an intruder.

79. Golem knew he was in a dangerous position.

80. He felt their legs sliding over his legs, and their heads moved closer to his head.

81. Suddenly one of the women laid her head on his chest.

82. Golem's heart was beating fast.

83. After awhile the women rolled over to the other side, and slowly Golem crept out of the tent, to finally leave the camp again.

84. It was like they were getting used to his warmth and energy like this, but if they knew he wasn't one of them, they would probably kill him by their cruel ways.

85. The hunter explained about the rituals of these women, which was a long tradition helping them to deal with their past.

86. It was very cruel, but they didn't have another way to survive their trauma's.

87. The hunter told him that he could never become friends with them, as they hated others and themselves too much to enjoy something like that.

88. Golem knew that he could only come close to these women to let them enjoy his warmth when they were asleep, when they wouldn't be aware that he wasn't one of them.

3.

1. When we watch the Eurydicean paths into the underworld, all caused by a snake-bite, by a snake as her abductor, we can also see the parallels, the echoes, of it back in other cultures.
2. The things which happened to Eurydice, that she was taken away from her lover, that she was kept hidden in the underworld, made her more or less the Goddess of the Underworld, under Hecate, who can be seen as Her mother, the goddess of darkness, witches and sorcery, the Great Greek Goddess of Death.
3. Both are linked to Persephone and Proserpina (Roman Goddess of the Underworld). It is all to illustrate and illuminate the mechanism of Hell and Death.

4. These two powers are not just negative and evil. They should be put in their right frame. Even when we watch the christian greek roottexts of the Bible (the apocalypse, Revelation) the word for sulphur of hell, of the lake of fire, was not just for punishment, but also for healing. It had medical qualities, so even those who were in christian viewpoint 'doomed to hell' had a witness and advocate in the Greek Roottext of this damnation, meaning they would be healed.
5. This led to the more fair viewpoint that hell could be seen as a purgatory, a period to reach purity.
6. When we prick through the levels of orthodoxy we come to deeper truths, which might change our viewpoints again, or just refining it, as still all religious material is very useful, when you know the right code of it.
7. It is like a nuclear soul energy having much potential to lead you through, and the magic is in the combination with it's parallels, where we can find the keys of explanation.
8. In Iroquois myth we see Eurydice back as Onatha, the goddess of fertility and harvest, who was abducted to the Iroquois underworld, Hahgweh, by Hahgwehdaetgah, a demon god, who would live on the bottom of the abyss (underworld).
9. Onatha was the daughter of the earth goddess, Eithinoha.
10. In Aztec myth we see Eurydice back as Xochiquetzal, who was abducted to the underworld by the serpent god Tezcatlipoca.
11. It made them more or less goddesses of the underworld.
12. In Jewish myth we see Adam and Eve getting abducted to the underworld, the lower earth, by eating from a demonic fruit.
13. In Aztec myth this happened to Xochiquetzal, who took blossom from the sacred tree, a flower, and was taken to the underworld by Tezcatlipoca.
14. We do not have to watch this in negative frame, but in gnostic frame as a christic potential as these are the stages fertility goes through.
15. We are talking about universal harvest principles here, how things are organized, how they are working in nature and in and throughout the spirit worlds.
16. We have been shown the cycles of eternal life, but in this we need to find the center of it all.
17. Adam and Eve went through a lot of condemnation, as the scribes of the Jews often put them down as sinners, who had eaten from something which supposed to be forbidden.
18. Adam and Eve became a symbol of regret and guilt to parts of the Jewish community.
19. Anyway, in many ways we can compare them with Orpheus and Eurydice.
20. Behind the abductions there were gods of the underworld, and goddesses, having their own laws, often deeper and unknown.
21. Hades is the Greek god of the underworld, Pluto the roman form, connected to Februus and Orcus.
22. The Hopi indians know Maasaw as their god of the underworld, holding the tablets of law, and gifted with many christic characteristics.
23. There is also links to Moses, the guide through the wilderness, as a symbol of the underworld.
24. In Navaho myth the female substance has been subscribed as a black cloud,
25. representing darkness and the underworld,

26.and the male substance has been subscribed as a white cloud representing life and dawn.
27.The underworld is the holder of all knowledge,
28.and is the principle of fertility.
29.That is what the woman is,
30.bringing forth the man.
31.So all the present day male gods have been derived from deeper primeval and even pre-
earthian and pre-paradisian female gods.
32.Maasaw can be seen as derived from the Aztec goddess of the underworld, Xochiquetzal.
33.Even when we see Adam as a deeper,
34.more perfect Christ,
35.because of his depth in dualism,
36.playing both parts of the game,
37.he still has to bow down to the Mother Goddess behind it all,
38.his lover,
39.his source,
40.and at the same time his potential enemy.
41.She has played the part of being his weapon,
42.but she also tempted him,
43.and co-assisted in leading him to the underworld,
44.which some described as his fall,
45.and even the fall of mankind.
46.Xochiquetzal was the mother of Quetzalquatl,
47.the Aztec Christ,
48.the feathered serpent,
49.who would return at the end of times.
50.She was also his lover at one point.
51.In gnostic writings we see not only Mary as the mother of Christ,
52.but also as his lover,
53.in the form of Mary of Magdalen.
54.Apparently in the underworld there are different sorts of laws,
55.and gnostics usually reflect on them.
56.There were the man is the enlightening principle,
57.the woman is the endarkening principle,
58.also taking a lot of knowledge away,
59.in order to bring new knowledge.
60.She is the transformer,
61.and she can be seen as the positive element of hell,

62.as a transformator.
63.The female should be seen as a dark riddle,
64.a cryptic substance,
65.and as essential for the man to return to his source and to gain eternal life.
66.In the upper world the male might rule as in an illusion,
67.but in the underworld it is the female who definitely rules as the Great Goddess.
68.And based on Navaho myth it is for the woman important to return back to her black cloud.
69.The fall to the underworld is an important returning theme.
70.We see this in the myth of Adam and Eve,
71.and even in the myth of Christ.
72.The difference between Christ and Adam was that for Adam there was no simple resurrection plan.
73.He had to stay in the underworld,
74.the lower earth.
75.From this viewpoint one can view the often bloody Old Testament of Jewish myth as a book about the underworld and not necessarily as a historic book or a book about material life.
76.Often the stories were derived from earlier cultures,
77.and these writings literally had to do with myth and the underworld.
78.From Iroquois perspective Adam and Eve entered Hahgweh,
79.the underworld where overwhelming fear, guilt, regret, despair and failure ruled,
80.because the demon god (Datga, Hahgwehdaetgah) had called them.
81.Onatha was in that sense their Eve,
82.and became more or less the Queen of the Underworld.
83.In this sense Christ has also visited this world,
84.but Adam stayed much longer,
85.together with Eve.
86.Further on David can be seen as a wargod defeating the enemies in the underworld,
87.and same counts for Moses.
88.They all have their native american parallels and sources where they have been derived from.
89.In Aztec myth the underworld was the womb of Xochiquetzal,
90.where Coatlique,
91.the Aztec Mother Earth,
92.devoured everything which lived.
93.It was a drawing, calling force,
94.like the voice of Hecate,
95.for initiation in hell,
96.the original primeval place of transformation.

97.Hell-fire is in the Greek Roottexts the same fire as the fire of the Holy Spirit,
98.and hell is a tool in Her hands to purify the saints.
99.It is something we all have to go through,
100.and in Ancient European myth Hell was the guide of the dead,
101.together with her dog.
102.This is why we have to search for mother Hell,
103.In that sense also the good go to hell,
104.to become even better,
105.and it is their reward,
106.so it should be viewed as an even more important and more beautiful place than heaven.
107.For Adam it was a reward when he slid into hell,
108.although it was entitled as his damnation.
109.It was an honor for him to enter Hahgweh,
110.the place beyond paradise,
111.although he sunk down in regret, guilt, and failure.
112.He had to cover himself as he felt ashamed,
113.and partly a miserable life was waiting for him,
114.but this was for his initiation in the deeper laws of existance,
115.the hidden ones.
116.This is why the aztecs worship the gods of duality,
117.and there is a world beyond myth.
118.It only has meaning as cryptic art,
119.as soul technology.
120.A woman became the cause of his fall,
121.in order to bow down for his source again,
122.which was not a man,
123.but a woman.
124.It is not fair to the spiritual world to just stick to the code and language,
125.the mythic etiquette,
126.of a certain world order,
127.of a certain government which took the victory once.
128.If we want to play the game fair,
129.we will have to go beyond it,
130.and find the path of syncretism and origins,
131.and in this finding the transcendental gnosis (hidden and higher knowledge beyond all things).
132.The greeks used also the word 'daimon' or 'daemon' for knowledge,

133.and demons were to them the personification of the gnosis,
134.as in intelligent,
135.divine beings.
136.The Old Testament of the Jews is a different mythic world than the later New Testament,
137.added by the Roman Catholics.
138.The Jews often do not recognize the New Testament because of the many differences,
139.so these are two worlds on their own.
140.In the Old Testament Lucifer,
141.the morning star,
142.has been thrown out of the Jewish heavens,
143.because of breaking Jewish law.
144.In the New Testament Iesous (Jesus),
145.also called the morning star,
146.falls out of heaven,
147.and comes in his crucifixion period under the Wrath of God,
148.as in a rejection by Jewish law,
149.both on earth and in the heavens.
150.This is why in depth Iesous is Lucifer,
151.and in the New Testamentic Texts it is also written that at one point Iesous turns into Satan
and becomes Sin,
152.and by this he gains the victory which results in his resurrection,
153.and his acceptance by Roman Catholic law,
154.which is a form of neo-hebrewism,
155.having it's power by many pagan items put together,
156.by which the roman empire became big (semi-syncretism).
157.All this is saying that there has to be a fall,
158.there has to be a syncretism of some sort,
159.in order to resurrect and become the saviour of many.
160.Again we see the importance of the depths of dualism.
161.In Aztec Myth Tezcatlipoca can be compared with Lucifer.
162.Even more important in this context is the story of Adam and Eve,
163.as now this fall gets female qualities,
164.in order to bring us back to the Mother God,
165.the source of all fertility.
166.As we have seen she can be found in the underworld.
167.In the pre-paradisian Naka myths about the lower underworlds it is often about the Great
Goddess of Hunt,

168. and her attributes are fear, guilt, scorn, strife, despair, hunger, failure, lies, regret and remorse.
169. In this she is the trickster goddess.
170. But this is nothing but the security for her kingdom as in the cryptic complexity of all things.
171. It is devoted to secure a tight path of initiations into Her existence.
172. In our descension we will find that in the higher underworlds it is much about snakes,
173. and in the lower underworld,
174. where the Great Mother thrones,
175. it is more about hyenas.
176. There are many rituals to get from snake energy to hyena energy.
177. The serpent is a mighty veil in the underworld where every shaman has to go through in order to awaken his deeper powers.
178. The mark of the great mother can only be received in great fear,
179. as fear is a mighty guide for the shaman to get into the deeper frequencies of the underworld.
180. Fear can also be seen as one of the legs of the divine (demon) hyena.
181. Fear is a hormonal drug to cause visions, and is a sense of security.
182. The other legs are guilt, remorse and sin.
183. This is all to keep the duality alive, the art, which is the energy of eternity.
184. You have to be in the claws of something to preserve yourself,
185. to be transformed and to reach a strength to reach eternity.
186. In this sense hell is the only path to eternity.
187. The heart of the hyena is hunger, and it's mouth is strife. Strife is also the root-meaning of the word daimon, as in 'divider', which is an essential force in organizing and analyzing, so in a sense a demon is a hyena's mouth. The neck or spine of the hyena is scorn, which is also an important chistic element, as scorn is to expand syncretism. In this the parts of the hyena form the pillars of hell. Shamans who attempt to enter hell can get headaches because of these pressures, but they should understand that these headaches are actually tuning them into the frequencies of hell.
188. In the rituals, art, of becoming clean, it is very important to become 'unclean' first, all for the sake of syncretism. Uncleanliness was necessary to get rid of false gods, as in false cleaning systems, and it was important to plug into other frequencies, to get into contact with beings from another plane, as a form of getting information. In Aztec myth this duality was manifested through Tlazolteotl, who was a Justice Goddess who not only forgave sin, but also inspired sin. It is therefore of undescrivable importance also to become 'guilty' in our process of initiation. Tlazolteotl is the mother of Xochiquetzal.
189. There are several veils of guilt shamans and gnostics have to go through in order to reach places. This is standard, none of them can really escape from that, as it is a natural initiation process provided by the several goddesses of fertility. In this Tlazolteotl is not only the temptator and seducer to sin, but also the transformer and digester of sin, and is therefore an important trickster of law. She has complex ways to deal with sin, and even to give it a place in creation as a veil of security in her place. She is the goddess of sin and filth, but also the

washer and the eater of it. In this she works together with her daughter.

190. She is holding a broom and a snake, the symbols of transformation, and in this sense also referring to Moses. She is this gigantic machine of the transformation of sin, by complex divine law of hunt and trickery, as she has her own ways to do this. In the Aztec month Ochpanitzli she is celebrated as the Sweeper of the Roads, as a doorway in the underworld, which also refers to Moses. Moses, like her, held a snake, which was the symbol of the divine, and under this sign he led his tribe through the wilderness, and established law. Ochpanitzli was the announcer of the war season, and war was on one line with birth-giving. Tlazolteotl was also known for preparing warriors for battle in the underworld, where also war-captives were sacrificed to her. In her role as war-goddess and as the One with the Two Faces she can also be compared with David, the hebrew war-king, who was both a saint and a sinner, and by others regarded as a god.
191. Hercules had to serve Mycene in the twelve labors, as a slave to receive punishment for his sins. One of these tasks was that he had to steal the golden apples from the garden of the Hesperides. It shows another side of the myth of the garden of Eden. The apples could bring eternity, but also strife, as in a descending to the underworld. It worked the same as the hebrew tree of knowledge. For this Hercules had to approach the guard of this garden, which was Atlas, who carried the earth and the heavens on his shoulders, and also the underworlds. Hercules had to take over this job from Atlas in order to get the golden apples, as then Atlas would get them for him. By this Hercules got full possession of the apples. In the root texts of the hebrew creation story it is not just a tree, but a box, which can be compared with the box of Pandora, when opened it brought hell (transformation). The curse came free, but 'curse' is not necessarily negative, as also the god of war, Ares, means 'curse'.
192. It is a tool of clearing, security, and a faithful guide on the way, when used carefully and thoughtful, as a medicin. It is a given fact in life that venom, another meaning of the name Ares (ara), when used properly, it is to save lives. The root texts of the hebrew creation story showed that the tree of knowledge made of the first man a servant of the ground (Mother Earth), comparing it with a marriage. Even the garden of Eden itself, where life began, the word 'gan' means in depth a defended, fenced garden of a bride, protecting the source of fertility. The first man calls his wife there Chavvah, Mother of Beasts, Mother of Hunger and Mother of Lust, which is the drive of healthy, natural fertility, untamed and savage. The first man or tribe was described as the captive of a natural dirt, aphar, which also means swamp, as a captive of Tlazolteotl, the goddess of filth and justice. The act of taking is in the root texts also described as a marriage and as a capture, that is why the parallel story in the myth of Hercules is so important. A war act is taking place, the god of Ares gets released, and then the Hebrew root texts show that the tribes realize that they are naked, as in a lack of armory, and they start making the armory. Actually Adam is struck by fear and the act of hiding, chaba, also means 'becoming hard'.
193. In Greek Myth the Gorgons guarded the tree of the golden apples, and whoever saw them turned to stone. Gorgons also represent armor, so this explains why Adam became hard. The Gorgons had a dualistic power as the double serpent (Coatlicue), as from their left side there flew blood to kill, and from their right side there flew blood to save. The Gorgons also guarded Tartarus, Hell, and they were ancient goddesses of wisdom (Libya). So 'turning into stone' by Gorgons can either mean they are arming you, or they just don't want you to come close. Their right side has the power to help people becoming hard for the battle, and their left side is to punish. And either way, they always had to destroy in order to create. Adam reached the Chagowr, which was the belt, the bondage, in it's roots also meaning fear and trembling. Also this part has parallels in the story of Hercules, as in another labor Hercules has to steal the leather belt of the Queen of the Amazons, Hippolyte. This was the belt of Ares, the wargod, her father. Hippolyte wanted to give him the belt, but the other amazons attacked him, so there was a war before he reached it to get armed further. In the Hebrew

texts we see that after Adam reaches the belt, the armor, he gets driven to the east of the garden, but it literally means 'eternal bondage' (mikkedem legan), and this to Mother Earth, the ground he came from, so he was finally safe in her womb again.

194. When Adam has gained the fruit of the garden, he gets later on covered by skins. This can be seen as the shell of the fruit. Fruit means also meat in the root text, so it can indicate to a beast as well. In the Hercules parallel which has apocalyptic value we see that one of his labors was to skin the Nemean lion and take this skin, as an armor. The same we see when the martyrs of the apocalypse receive a white robe, when they call upon vengeance. All these events represent the golden fleece, the shells of the golden apples. In another labor Hercules has to search for the red cattle of Geryon, which symbolizes the skinned beasts. It is a part of the process of fertility, also represented by the Aztec Xipe Totec. The predators who are warriors and hunters also have an Atlas task to carry burdens, to bear the underworlds on their shoulders, and this can happen when they get transformed into cattle. It is the call of Mother Earth also to be bound to her, to serve her. The tree of knowledge and the labors of Hercules represent the same : The path back to the mother womb. This is a very apocalyptic path as veils (shells) have to be cut. In the Labor of the Erymanthian Boar Hercules had to bring a wild pig back to Mycene. Pigs are symbolizing the womb, they live in the womb of the earth. It got finally tamed by ice. This is also what the Ragnarok in Viking Myth represents, the apocalyptic end-scene of darkness and ice is to bring order back in the world of the gods.
195. In Germanic myth the tree of knowledge was called Yggdrasil, the gallows (cross) of Odin. It was the path to the underworld, Niflheim or Helheim, where Hel Herself ruled, the goddess of fertility. As Hulda she was worshipped as the goddess of marriage. Hulda was also the goddess of hunt, the goddess of children, and she was an ancient germanic supreme goddess. She was also called the Mother of Beasts and of the Wilderness, as was Eve (Chavvah). She worked together with the hulders who were ancient hunter-goddesses, goddesses of temptation, who lured lost souls into the depths of the underworld, as initiations into the mysteries of hell. They were also the keepers and wardens of hell. In the Hebrew roottexts the tree of knowledge was also a gallows, as a sort of paradisiac cross where pilgrims could receive enlightenment.
196. The so called snake of the tree, the gallows, in the Hebrew roottext was in origin an oracle, so it did not mean literal drama. Literalism has always been a form of materialism. In every form the oracle had been 'condemned' to eat dirt, as a way of transformation. This was all through the gallows, by which Odin, the Germanic God, lost his eye, and reached the source of wisdom, Mimir. So it takes an endarkenment to reach an enlightenment, from one dimension into the other.
197. This was all to escape from the patriarchal world, where only men dominated. In this sense hell is the womb again.
198. Adam had to bow to Eve. For him this was a rebirth. He needed the Double Goddess, the Coatlicue in Aztec Myth, the devourer in order to make a new creation. The tree of knowledge is a call for the man to return to his female part. This part has to be awakened by the powers of hell, which is Her Womb. She is the woman laying in the river between the flowers, in the mud, slowly awakening, as she has been deeply locked up in the subconsciousness. The seventh day of creation was in the Hebrew roottext also a day of destruction, from where a new creation came forth. The male had now to return to his original wife. In the first creation story he was called the zachar, the bearer of memory, and his wife was called neqebah, the piercer or expresser, which was the same as what nachash, the so called snake, meant : the whisperer, the toxic enchanter, the bringer of future. He had to return to it, in which Eve was an important medium. Both male and female have to return to the original mother source, the womb of all, also sexually. And this is at first by

discovering her suffering, and having a part in that, so that we will also rise with her when she returns.

199. She was the cycle of fertility, the menstruation of hell. In her was the eternal life. She is trying to come to the surfaces again, looking for children to initiate them into the ancient mysteries. She is also the call to return to childhood, and she will protect children against the economic games of the patriarchal adult system, the financial insanity.
200. She does not bow for the male, but rather pierces him to initiate him, as was her original meaning as the Neqebah. She is to awaken his deeper memory. Adam was willing to approach this prophetic tree, as the original Zachar. There might have been a fall, as described in Jewish Myth, and gnostically there was this War in which the first Adam, Zachar, tried to make Neqebah bow for him. Neqebah fled, and there was a day of destruction, sabbath. Zachar was an earlier Adam, as a behemah, a savage. So there was also a fall of Zachar, because he tried to rule over his woman. That was the true source of all problems. The tree was really a way to bring balance back again, and to bring the children into a new creation. The suffering was meant to open the deeper senses, and to connect to lost parts of the underworld. It was nothing but deepening the frequencies, digging them out. It is for a man case to find his woman back in this. If there was any sin, it was the sin of Zachar against Neqebah, trying to let her submit to him, in order so that he could rule over her. The tree of knowledge in this sense is the tree of restoration. And in this sense Zachar had eaten from a very bad fruit, in the first creation story, as he tried to destroy his mother, mother earth. Zachar had to go into bondage because of this, and this was why the element of snake was used, as a way to describe the rope, the sabbath of destruction. The third day of creation was in the root texts the day of the children. It was all to root out the threat of the patriarchal age. But the third day was but a ghost in the desert of patriarchy. Always would it suffer. The fourth day meant 'law' in it's roots, and represented the tree of the knowledge and discernment of good and evil, to which man had to be bound. From here She came forth, as a device of punishment and reward. She was a judge, a weapon, and was made so that man could submit to her. The second day had been 'the day of dirt', and the dirt was good to bring forth the fifth day, which was the day of hunger, the Day of Tantalos. The hunger-creatures lived in poverty, in the wilderness, but close to nature, and they did not have the grotesque of the patriarchal threat. They were minimalists, and they were under Her Law, the fourth day. Zachar was the destroyer of Her law and made his own. The Seventh Day was the Wrath, from which a new creation came forth, the second creation story.
201. The Old Testament should be seen as an esoteric, allegoric guide through the underworld. The sixth day was the day of the hunt. Here the male rebelled against the law of the goddess, and through the seventh day one came into the second creation story, the story about the tree of knowledge, which is about how the male finds his way back to the goddess again. It is an allegory describing this journey through the ages, the eighth day. And through the fall, the descending into the underworld, one comes in the ninth day. In every age there is a patriarchal threat against women, and every age deals with it in it's own way. Like in the days of Noah, where the nephilim, male giants, ruled, the flood could be seen as a revenge of the goddess, meaning her menstruation. In the tenth day Moses can be seen as the restorer of Law, directing to the Goddess of Law. In this 10 days creation cycle the goddess will always heal herself. The male, who came forth from Her and who is just another part of her Being, will return to Her. And this all by the power of nachash, the oracle, which some call the snake, but which in it's depth a rope, or Ixtab, the mayan goddess of the rope, the goddess of the hanged men. It is a temptation no one can resist. We all are driven to the cross, as a return to Her Law, the original order of divine Matriarchy, the primeval fertility cycle. From there the divine milk streams to make pilgrims an adept in the mysteries of the Goddess. Esoterically every fall is a deeper initiation into this. In Aztec Myth the month Tlaxochimaco was the month of starvation and hunger in order to approach the goddess.

This period parallels the fifth day (period or age) of creation, the Day of Tantalos. It is She Herself opening up her body when one wants to know more about the gnosis, as she is the Sacred Prostitute. And all Her nudity is just Revelation, Enlightenment, and meant to initiate.

202. It is only through the descension through hell that we can know Her, where we can unlock all the hidden, occult knowledge. The memory (Zachar, Zakar) is there, but has to be pierced open, which is the restoration of Neqebah, the original female. We see the Neqebah in the form of nachash, the oracle, returning with another attempt to communicate with the man. In this sense she is a divine communication device, as the tree of prophesy. By this communication there is destruction and re-creation, like when the dirty waters (mayim) were divided, a spot rose, new land, on which the children could play. The tenth day or period of creation got it's peak in the Davidic Myths which was esoterically meaning the restoration of Her wars, under which Her gladiators were raised. David had a harem of women who all reflected different aspects of the Goddess. In his Psalms he is the Hebrew Orpheus. The goal of Orpheus is to be a medium for Eurydice, who he lost to the underworld. The son of David was Solomon who became famous as the king of wisdom. In the New Testamentic Book of Revelation, a Messianic text, it is about that those who have the wisdom will recognize the number sixhundred and sixtysix, the human number, which is a mark for those of the kingdom of the beast. This is not just meant as negative. The riddle goes much deeper, as through the paradox we can go back to the one who had wisdom, Solomon, and his number was indeed sixhundred and sixtysix. It was the number of his throne, and the number of his yearly goldharvest. It is the number of wisdom, and therefore a number connected to the tree of knowledge as a way of bondage to it. It is a number connecting us to the Mother Goddess of the Wilderness.
203. The number leads us to hell and through hell in a positive sense, as a way of receiving the hidden wisdom, to find out about the healing qualities of all suffering, thus transcending all separation by the law of paradox and syncretism. All the racial differences will suddenly make sense. We do believe in the eternal war in that sense, but also in the eternal peace and harmony of all things, from an artistic point of view. The paradox, the contradiction, needs to be help up, needs to be accepted, and then we have to watch the deeper layer of it. The Eternal Gospel sais that even the Spirits of God fight each order in order to give birth and create. It is a Divine Game. Receiving the mark of the Mother of Beasts is a Solomonic miracle. It is the creation of land in the midst of the wasteland, in the depths of Ben-Hinnom. When the Goddess hunts after us and marks us, three times the sixth day, the day of hunt, which is three times to enter the third day, the day of the children. The yohm shelishi is also the fork, the triad. In this the wisdom is revealed to children. It is the day of zera, which not only means seed, children, but in it's roots it means also scattering.
204. The Solomonic Mark of Her is the mark of marriage to the goddess, the original meaning of hell, as a fertility mark. It is the mark to have further access in her.
205. Also Eve was a mighty medium in bringing Adam back to Her, and she as well can be seen as the Mark of the Mother of Beasts.
206. The beast in the Messianic book of Revelation in the New Testament can also be translated as a savage, which is the primeval repressed age of matriarchy, as a woman rides the beast. She is called a whore, but this can also mean the Sacred Prostitute. There is an image of the beast, the savage life, which has to be worshipped. In the root texts here this image means empty space, nothingness, as a space of detachment, and the worship of it means to kiss and lick. It was the situation before the first creation story, as the tenth day waiting to switch over to the first day again. In this apocalyptic situation one either had to receive the mark or die. In the root texts it was said that those with wisdom and interpretation, would eventually vote for the savage (beast). It is in their journey to emptiness, in which the keys of

enlightenment can be given. Solomon is in this an initiator, as the well of Mimir.

207. The woman on the beast with seven heads is heading for the eighth head, the eighth creation day where the goddess is re-united with Adam. Then it heads for the ten horns who will take the rule, representing the 10 restored days of creation. The tenth day is the day of the abyss, where the mark has led to, to the great emptiness, the void, the well of Mimir. The woman cannot just be watched as a negative force, as she is also in the roottext the woman of the secret doctrine (musterion). She is described as the mother of filth and mystery, relating her to the Aztec Goddess of Sin, Tlazolteotl, who was nothing but a goddess of justice. They are dualistic gods. The power of the Aztec pantheon was always the Duality, as in this problems could be solved, mysteries could be interpreted, and negativity and sin could be transformed, as a dirt eater. The dirty whore was a sign of Tlazolteotl's rule, as she was the savage mother, and she came with strategy. She brought people within her temptation in order to show a way out. She was the representer of the age of confusion in which the order of the goddess would be visible. In the root texts the one who had these visions, John, admired this woman. There was written something on her forehead as a mark, which in the roottext not just says the mother of the secret doctrine, but also the mother as the source, the well, the motherland (meter). Then she conquers as the Bride. The mystery of the Whore of Babylon was that she was a Duality of Syncretism, the guard of the secrets, the root texts and the esoterism of it. She was the tester in order to become a proper justice goddess, as a keeper of the mark. Therefore she can be seen as the day of Tlazolteotl, the fourth day of law. She had created the dirt, she had created the mark, and also the solution. Therefore she was an important part in the cycle.
208. The Mark is for the shaman a way to enter into the depths of hell. The mark has three parts, three being the number of children, the triad. In Greek Myth Cerberus was the initiator of hell, a three-headed dog. We have to be pierced by the fork to enter hell, the sign of fertility. The woman in her restored form is the piercer, to awaken us to the deeper interpretations by synthesis. It is the work of the weaver. In this we can finally make a solid ground in hell, through the art of eternal war.
209. The beast was put in power by 'Drakon', a mythological monster in the root-text, also a watcher. The mark can be seen as a divine inspirator, a device of communication and law, as the guard of hell. The mark is meant to bring the duality inside of us, the synthesis. Coatlicue is the Aztec Double-Headed Goddess of Hunt, as the portal to the underworld, and therefore she guards the sixth day, the day of hunt. The mark came to proportions when Moses received the Laws in two tablets, and where he received the horns, or rays of light. Also the duality of the ark of the covenant refer to this, as a device to have communication with the Goddesses, which it originally was. In the root texts the tablets of law were to monitor and warn it's receivers (luchot ha'edut), as a security device. In Aztec Myth the Double God is also named Omoteotl. Related to this we can also mention the Double Goddess of the Greek Underworld Medusa, or her and her two sisters being the guards of the underworld as the three Gorgones. From them two sorts of blood flew, one stream for salvation, and one stream for damnation. They were the judges of the underworld. In the Esoteric Gnostic movement Charagma is the three-headed goddess of communication. When someone watched the Gorgones they turned into stone, they became hard. Sometimes this was for warrior armor purpose, to raise an army. That is what the mark in depth is all about. It is also related to the Adamic (Heracles) receiving of the Belt. In the Messianic book of Ephesus this belt is described as the Belt of Truth, which is the Goddess Aletheia in the Esoteric Gnosis. The Breastplate of Justice is the Goddess Dikaionne.
210. The Goddess who rode the beast with many heads was Meter, who brought them all together, as the Sacred Prostitute. In the confusion and chaos the beast brings there will also be the tight order of the Goddess. The woman riding the beast is in the root text a wife. To drink from her cup of filth means to interpret, and is to become an adept in her mysteries.

211. The filth was the menstruation blood. It was the power of the second creation day, where the dirt was divided in two parts, in order to bring in a third part, that which was covered and hidden. This was also the reason why the Sea of Moses, was split, and this was also the reason why the ark of the covenant had two parts, two guards, and it was why the Law had two tablets. In the split the Sea of Moses could create the wilderness holding the promised land. In this sea there was a dimensional shift going on in the underworld, leading them in deeper. The Island leads back to her source. The first day, the day in which duality was created, was the day of Meter. Everything was divided into time, and that's why she became the Goddess of Time.
212. The tenth day is the day of the abyss, the age of war. It is where the eternal wars are restored. The Key of Solomon can be used to open the sixth day, the day of hunt, the temple of Coatlicue. Then the balance between hunt and war will be restored, as the two servants of law.
213. From the split in the menstruation blood, a children's world will rise.
214. The tree in the paradise represented the female cross to return to the goddess by initiations, and to have access in the underworld.
215. In Mayan Myth the goddess of the gallows, the goddess of the hanging, is Ixtab, as a guide through the underworld. The terrible overfocus on male gods has repressed the goddesses. It has repressed childhood, but goddess worship has stayed throughout the ages. The Christic Element has plagued them in their dreams, focussing the attention on the male all the times, the sufferer, instead of the Law of Suffering, the Initiation Truths. This was why they first had to switch over to the christic females, in order to come to the source, the Law itself, as the Truths of Fertility.
216. They have broken the male magnet, by entering into the void. In the age of patriarchic supremacy the male part ruled, abused the female part, and all went wrong. Now how could the male part so wrongly and illegally come to power ? It was because of the separation between the female and the male. The female was originally a crucial part of the man, as it should be. But there were suddenly lies spread that men supposed to be stronger than females, and men should be men, without a female part. This was a definite separation, and females got degraded into slaves and helpers of the male. There was something terribly wrong with that. Also the love between females got degraded as the abusive and dominant male powers feared women would come together to take their rule back. And so the female part got thrown out of the park of the male body, to stay outside, and only the man was allowed to enter her. This is a very tragic and sad story. It all started with the destruction of the female breast and the framing of her genitals, in order for the male to let his muscles grow to store there the stolen female powers. The female was the warrior part of the male. She was supposed to be his weapon and his strategic mind, also to pierce, initiate him, as to protect him from losing his childhood. She had to open him up to the secrets, to reveal Herself to him as the goddess.
217. Her tree in the paradise means the carpenter in the root texts, as she is the one who has to construct the man by her initiations. The fallen male power could get the rule because the male was sabotaging his child part, so it is important to travel back to the third day of creation, the age of the children. The child part had always been the interpreter in the male, a translator, as a bridge. This part was put over him also, under the guide and guard of the Goddess.

The Divine Hierarchy

The Goddess

The Divine Child
The Male

218. In this the Divine Child functions as a mark through which the Goddess communicates with the man. The power of the man is a potentially very dangerous power which can bring deceptive illusions. This is why the man has to stay under the rule of the Goddess and the Divine Child. If not, then there will be revenge in the form of Wars, until everything is balanced again. It is for ages that She has raged against the authoritarian patriarchs, and she has with success exposed their lies. In this age she will continue to reveal her secrets to the mystery schools. Only with respect and honor to the Goddess and the Divine Child, which is the symbol of Truth, a male can come to his purpose. In syncretism he has to find these parts back in himself and to awaken them.

219. The goddess is the only way out, when he finds his divine child back. He has to be reborn in her womb, in the eighth day. She rides the beasts as the Victor, Nike. We can only come through the labyrinth by our guide, and by the war arts. It is a process of weaving and by receiving the menstrual armory. The veils in the temple are shifting like mills. How to deprogram the mind ? It is by discovering the ruler of the tenth day, in Her temple. The arena, the eternal war, the ultimate protection and immunity. It is related to a classic suffering, a necessary disease, as a fire in which the Laws have been revealed. Through Her ark we get access to the underworld of children. In this process we get re-united with the Divine Child and the Goddess.

220. It is important to learn how to recognize Her voice and to discern it from the others. She has ways to imprint Her laws.

4.

The Mystery of Tlazolteotl

1. Guilt is a very cryptic emotion keeping us connected to the goddess. It is her way to bring us into Her law system, to judge our old nature and giving us a new nature. Guilt in that sense is not necessarily negative or real. It can be the playfulness of her initiation systems, in her temptful art to draw us in, very abstracted. There is even spoken about a holy guilt.
2. She can claim us totally for herself by this, as her prisoners of law, in order to protect us against false law. Later her masks will fall off when she shows us the esoterism of it, beyond the myth, when her veils will fall off. Surrounded by misunderstanding She created the Old Testament and the New Testament, which was a war at the same time. The voice of the Goddess can be heard in it, and it is all Her code, She owns it all.
3. When we look at the dualistic Tree of Knowledge, it was to bring guilt. Everyone will be tested by this tree. In Her play, from Her point of view, she lured the male in a trap, as he dominated the earth. She led him to the belt of fear in the original root texts, and She, as the mother goddess, became an object of dread, as goddess worship could lead to eternal damnation under Jewish Messianic Law. Of course the trap of the goddess was to help the male. The goddess wanted to bring the male back to his inner goddess being.
4. It is in this eternal war, Eris, the goddess of strife, that Lethe, forgetfulness, comes forth. Eris is the mother of Lethe. By the forgetfulness you see things from another side, as the mirror of Hermes, or the smoking mirror of Tezcatlipoca. It brings dualism, and it brings new polarities. This is how the dual aztec goddess of law, Tlazolteotl, establishes herself. The ritual of guilt is a process of marriage to the goddess. In this she also destroys real sin.

And in this point of view, Her view, the eternal damnation needs to stay as an all-absorbing, transforming security force, so she even guards the riddle of Calvin, not as in a literal calvinism, but abstracted, with a completely different meaning.

5. The guilt is a way the goddess uses to get our attention and to let us hunger for justice. In this sense we are Her slaves of guilt, in order to get freed by Her laws. In this the tree of knowledge is very important, as it binds us to a war, to a marriage, a bond strong enough to lead us out and to cause Lethe to stream, forgetfulness. Both fear and guilt is important to get free of controlling mind-traps.
6. The third day was ruled by Lethe-Aletheia, the balance between forgetfulness and unforgetfulness, truth. It was from this form that the male rose, but it became corrupted. Lethe-Aletheia got dethroned by the likes of Saturn, El, Cronos and Moloch, the child devourers. Then later they got dethroned by the New Testamentic Age of Jupiter, Zeus, Jesus and Lucifer. In this process Hell, the goddess of children, got demonized. She was the bridge between the third day and the fourth day, the day of Law, the world of Tlazolteotl. It was originally the Mother Goddess, the Double Goddess and the Divine Child who had the Law.
7. Hell was in European Myth the goddess of children, fertility and marriage. Demons were in old Greek Myth the guardian angels. In the sea of Lethe, nothingness and forgetfulness, one had to fight against the shark of matter which lived there. By overcoming this shark one could enter in the depths of Lethe to meet the treasures of Aletheia, unforgetfulness, memory and truth. The first age was the age of the mother, Lethe, in which the guardian spirits were the lethians. Lethe was the fire-water or 'waters of light', related to Orion, which means Urine. In Hebrew these spirits are called the mayim, which were related to the sources of creation. They were violent and dangerous spirits, and they were related to the fertile seed. They served Mother Earth, they were warriors and hunters. Then the Age of Saturn came, the age of the Old Testament, of El, Jahweh, which was Cronos in Greek Myth, who was eventually dethroned by Zeus, Jupiter, Jesus, Lucifer, in the New Testamentic Age. Saturn demonized the lethians, more or less, and in other esoteric versions he just hid them. The guardian spirits who took the lead were the demons. In Greek Myth demons are usually described as guardian angels, and they fought against the kakos, the evil spirits in Greek Esotery. Since the coming of the Roman Empire the original orders got lost. Angels took the lead, and fought against the demons of the old orders, while the lethians, the original angels, were bound in forgetfulness, which was the curse Mother Lethe bore with Her, as a Goddess. However the cycle will soon connect to Her again. She comes from a deep pit and will eventually flow over into Her Aletheia form.
8. The event of Saturn taking over the Heavenly Order was a classical moment. He was eating the children's world, devouring the children, like Moloch did, as a first step for the male to come to power. The second step would be the Jesusian strike. These events had paradoxal meanings and values. It was the several periods Orion had to go through when he lost his eyes. In Hebrew he was Samson. In his journeys he had to search for the god of fire and paralysis, Hephaistos, who could restore his sight by the powers of Helios, the sun. But the fire he would get to restore his sight and memory, after having been thrown into Lethe, would bear the curse of Prometheus with it, that it would also fetter him and eat his body away in order that it would grow. This is why Orion was sometimes described as a giant. The price he had to pay was that he would have to be bound for Lethe, as in a marriage. But this would result in his encounter with Aletheia. Orion would have to go on the same path as Hephaistos, Vulcan, the crippled path. This was important, so that the Mother Goddess would take control again, by overcoming the fallen male. As Orion-Orpheus Orion would restore the art again, and childhood, the whole children's world, and the control of the Black Mother Goddess, from which all life came forth. It was not just a hierarchy from outside, but it was inside. The Black Mother Goddess, Lethe-Aletheia, was also a part of him, a central

part, and should be that of everyone. And by this the male could ascend into a more hermaphroditic presence again. The Age of Saturn flew over into the Age of Jupiter, even falling deeper into an Age of corrupted male power. The cobra had given its torch to a lion. But Lethe had always been the Age of the hyena and the goat, and would get it back. And the lion would bow to this, like Jesus had to bow down to the Holy Spirit, the Mother God.

9. The original evil in Greek Myth was Kakos, who was also an evil fire-breathing giant, and the kakos were the evil spirits. Kakos was eventually conquered by Hercules. The story went that Hercules had taken red cattle from Geryon in Erytheia, Spain, to fulfill his mission. Kakos had stolen a part of this skinned cattle, taking them to his cave by their tails. Kakos was the son of Vulcan. He was described as a thief, who had broken the law of Zeus.
10. In Hebrew Myth Lethe was in depth a child devourer and a male-ensnarer. In the strategy there was place for a patriarchy, as she wanted to set the corrupted male up for some great expose. She knew that the higher the corrupted male would be able to rise, the deeper he would fall when his kingdom would come to an end. Of course Jahweh and Jesus were in depth nothing more than expressions of Kakos. In the esoteria it is well-known that the attributes of Jesus were to veil the attributes of Lethe in the process of initiating Orion in her temples. The thorn-crown veiled the scalping, to balance male power, and the scorn-robe veiled the muscle-piercing, to prevent that male power would ever dominate female power. It was all the fight in Lethe against the shark of matter, the jaws of matter, the manifestation of the corrupted, totalitarian male power, the powers of the kakoses. The demons battled against this, and earlier, in the Age of Lethe, the lethians battled against this in a more pure way. For a demon it was important to return to the lethian form, to not end up in a trap of kakoses. The muscle-piercing was guided by Hephaistos, the crippled smith-god, in order to give Orion his sight back. By these strategies Lethe would throne in Hell, the children's underworld, again, and would turn it more or less into a heaven for many. She would throne as the Hebrew and pre-hebrew Tlazolteotl, the goddess of Law and Seduction, to keep them all safe within her temptation. Here she would show her many faces as the original black mother goddess.
11. It was in his travels that Orion had to become like Hephaistos in order to get his sight back. Hephaistos was married to Kharis, the goddess of grace, beauty and the shining veils. He had to travel to the land of the golden fleece, Colchis, where he would be armed by Kharis and Hephaistos, and where he would be healed by the first rays of the sun, Helios. But in this he would have to overcome the necklace of Hephaistos, which was sent out to kill all evil offspring of wrong contacts, also called the necklace of Harmonia. Also he would have to overcome the throne of Hephaistos, which would kill all unrightful leaders. The prize would be that he would become Hephaistos, to marry Kharis. Hephaistos was the creator of the woman, so he would be the key to bring the woman back in her original place. The divine woman is the weapon and hunting gear of the male, created to guide and guard the male. The approach to the tree of knowledge was the call for a divine hunt and war, in which the male needed the divine woman. The divine child would mediate in this. It is for a man important to seek for the charismata, in Greek Myth called the Graces, the Kharites. These are the senses of love, one of them being Kharis. To come to Kharis Orion had to come to her sister, Pasithea, first. Pasithea meant possession as in a bond, the wedding with the divine. It also meant hallucination, and she was married to Hypnos, the god of sleep and dreams. Pasithea meant in depth the Divine Child. Thalia represented the richness of the charismata, meaning the blooming, and she was related to the banquets, as in a deeper esoteric digestion. The weapons were designed that they would first conquer the male himself, in order that no corrupted male power would rise, and so that he could not be a threat to the woman. The veils of illusion however showed an empire in which the male ruled. It was a trick of Hephaistos, his throne, to lead false male leaders into a trap and let them fade in Lethe. Orion however was armed by this, but became paralyzed, crippled in

spasm, like Hephaistos. He became the sun of the world. Samson had been initiated by Delilah, and lost his eyes and freedom, even his life, in order to let the heavens rest on his shoulders. It was the road to Kharis and her sisters. By this he could destroy his enemies. Orion destroyed Kakos.

12. Tlazolteotl, the dualistic goddess of aztec justice, reflected in the duality between the Old and the New Testament, which she had created as Her veils. It was veiling Her dark, native body. In the gospels it was Jesus holding the cup, surrounded by his disciples, celebrating the Holy Supper. It was a gathering of males, the ruling patriarchy. Nonetheless it was a set up of Tlazolteotl to protect her body. In the Apocalypse it is the Mother God holding the cup. In pre-atlantic myth the mother goddesses were holding the cups by their feet up, which was also represented in their statues and art. In these cups, representing earth, there was rebirth. There is also in the gospels the mystery of the prostitute Mary Magdalene kissing the feet of Jesus, crying at his feet. Through the veil it will become the opposite that the male will fall back at the feet of the Goddess. This is the dualism Tlazolteotl stands for. She had a lust in creating these illusions to protect her kingdom. Nonetheless we will have to find our way back. All the mysteries about a man healing the blind are hiding the reality of the goddess who made men blind, in order that they would not find Her. In the Apocalypse she is revealed as our enemy, and She is. But She is also the initiator. She is a trickster, one who leads us into temptation, to get us out. She is as a mother calling for her children, and uses for that any tool she can find. This is why she is a potentially dangerous and venomous goddess, but not in the negative sense. There is no mercy for those who seek Her face, there is no forgiveness. She marks them with guilt, with an eternal damnation, all to get them out of a false holiness. She doesn't mean to. She is cryptic. In this she will reveal Her justice system. First she makes slaves and captives, first she deceives and tricks, in order to show them the treasures and the truth. It is an abstract art. It is a game. Only esotery can explain the depths of the pits of religion. It is a work of alchemy and syncretism. She thrones in the amazon portals of mexican myth, the Aztec Key, and all the other nations are her clothes. Her body has been well-preserved throughout time, by her dualistic trapperies. She is a hunter, a farmer, a warrior and a trapper. She has created good and evil for a reason, as an art.
13. For a christian mystic it is important to go beyond all the salvation facts given. After being reborn by accepting the Christ, Jesus, and after receiving the Holy Spirit and being bound in the Spirit, it should lead back to a much deeper and long forgotten Christ, Adam. When receiving Adam for a rebirth and baptism in blood, it walks parallel with the saints who have washed their clothes in blood, in the book of Revelation. Adam was in contact with the entity representing the original forms of Everlasting Damnation, which was a positive state of healing and pruning. Hell was in ancient times a Goddess, a Supreme Mother Goddess of fertility, the guide of the dead. Everlasting Damnation is a map for the esoteric saints who come forth through the Adamic Mysteries. They receive Everlasting Damnation in order to get bound by Her. John worshipped this entity in the root texts of the apocalypse, in the book of Revelation. The bondage to Her is described in the Bridal Mysteries. Hell is the Bride. It is the only way for a christian esoterist to return to childhood again and live forever. There is nothing more prejudiced, judged and misunderstood but this Entity called Everlasting Damnation. The martyrs came forth from the Everlasting Torment in the book of the apocalypse, and it was their only way in. Everlasting Torment is a state of mind which has to be understood, in order to let it be heaven. It is just the pain of awakening, the road to enlightenment and detachment. It is a process of evolution. By the Bridal Mysteries she will show what it is, by the wedding gifts, and she will turn everything to gold. She is dualism. There is a work to do for a christian mystic, to work in Her garden, in which she will show the treasures. It is a work of digging her up. In this the christian mystic will find the hellians, the pre-original angels of Her, Her personal guardian pre-demons. She is the pre-original

mother goddess of all. In Adam we will find Her. Adam represented the original dualistic god and anti-god. Adam received Everlasting Damnation when He ate from the tree. His mouth started to burn and soon He was in this precious fire, by which He could descend to the lower realms, going through the veils of the goddess. Even Jesus received Her when He died at the cross and descended into the underworld, which would eventually be the secret of His ascension. Jesus had to receive Everlasting Damnation and marry Her, in order to work. It was the Law of Fertility, the Law of Sacrifice. He had to bow down before Her to be filled by Her, in order that she could raise Him high, through the Easter Mysteries. He had to receive Hell in His heart to be bound by Her, His mother, that which was forgotten. This was the will of the Father.

14. For a christian mystic it was important to receive the Holy Spirit and then to strive after the so called gifts of grace, the workings of the holy spirit. Eternal Damnation is this Work Spirit, the forces of fertility, in order to make life fruitful. This is why the bridge between these two entities is so important. In native esotery hell is related to inferiority as an act of humility. This is why for a christian mystic it is important to receive hell after receiving the holy spirit. In the gospels when Jesus received the Holy Spirit He was led to the desert, to the wilderness, where he was tempted by the devil. He had yet to have an encounter with Tlazolteotl, the goddess of temptation. This came to it's peak when Jesus was tempted in the garden of getsemaneh. He eventually was crucified when he took in the sins of the world, the goddess Tlazolteotl, the goddess of sin, and became sin itself, as in a marriage to Her. He was humble at Her feet, and She eventually graced Him with the gifts of ascension. We see here the necessity of the marriage between descension and ascension. When Adam went through the tree, and in the root text and greek myth the gallows and the box of pandora, he went through the same process. Eternal Damnation is a sweet spirit of knowledge and wisdom. She knows the necessity of pains, troubles, temptations and guilt. In his trip through the wilderness to the gallows, Jesus became aware of this, where he found the womb of the holy spirit he loved. It was a sexual act. And the birthing of a new church was the result. Jesus loved Eternal Damnation, he loved Hell. He knew Her. He would do anything for Her. He fought for Her, but He also feared Her. He found out about the sources and forces of Eternal Damnation in the depths of the wilderness, and it was already too late, as She dragged Him in the depths of her den. He was tempted to stop this process, but He didn't. He could call angels to take Him out of it, but he didn't. He was willing to pay the price. This was His Bride. She would lead Him to the land of the good gold. She would lead Him back to His Adamic nature, through the Adamic mysteries. He was ready to receive His Eve.
15. He poured His Spirit on the church, together with the gifts of Eternal Damnation, Her very nature. It would stir up an eternal war, as she is a warrior. It would stir up an age of martyrs, the age of the Great Tribulation, of the Apocalypse, all in order to reveal the secrets of the ages. He was ready to show Her, riding on a beast. She was the divine mother and whore, and then she would be shown as the bride, as she is this duality. She is her own enemy. John adored this creature, as it would reveal the heavens. It would be a marriage between heaven and hell. Both Adam and Jesus became bound to her tree. She was a cryptic wardance, to contradict and to confuse, in order to create. Also Samson fell in this fate and lost his eye, as parallel to Odin and Orion, as a path to find wisdom. Paul was imprisoned by Her, through which he wrote his esoteric letters, derived from Greek Myth. She was called to divide people and put them apart.
16. In the Davidic Myths we can see Tlazolteotl in the form of Batsheba the temptress. In Jewish legend Satan comes as a bird to David. David tries to shoot the bird, but shoots the screen behind which Batsheba is bathing, and reveals herself to him. Her name means daughter of the oaths. She seduces David, who makes her pregnant, and she becomes his wife. This has great consequences, as a curse hits David. She represents the Bride, Eternal

Damnation, as a justice system. Therefore she is closely related to the apocalypse. She eventually brings forth Solomon, and his number sixhundred and sixtysix, the number of his throne and his yearly goldharvest, and the number of wisdom. The myth and legend of this religious event reflect the manifestation of the wedding ceremony between Adam and Eve, but also between Jesus and Hell. It was a creation of guilt, in order to enter the underworld. David, Adam and Jesus all had to submit to Sin and Guilt, becoming mortal, in order for the eternal law to be revealed. There was no escape from that, but with the difference that it was a positive event. There are several ways to approach sin, yet they are not necessarily sinful. There is a divine path in this, as they are multi-interpretable archetypes to describe and illustrate the situations of existence and mankind. Batsheba made of David a slave of his desire, by the marriage, which led to a great downfall in order to gain the victory : the birth of Solomon, the king of wisdom. It was a child sensitive to the art of syncretism, as he took all the gods and goddesses of his wives to give them a place in the temple, and showed the world the wisdom of dualism, parallel to the Aztec religion.

17. The christian has to fall into the hands of the temptress Batsheba, even when there will be guilt on his life coming from society. It is in order to reveal the syncretic powers of the goddess. To receive the mark of Solomon is the crown on this contact, and it will be manifested by wisdom. It led him to the Solomonic realms for wisdom. Under this sign eternal law would be revealed, like the two tablets of Moses. The warrior, David, was captured by his own lusts, which was the age of the pigs. In this, Batsheba is the initiator of war, the war-seduction, as the hyena of the cross, tempting the Christ to wage war in the underworld. In this she is the Warrior Bride. All soldiers have to be reborn and baptized in the blood of the enemy and in the blood of their war-leader, the davidic christ, to be equipped. It will be a war church. Their seed, blood, sweat and tears are essential for the Batsheba Spirit to bring forth the Spirit of Solomon. She is the divine whore and mother of wisdom, of all secret doctrine. Hell is to establish law for the children.
18. A part of Batsheba is Delilah, the trickster and betrayer, who seduced the judge Samson and gave him in the hands of the Philistines, his enemy. They pierced his eyes out and brought him in the depths of their temple, where he was bound to the pillars on which the temple rested. Samson could force the pillars in order for them to break, and although he died by this, he also caused to kill more enemies in his life than he ever did. Delilah is therefore the Batsheban cause of Victory, and expose of the enemy, as a central force of the revelation. She is the unveiler, as the Batsheban sword, the Sword of David. She is the force of order in the temple, a well-preserved part of the Bride of Christ.
19. Before there were any paradises, there were hells, in positive sense, as in children's empires. The pre-paradisian Naka myths are about these hells. Here we can find back the roots of the Batsheba and the Delilah myths. The striders were a pre-amazonian tribe and empire of women. Hatar, as a proto-type of Samson, was tricked by Tallah, a strider, and was put in a torture dungeon, deep in their temple. Lodit, a poisonous frog, offered herself to Hatar saying if he would have sex with her, he would die, but she would bring forth so many poisonous frogs that it would kill the striders. Hatar refused, but then Lodit raped him, which killed him and eventually the striders by a plague of poisonous frogs. In some versions it was a poisonous fly, or a poisonous spider. A certain version is that Lodit rapes Hatar three times. First as a poisonous frog, then as a poisonous spider, and finally as a poisonous fly, by which he dies. In other versions she sends these creatures to him, as being the goddess of venom. Tallah is the proto-type of Delilah, a much earlier form, and the secret of Delilah's power. Behind Batsheba we see Beher, the wife of a king. Another king, Laxar, once saw her bathing in a lake, desired her, and wanted to marry her, but he first had to kill her husband, which he did. Then the kingdom of the killed king swore revenge, and waged war against Laxar. Laxar brought doom over this kingdom because of this. Because he was very cruel to the people of Beher, she killed him one night in bed by a knife. Laxar

was the proto-type of David, the amorous war-king, and the Batsheba curse finds it's depth in the Beher-myth.

- 5.
1. She is a giant, throning on the mountain of skulls. In Orion She has Her crown. Her crown is a group of hyenas hunting.
 2. She is calling Her soldiers. Women lead them.

6.

Brannan Culture Book

Brannan Tree of Life

Hanik

||

||

Vuh===== Vur ===== Vuhod

(Lionwings)

||

||

Rahm===== Vuvod ===== Vam

(Pantherwings)

||

||

Vod===== Vu ===== Viram

(Heartwings)

||

||

Vivam===== Vuro ===== Pi

(Liverwings)

||

|| Wo

1. Hanik = sensitivity, life (tenderness)
2. Vuh = wisdom (light)
3. Vur = knowledge (darkness)
4. Vuhod = hunger, paradox
5. Rahm = growth, change, creativity (body)
6. Vuvod = war (arena)
7. Vam = art (mask)
8. Vod = story (smith)
9. Vu = order (force)
10. Viram = wilderness (nature)
11. Vivam = glory
12. Vuro = depth (blood, hell)
13. Pi = civilisation (kingdom)
14. Wo = religion, ritual, symbol (foundation)

PATHS :

15. Between Hanik and Vuh : The Ammoth-Vuh, the Birth in Blood.

Key : 'I wish the little light in you a little ride. Things all come together after the fight.'

16. Between Hanik and Vur : Vuk, the Holy Land

Key : 'Dreams are seldom the same. They continue to play it different. It's the small differences become the bosses. And they can hide behind a thousand oceans of light and behind a thousand veils of the night.'

17. Between Hanik and Vuhod : Spir-Spir, Softness (Silk Woman)

Key : 'Don't play it too loud,' she sais. 'This woman needs to come alive. Give her some access. But do it wise or she will break you. Don't do it loud, for she will take you, take you for a ride. Play it slow, and count your balls. Then take a mask, and scream, scream, for the lights of the show. Show her the different sights, show her the jokers in the night. She takes you in by white gloves. When her monkeys take you, she shows nothing but love. You are the jukebox, you got the strike. And now she shows the diamonds in her eyes, and all her little lights.'

18. Between Hanik and Rahm : Hanik-Amber, Weight

Key : 'There are smeared diamonds by the weight of love. She asks a bit access, and then she takes it rough. It all happens by the gravity of blood. And those who dance, they die, while no one understands.'

19. Between Hanik and Vam : Kot, Death

Key : 'There is sweetness in death. There is love in pain. When they come together it's like a hairy ring in a bald desert. Stringing the kings together, so many spears through a well of pleasure. Then the oasis becomes blood, and there is gravity. My memory comes alive. Nothing was what it seemed to be. I have the key to life. I am a rich man. There is gold in my heart, since the white hairy

ring tore me apart.’

20. Between Vuh and Vur : Vodok, Cunning (Strategy)

Key : ‘It’s coming through the waters. All my childhood dreams full apart, and I see what was beyond her. Like the treasure-coffin finally opens up. I see your face. It’s you. It’s coming through the forests, there’s a jungle in the middle, so many lights. Beautiful is only Beauty through the Night. She had a beautiful face. All called her Beauty. She hadn’t been here for a long time, for she makes big circles, they grow bigger everyday. Beautiful is only Beauty through the Night. She came out of her coffin by a big light. Do you understand anything of Beauty. Have you seen her star. Have you seen her running through the forests, have you seen her growing in the desert, like a wild desert rose. Beautiful is only Beauty through the Night. When our eyes get open, we will see the light. Can your eye display such beauty ? Or can only wisdom do, tame her like the mornings do.’

21. Between Vuh and Rahm : Acha, Altar (The Bison Hunter)

Key : ‘I come out of my shell, the morning breaths and shines. I sting my spears through the wells of pleasure, morningblood, now there’s gravity to do a lot. I watch your beautiful face by the tenderness machine, if I would touch you you would fade away. I have stung a knight’s sword in my eye, now the tower is open. Blood enough for gravity, I will reach for higher mornings. Only stairs can do. The rest will fade away. By the higher stairs I can touch you.’

22. Between Vuh and Vuvod : Vu-Vak, Slayer (The Table)

Key : ‘Go away, leave me alone today. Side by side, your army has united, with so many cards in your game, you give me headaches. I must discover the world step by step, don’t drown me, don’t overwhelm me, don’t bring me in your web. I must eat them one by one. Can’t do it fast, for then you would destroy me with your sun. Let the time go slower now. The music has just begun.’

23. Between Vuh and Vam : Zwerf, The Knife (The Bartender)

Key : ‘Baker lies, kingly dice, playing with me, they come in disguise. Always nightmares, where are the dreams. And when the dreams come they always bleed. Grow little nightmare, grow little dream, it’s cutting me while I’m alive, I’m the victim of this baker’s knife.

24. Between Vur and Vuhod : Tok-Tok (The Lovers)

Key : ‘Hold my hand, feel the passion burning. Hold my hand to you, close to you, take it, lay it on your chest, what is it doing to you. I want to hold the test. I want to know who you are, your hiding places, your dark spots. I want to know the truth. Can we do it again, or is it the last time, what will happen when I discover you. Hold me in your arms, for this might be the last time. For now we are still naïve and without worries, now we’re still in love, or is it just my detective’s purpose : chaining you, caring that you will never break me. Am I just eating you, hoping that you will never come alive again. Is it just my selfdefense, is it just my hidden darkness, oh what will I do to myself when I will discover who I am.’

25. Between Vur and Rahm : Iro-Vam, Justice

Key : ‘In the stars, I wonder, it’s like a mirror, like a dream, showing all my deep intentions and who I will ever be. In my eyes, I wonder, I pierce them by some swords, I pierce them by some knives, the blood is streaming for some gravity. I know what you will do to me when I will come alive, I will be your wife. It’s the only way to escape from you, it’s the only way to get through. In the skies I wonder, where are you, are you waiting for the strike, are you waiting for the coming lie. Are you preparing your armies to get through, to marry me is that your mistake, the only mistake bringing you any further. We are archenemies, we need each other, to be free finally. We are archenemies, we get married to come alive, it was all a murder in disguise. Swallow the bomb, fight for your life. Enchain them by your touch, for these lions will hunt through the night. So ride them, and you will stay alive.’

26. Between Vur and Vuvod : Hanik-Vuhod, Alarm

Key : 'I am a wanderer, I am a hitchhiker, I move from house to house, I move from wall to wall. I am gravity, the best alarm, by sinking I come alive. No, I never stay long. I'm always moving, sinking through the floors. This gravity brings me where I belong, a certain speed, a certain civilisation. A certain reaction to someone who doesn't belong.'

27. Between Vur and Vam : Hanik-Vuh, Intercom

Key : 'I'm standing high on the tower. I have finally reached you, you're the most beautiful. When I look down I see the treasures, but the best of all is you. You are the mirror, a special way to handle them all. Only tender hands can reach out to you, only wise words can watch you.'

28. Between Vur and Vod : Kaleph-Vod, Conqueror

Key : 'Close your eyes, space. Close your eyes, gate. You have won the victory, you can finally go to sleep, you can finally bath in treasures, finally drown in love. You finally jumped from the tower, now you're free in space, free to guard the gate. Sweetness watch over me. Lullaby, don't leave me.'

29. Between Vur and Viram : Iro, Robot (Highpriest)

Key : 'Don't you tell me lies today. Don't you come in disguise today. I need some openness, I need some clarity, I need some gravity. Don't you tell me I'm your sweetness today. Don't tell me I'm your heart today. I need a little freedom, I need a little light to fly away. Don't bring me down on the stairs, don't make me the dragon's prey. Don't you tell me truth today, don't tell me what is real. I need a bit distraction, I need some fairytales, I need something to drink, something strong, so don't bother me today. I don't want to know what is wrong, I don't want to know what hurts you. I don't want to see you angry. All I want to do is tell you that I love you, and you're a part of my game and tale. I want to give you some new brains, and change you all the way. Don't you tell me lies today. Don't you tell me lies today. I won't believe it anyway, unless you bring me a better tale.'

30. Between Vuhod and Rahm : Iro-Vam, Chariot

Key : 'It was a picture in someone's mind : Fire in the sky, the most beautiful oceans, all in a flame. He had waited so long for this, it was his memory. And the sunk ships rose up, with their pirates and rebels, and the whole of his body was in a flame.'

31. Between Vuhod and Vuvod : Vas, Paranoia

Key : 'He tried to reach the house, but it was just his memory. He needed some gravity. So he thought back about her. He remembered her veils, and how he came there, finally touching her, and realizing she was a spider, his worst enemy. Then he went all the way back to forget about her, how he touched the others, finally dolls. Dolls, dolls, dolls, possessed by flies. And he could forget about her, and enter the house again. This time it was his, and he brought the dolls in. And they sat down, and flies took over. The flies of his mind. It was just a story. So he closed the book, and put it between others in his cupboard. Then he took out a book of fire, finally to cleanse his mouth and mind of his own wickedness. For he was wicked, and there was nothing which could stop it. They made him wicked, all these books. So he went out of the library, and say goodbye to it's woman, and then went to the cemetery, where he dived into the sea of fire, finally to forget about himself who he was. He was one with the skies now, one with the stars. There was nothing but love, and it was burning inside. Someone got born, totally new. It was him. He knew nothing about history anymore, and history knew nothing of him. He had a new life, with a new library. But one book could let it start all over again. So he went inside with a gun, and he became a hunter, and he started a butchery. All because of his paranoia. Never go to the library, but stare into the flames, believe in your fantasy.'

32. Between Vuhod and Vam : Ahwa, Ship (Drinker)

Key : 'I know some pirate with their captains. I know some rebels with their chiefs. I know some

indians, they are hunters. They live in disbelief. They are paranoid, they are afraid of lies, so they live their lives in misery. Cover yourself with dirt and mud, and be as pretty as you can. Raise your dirtswords and drown, drown in your can.'

33. Between Rahm and Vuvod : The Vang, The Hermit

Key : 'Somebody is the watcher here. Yes, someone is watching you. Have you seen her smile, those lips ? Have you seen how she walks. She's watching you, waiting for you to admit, that you are in love with her. So run, run away, for she will burn you if you stay. You don't belong here in the library, where the past comes alive again, where they bring so much misery. You don't want to get back to her, for she has even more arrows on her bow, so run, run, there's something better in the skies. I will give you some wings to fly, I will give you some stones to watch. When you will read those letters written there, it's all make-belief. So run, run, don't turn back, but move your face to the sky, and drink from another can. There's a woman in the skies, she's pouring out the waters, so run, run, and swim with her, she will show you the ladder.'

34. Between Rahm and Vod : Hanik-Ham, Ascet

Key : 'Women are hunters, deep in the night. Some fight and never win, while some always win. It's a game, better don't watch the show. Some women are better than this, some women are better than this. She's having pictures on her boots, while you have pictures on your jacket. Dive with her in waterfall baths, together. Some women are dangerous, some women are excellent, some women are boring, boring like you are, stairways are in the stars. Some women are melting when you touch them, some women are running away, but I have much more gravity, I stay. Can you deal with me ? Whatever my eyes see I will pierce. Can you deal with me ? There's no turning back. Always deeper, until everything is mixed together. They lost themselves, and plastic is rising, some dolls in toyshop, some dolls in bakeries, some dolls in butcheries, all will be flesh tonight, need to find some sensitivity. All will bleed, so that the bigger bodies will also have some bloodspeed. Hand it over, find the circle, and be born again, you're just a fish in a stream. There is always a bigger stream.'

35. Between Rahm and Vu : Ros, Rebel

Key : 'Diamonds are like lies, they are like truths in disguise.'

36. Between Rahm and Viram : Karos, Chicken Hunter (Chicken Breeder)

Key : 'It's a cryptic world, you see,' said the chicken to the rabbit. But the eagle struck them both, and took the treasures.'

37. Between Vuvod and Vam : Ruf, Goat Farmer

Key : 'Deep down inside, there is a neverending funeral. They are hiding something, why not travel on the coffin, into the fire. Why not drinking from the urns, why not talking to skeletons. It's waiting for you. It's a fairground anyway. Look through different mirrors, and never trust the windows again.'

38. Between Vuvod and Vod : Mus, Pig Keeper

Key : 'There's a house and a bridge, while they are always moving. Someone's spinning the wheel, someone's spinning your eyes. You're part of the carrousel, jump off, and make your own alphabet.'

39. Between Vuvod and Vu : Tra, Cruelty

Key : 'Watch someone walking in summer, watch his hat, his beard, his boots. Then watch someone else. You're in rabbit town. Have you been to Domom, have you been through it's gates. It's tricking you anyway. Why don't you make your own puzzles. Why don't you raise up your own toyshops. You can do it. You can build your own gun. For you're in rabbit town. So much chance to take. Watch for their leaders, beat them in a fight. Let their bosses be the statues on your gun

tonight.'

40. Between Vuvod and Viram : Tamul, Horseman

Key : 'Papaya Aftermus, Papaya Aftermus, I can do this daily, I'm waiting for the nightbush. He is my clock, my saviour. He always takes me in, like family, and he ticks like a machine. My warmachine, my horse to ride. Papaya Aftermus tonight.'

41. Between Vuvod and Vivam : Visses, Unreachability (Hardness, Wall)

Key : 'Indians shrieking loud : open the gate. Balloons in the air, flowers rising. They come from the desert, from deep wilderness, they have been dead, now they order this. Indians shrieking loud, there are statues on their guns, silver and golden rabbits. They order this, open the gate, open the sun, open it, you're already late. Drop your guns, they take your weapons, they make the hardness soft, and raise their walls, and then all the bridges fall. They raise their walls, they let them all fall, they make machinery and brandnew shoes, rabbit style, it's up to you, it's up to you. They are like bakersmiles, they make the kettle hot, they watch the fishes dying, and then they watch the flood. Indians shrieking loud, raising their guns with so many statues, in silver and gold. And then they smile at you, and say : open the gate, we will burn everything brandnew. Indians shrieking loud, for it is war, it is war.'

42. Between Vuvod and Pi : Drata, Fool

Key : 'They know what they will do. Why did we choose to see. We are so young. Why did we choose to be frozen in eternal sight ? We can't move. We are pillars in a temple of evil struck by fear. It's coming from the arc where the eye of evil rests near. We are afraid of these lights, so why did we choose them ? We are hiding for these lights, so why do we invite them ? Aren't we all torn up inside, watching both sides of the night ?'

43. Between Vam and Vod : Muskus, The Poor (One)

Key : 'All the jokes are in the air. But I'm bowing down with this bottle. Let them play on the beach, soon it will burn, and I will be burned by the bottle. When you laugh, be the best, or someone else will come and turn you into an eternal mess.'

44. Between Vam and Vu : Esmul, Horse Keeper

Key : 'I saw here there, standing, like red lights, pink edges so thin, like the blanket, coming, and then flying away. Magical carpet, or wigwam, what will you make of it. It all flies away one day. Turning stones into water, we can never grasp it, as it all slides away. There is no life in anything. Only blood has gravity. Only wisdom builds worlds, holding the fragile lines of consciousness. These are the birds coming to me. When they get killed, indians stand before me.'

45. Between Vam and Viram : Napap, Panther Keeper (Misunderstanding)

Key : 'She was painting herself by deceiving colours, to be a chameleon in this dark night. She covered herself by the drinks making others drunk, so that they would sleep away, and she could escape. But how could she love her enemies ? It made her feel dirty, but the Book of Love had her in a tight grip, and whenever she tried to get away, the grip only got tighter, so she gave up. She was something she didn't want to be, but in a strange way it made her free, which was the grace of the paradox. She couldn't finally get a touch of who she really was, and she got the control over her life back step by step. She was now a high-heeled succubus, in a strange army. She had been bound all over by a strange light, coming from the Book of Love. She was a love-hunter now, and she knew that all women of the invisible jewel would go down like that. There was no other way.'

46. Between Vod and Vu : Vataan, Rabbit (Chance)

Key : 'The colours were making her drunk, and made others drunk, and she knew these were the colours of war. To buy such a drink was just the mark of the hunted, and to get drunk was the mark of the defeated, and the one getting this all done was the warmaster. And they were all both the

victims and inflictors of this. There was no way in the middle. Only the extreme would lead them out. She was a pin herself now, a pin of evil, so what could she expect more ? She had been under the high heels of evil for so long, and now she had these high heels herself. It was the fastest way to get the blood flow, and to make them all drunk. She looked like a traffic light, but on one moment, and she didn't know how, she could lock the Book of Love again. She locked it like she never locked anything before.'

47. Between Vod and Vivam : Verectia, Oblivion (Coincidence)

'Then the butterfly opened a door beyond her understanding. It was like cruel light was floating like a waterfall into her mind, burning it from inside out. It was a pin of fire standing before her all of a sudden, and then turning invisible. It was the Invisible Book standing before her. Then she fell into it, and she could only shriek and scream. Something was trying to strangle her, and she saw monkeys all around. It felt like an invisible snake around her. 'Step into the water,' someone said. But there was no water. 'These are the invisible pins,' another one said. It hurt more than everything else. It was like doors in her head were exploding, and rays of light were falling down on her. 'How can I read an invisible book ?' she asked.'

48. Between Vod and Vuro : Ramda, Scorn (The Law)

Key : 'And after Tamar had defeated the pins of smell and the whole Invisible Book she came to the Dog Throne, a strange hairy white throne with the strangest and rarest jewels like buttons. It was like glass was surrounding her heart, making her feel protected, safe, like no one could touch her anymore, like no one could find her anymore. It made her feel like she had soft feathers inside, giving her the feeling that she could fly. It was opening the world of feelings to her, a third part of the book, but also this part was very dangerous. She needed the dogs to survive here, and she was so glad that these dogs were the meanest of all dogs, as otherwise she would fall in other mean hands. The dogs were at her side, and since she had this dog throne she could dominate them all, all by throwing some pins in the air. She could make them wild by this, and she could even let them turn into wolves and other predators. She was now made of pins herself, all the pins she had overcome and survived, and she could ride her own body now, to control it, to possess it. All these pins she was were like her new weapons, her wild bones, and by these she ruled all the dogs to make them drunk and wild. They were the hunterdogs and they led her safely through the Book of Feelings, the third part of the Book of Evil.'

49. Between Vod and Pi : Rictlan, Heaven

Key : 'The book finally hunted her down, and she got into a long fight with it. 'Open the fourth part of the book ?' Tamar screamed, as she felt herself drowning. I need to have some ground below my feet. But the Book of Evil was merciless. 'Drown in me, woman,' it whispered. Suddenly she got so much strength that she could tear the book apart, and birds seemed to come forward from it. 'There is no fourth part,' the book screamed. But the birds formed words in the sky, words of gratitude. 'Tamar,' one of the birds said, 'the fourth part is the part of letters to you. It will heal your heart, it will be your medicine in this dark, dark night.'

50. Between Vu and Viram : Spimas, Lizard

Key : 'Smell has it's own eye,' a fourth woman said, almost whispering, 'it looks like a nipple from which the milk of evil flows, our world. Don't hesitate to drink from it.' Then she laid her hand on Tamar's chest while it started to burn like a sun, and a huge third nipple appeared. 'This is the mark of all the higher women of the invisible jewel, a mark which is called the Eye of Smell. Transform and re-create our world by it into it's finest forms. You can do it, as you are the chosen one. We went through everything you went through, and that made us one. Now rise up on your feet, and you will fly alone now, sweetie. We all have to find our own ways.'

51. Between Vu and Vivam : Spanak, Paradise

Key : 'One day a third sun was coming into their atmosphere. It was the eye of Evil. It was a

strange power of love, a scary power. It was the bringer of fear. Now it was okay to love again no one dared to, but very thin streams of love started to fill and touch the fragile heads of those in the surroundings of the Dog Throne. It was a careful love like a temple. No one dared to touch it, and they were running away from it. But there was no escape. The threads of fear were binding them, until real panic struck them. It made them more paranoid than they were, and it even made them autistic. It was the strike of fear, and it opened an eternal sight, something which they feared like nothing else.'

52. Between Vu and Vuro : Pijm, Chameleon

Key : 'These were the spiders of time, wanting to make her life miserable. Life needed to be flashy, until the bigger spiders would grasp her to lock her up in their dungeons. Some moments would be strong enough to grow under her skin, and to dominate her life by the encore. They would eat from her flesh, they would enter her flesh. They were the big boys of life, slayers. They were faster than anything else so that they could get her interlocked. They would make her hopeless, letting her think that there would be no way out. And old saviours would only make it worse, only binding her deeper. She needed the new saviours, the fresh flashy moments who would never return. To return was taboo, a trap. She needed to be strong, and to stretch out to these moments, and then to forget about them.'

53. Between Vu and Pi : Paam, Beauty

Key : 'Weren't we all each other's food, and weren't we all devouring each other by our fires we couldn't control. Everything was so out of order, yet so in line, like a breeder's land. No one could do anything about it. We were the gingerbreads, the bakers and the eaters all in one. Tamar wore such an amulet around her neck, as she had awakened to this reality, and it was good. It was okay, it was a certain state of mind in evolution. It was a result of the allpowerfull tides of venom, and there was nothing to do about that but just accepting it. We were the gingerbreads laying on the beach of the primeval, waiting for the big fishes to eat us away. We were but fishes on this beach waiting for the bigger ones to take us away to their caves. We were nothing but sea-banquette. Everything was growing in everything, like a complicated web. And it all formed a trap for the bigger things. It was like the rudder on a ship moving the ship to a new direction. To the island, please, where we can all lay down our dreams, to see everything in a new light.'

54. Between Viram and Vivam : Zkum, Ring

Key : 'There was streaming something in her heart, a new light, like the savage perfume, enlightening her brains, her head. She smelled it, and it opened her feelings for the new world, this tropical island. She had been too long in this tight embrace and she could finally free herself out of it by shaking it away. She crept towards the lights on the island, and she found out : There was nothing but deception, there was nothing but evil. And it enlightened here, and she got peace with that. It doesn't matter anymore when it's in a different light. We will come where we need to be.'

55. Between Viram and Vuro : Spazumen, Sexuality

Key : 'So she gathered the jewels on the island, and started to build cities and villages, and then she left to enter into the deeper jungles of this island, finally to reach the other side of the island to swim to the next island. How deep she had come into this place of evil she didn't know, but she wanted to reach for it's core. It was just an adventure, so nothing mattered anymore. It was all just a part of a bigger story. And she found out that the story was the only one who could deal with the powers of evil. It was something deep in her heart. Something which had to be the core of this all, yes, it was the story, an eternal story, so big, that it would rise to take possession of it all, for there was nothing but that. The eternal story had created and bound all these hearts, letting them go down under in eternal growing pains to reach for the eternal growing pleasures. And what is the pain by something you can't reach ? It is the hunger.'

56. Between Viram and Pi : Basblau, Health

Key : 'Fairytale is muddy waters, when you drown you meet the horror. Fairytale is deals with death, sweet oils to prepare you for torture.'

57. Between Vivam and Vuro : Baspjimen, Flower

Key : 'Fairytale they hide a lot, and you know it when you reach the key, it opens up the mouth of a bigger monster. Fairytale is lullabies, soothing the dragons to sleep, but it's waking up the bigger beasts.'

58. Between Vivam and Wo : Paspau, Horizon

Key : 'Dreams give the keys to nightmares. Ride them, wake them up, so many spears between you and me.'

59. Between Vuro and Pi : Nissas, Almightiness

Key : 'We need some bigger beasts to make it through the days. We need some bigger nightmares to wake us up. We need some bigger lies to guard the truths, all between me and you.'

60. Between Vuro and Wo : Zamen, Sun

Key : 'This is the end of the story. This is the end of an old friend. It's time for the insides. So make a dive. This is the end of you and me, this is the end of all these lies. This evil has to stop, for the queen of it all passes by.'

61. Between Pi and Wo : Kapau, Underworld

Key : 'Nothing but silence. Nothing but a memory. Give me some gravity and walk with me to the end of this night, to the end of this darkness, to find the last little light. There is no flame anymore, no love and no passion. We do not have a heart or soul anymore, for everything has grown cold after this trip. There is only a small little light, at the end of this ride. So take it up, it is the key, for another ride with me.'

7.

The Book of Indian Troll Flies

1.

First Initiation : POO – drama, time-wasting, fear, roots, foundations

Second Initiation : HAMMULEMH – rage, no understanding

Third Initiation : VINAMA – mass, taking away, dissatisfaction, steel, beams

Fourth Initiation : BAF – sweet stinging fly

Fifth Initiation : AMMULAHM – confusion, despair, pain

Sixth Initiation : PI-MAN – losing control, insanity, sinking away, falling, disappearing

Seventh Initiation : PU-VIVAM – twist, mixed feelings, stirring up strife, arena

Eighth Initiation : RAHM-VUH - imprisonment, slavery

Ninth Initiation : KIRAM – dark ice, unreachability, hunger, unanswered lusts

Tenth Initiation : RAHM-VOD – divorce, twist

Eleventh Initiation : HANIK – powerlessness

Twelfth Initiation : BAVOH – red ice, fear, isolation (red tent)

Thirteenth Initiation : VUK-VARU – shaking, frightening, separating

Fourteenth Initiation : NIGUN – poverty, loss

2. Those who have done the fourteen initiations reach the crown. They become kings. Then they will be the leaders of the wars, and they will be prophets of Her. Hail to the scorpion-lady, as she has laid the red egg, the egg of blood, from which all new form rises. And her daughters will brood this egg, and they search for knights. They will be pregnant for eleven days, and then they will give birth to the red of dwelmell. When you have come to the city of dwelmell, oh traveller, know that it is a demon city, a city of blood, and they wait for you. It is to initiate you in the gnosis, to remove all fear, to have the fear of Her instead, as she is the woman to be feared.

3. And write the fourteen initiations on the walls of the city to save your soul, and to become a citizen, and teach them everything from this book, and they will teach you, as you have come closer to the fire. And the fire will purify you, and show you the gnosis, and you shall ride on tall horses, and you shall be proud to initiate the holy ones into the gnosis. Yes, the ground below your feet will be holy as velvet and red-brown leather. Hear then the words of the gods of the old, the wild ones, as they have grown in the desert to be tall bottles for those who are thirsty for the gnosis. Hear then these words, and write them on the tables of your heart, as you have coming closer to the city of worms, where She dwells, in the heart of her garden, and she will speak the words of wisdom to the elder ones, and the words of knowledge to the younger ones, and she will give them dreams. Oh, let her nightmares warm your heart, as she is the Great One, great of knowledge and strategy, and those who follow her will not be disappointed, not now, and not in eternities, as they are the children of her heart.

4. Oh, come closer to her, as she will share the words of her heart, and the depths of her gnosis. She will weave her paths on your face, and she will ride you like a donkey, as you have her crown. Come closer to her, and let yourself be initiated in her temple, and take her crown again, and give her the crown of succubi as a worthy sacrifice to her. This then is the book of challenges and of hearts. You will not be frightened by the riddles she sent to you, but you will love those, and you will decipher them by your lust for blood and books. Yes, you will reach out to her in darkness and filth, and she will give you her sword of grace. Oh, come closer to her portals, oh visitor, and she will lead you through her doors of fire, and show you her city. Let her lust be your guide, as she speaks from primeval ages, wanting to put the gnosis in you, as the eternal tablets leading you to indestructible love, as she is the mother god of love. Let her warm you and seduce you, and let her guide you to her daughters, to initiate your soul, and to take you away from the father god who has bound you all. You have been crucified in dogma by pharisees, but She will destroy them, and will raise you from the cross.

5. Let her guide you to her wild garden, and let her guide you through her deserts. She stands before the portals to knock, and they will open, as she has directed her finger at the fruits of the tree of the gnosis, appearing into the doors of fire all the time. She is the memory, she is the guidance and a guard. She is the nightwatch, and the fish of love in Tebul. And she warms the hearts of millions, and she has the succubi crown, to be a mighty ruler forever. We have come before your throne, and we ask you to lead us. The initiators of the gnosis. They are your holy inquisitors of gnosis to terminate all literal things, and to enlighten those who have come to Her daughters, by gnosis.

6. They are her vampires, the hearts of the gnosis, and they have come together, as that is her desire to raise them up. You are the mother of all mothers, and you have set your bloodlines free. You have healed the Matronit, and you have raised up Asirta. You have broken it's tree and built it again, you have destroyed it's temple, and made it whole again, as you are the Mother God.

7. You have broken the firmaments of heaven, and built it up again by your power. By your power everything stands.

8. You have sought out their books, and they will do you no harm, as you are the almighty succubus, splitting yourself into thousands, legions and myriads. You are the eater of children and destroyer of parent hearts to set them free. You are the warrior goddess and the huntress. You have cloaked yourself in white, and you carry brown fruits like the tree. Your waters are like your hairs, and your benches are tall, white and hairy, like wet velvet. And you dream and give dreams, and

you show them misunderstandings and deceivements, and most of all the self-deception, as there is nothing more important but to flee from the illusion.

9. Latsamdette Kardeksam Baskute, hear then now the language of Her, as she speaks to her heart, and let her give you the keys to her daughters. Be carefull when you approach them, as they are wild animals, nocturnal creatures, night spirits. Hikpedettal Pedaktal Contote Connotal Connotal Nazurus Rutse. And I give you the words of Her, for you to meditate on it, and to see it as a riddle, and not as a literal gift. There are many roads in these words, and they will lead you through eternity. Quisdifelit Dakuire Kataste Sacha Dachdargas Kagasach Bachstaan Tacherias. Quisdelfit Daquire Dafliorschka Donkwasio Dochwalsch Dazino. And these are the tongues of Her, building a new world and earth.

8.

Wars of the Flies

1. In the distance the soft machineguns and canons were shooting, pulsating, like liquid balls and eggs together, while soft winds surround the targets. The heat is intensive, someone is breathing, like he can explode every second. It's hard for him to leave the plateau, this level, to reach for a deeper one inside. Someone is breathing heavier, someone close to him. They cannot hold themselves up, and suddenly by a wind and a flash, they are exploding into white powder. Now the wind will do with it what it wants, but their souls are deeply gone, gone to another world. Their mouths are contracting, while the venom flows into their mouths. The mountains are high here, while snow and dust covers them, where the sun licks the roofs and the ripples. It was a flyian attack.
2. He has white golden wires coming from his shoulders, while his white golden uniform is blinding the mass. His teeth pulsate the heat, while soft winds surround his attacks. He's a good warrior on his ship, doing flyian attacks. After the battles there isn't always much to do. Sometimes it's really boring for they shot everything away. The webs of wild flies are worse than that of spiders, for it eats everything away.
3. The white golden sun is standing tall, while someone tall, almost bald, leaves the stages to take a boy from the streets. It's just a kid, and now he is in these dark hands. The boy starts to scream, for the Lord of the Flies is taking him to an island. He's coming tall accepting no complaints. Someone gets the tall ornaments, to hang in the trees of their gardens.
4. He's rising up, so sinister now, not a boy anymore. No one could expect that such a child would become such a strange hard man. By the hits he is autistic now, paranoid with sharp arrows. He's a wild fly, built for the kill, growing undercover in so many worlds. He's all alone, and where's the Lord of the Flies now. He stares at the tall ornaments, food for insects, but they are growing taller. He likes to make these circles, stinging through the pictures, to gain the nothing. From here he can grow to the heights. His touch is cool and shaky. He doesn't have an identity no more, while his colours are spreading like ripples and waves, he's heading for the pale, looking for the lost drips of colour. He dives, misses, and then falls away to wait another thousand years for a second chance. He's dreaming, dreamy, shifting his consciousness. Nothing is real.
6. His arrows are sharp, piercing his own back and shoulders, while wires are coming through. He's painted in many colours, while he shows the pale spots. His eyes are dark, waiting for the kill.
7. In the White Golden city they gather, all these white flies, waiting for the kill. They were marked to do the crimes, deep in their nipples.

9.

Knowledge – Cards (Vur) / Information

1. Tak-Tak – Eating Man with a sitting woman
2. Coea – Cat eating a fish
3. D – Weeping Man with a clock
4. Ahwa-Ahwa – ladybug coming out of a red sun
5. Spir – Red Sun
6. Chu – Man with arrow and bow, and a broken arrow floating around him or close to him
7. Kjibbih – A cat eating a horse and a winged cat close to them
8. Ir – A weeping man with a laughing woman
9. Ahwah – A boat with a red sun
10. Ch – A woman riding a pig, and a man eating a pig
11. Vuh-Vuh – A crowned woman and a man on a pig
12. Kjib – A pig eating a man and another pig eating a woman
13. Bavoh – A man running away from a dog
14. Vobbok – a cricket coming out of a red sun
15. Tok – a dog eating a sun
16. Bok-Bok-Bok – a man eating an ox and a woman on an ox
17. Woe – A chicken eating a man, and a chicken eating a woman
18. Kwib – A swarm of flies and ladybugs
19. Ring – A sun eating a cat
20. Ng – A weeping pig with a weeping woman
21. Bok – waters with a can of glue
22. Tch – A pig standing on a man and a pig standing on a cat
23. Woe-Woe-Woe – A boat in water and a cat on a red sun
24. Spir-Spir – A weeping man with a cat on a red sun
25. His – A man with wings and a woman with wings
26. Heoe – A woman riding a cat and a cat eating a woman
27. Woe-Woe – A fruit with a red sun
- 10.

Wisdom – Cards (Vuh) / Advice and Direction for the Future

1. Dakham-His – A man hunts a book
2. Erk-Hing – A fly stinging a pig
3. Erk-His – A man hunting a house
4. Varu-Vang – A bleeding goat
5. Varu-Eng – A house of blood
6. Paal – A fly eating a man
7. Man-Val – Two weeping men

8. Pu-His – Two fighting men
9. Vu-Varu – The Ox of Blood
10. Vamak-Man – A book
11. Dakham-Hang – A fly stinging a man
12. Vas-Poe – A fly stinging a card
13. Vinama-His – A knife with a rope
14. Varu-Vast – The Pig of Blood
15. Vink-Vle – Fly stinging a cock
16. Piem-Varu – The Book of Blood
17. Vu-Lam – The Deer of Blood
18. Vamahak – Fly stinging a book
19. Pokhom-His – Man hunting a card
20. Woh-His – Man hunting an Ox
21. Man – Cards
22. Pu – Man running away from a book
23. Pu-Man – A house
24. Vu-His – Two fighting cocks with four women
25. Opha – Fly stinging Ox
26. Zoe – Fly stinging house
27. His-Tam – Two fighting men with four women
28. Kerk – Man running away from a card
29. Pu-Varu – The Card of Blood
30. Pu-Honger – Fly eating pig
31. Man-Bidden – houses

11.

Bapham

1. There is no other sign keeping you safe from the Wrath of Her but to have the sides of your frontdoors smeared by blood. There is no mercy on those who aren't warriors, and there is no mercy on those who aren't hunters. Only the sign of the vampire is powerfull enough to set free, and those who love her carry this sign. Hear then the words of the book of Her so that you will not fall asleep in the time of slaughter. For accurately she chooses the hours in which she comes down. There is no mercy on those who keep their hands away from slaughter, and there is no mercy on those who keep their hands away from sacrifice.
2. Hear ye the words of Her, so that you will be spared in the days of slaughter, for sure they will come, and for sure they will take many away. Live therefore holy, and do not become evil in your deeds, as she will find all those evil-doers and their sons, and she will have no mercy on them, as they didn't have mercy on others. Therefore the strikes of Her will be hard, and no one can hide from her, as she is the Mother God of all.
3. And these are the parts of her being : Vu, Pu, Pi, which are the parts of Her. And those who

hear the words of the book of Her and believe in her, no harm will strike them but initiation.

4. Have ye then heard the words of Her, then you won't please her by taking it literal. All her words are symbols and riddles, sent out by the Gnosis, the hidden knowledge. Never take anything she says literal, as then fire will come out of her mouth to devour thee. She is a hater of the literal and those who follow the literal, but those who live by the food of symbols she will set free, and show them the path to righteous. Now there isn't any justice in the literal, but only in the moving and changing of view. Life is a puzzle, and you shouldn't judge. Let the judgement be to Her who knows of all things, and who knows of all things is to know nothing. This is the great emptiness, the source of all wisdom.
5. Learn ye then from the oracles and languages of Brannan and Lbok to save your soul, as you have been thrown into the corrupted languages of evil workers, who designed languages to bind your souls and to lead you to destruction.
6. So then there are several Hanik-Cards to save your soul when the elements start to fall down, and oh pilgrim, reach the secrets and doorways of these cards of the Gnosis, so that your heart will be safe as well.
7. The Hanik-Cards are the cards of the Tall Flame.
8. The Hanik Vuh means the Repeat, and it's sound is 'NG. It is the power of the Memory and it is a creative force. It also means 'trauma', but not in a negative sense. It is a way to channel. Therefore the Hanik Vuh is a base for communication.
9. Then there is the Hanik itself, which means powerlessness and paralysis, but not in a negative sense, more as blanco state in order to channel, and in order to have an objective connection, which is a base for further relationship, and actually a form of true sense. It's sound is BOK-BOK, and is sometimes referred to 'ear', which means 'listening'.
10. As you see Hanik is the tall flame as in the binding factor, the glue. The next Hanik-Card is the Hanik Vur, which means both pencil and the Red Sun (Sun of blood and vampirism), and it's deeper meaning is addiction and suicide, not in negative sense, but to block the ego out and dwell in surrender and obsession, as in the deepest grade of relationship, where it becomes intimate and eternal. The Hanik Vur also refers to sensual things but more in the sense of 'depth'. Gnosis is always the main purpose, and this one is for the translation and the analysis. The Hanik Vur refers to the eye, the consuming factor, and of course the stomach. The sound is 'HANIK'.
11. The next Hanik-Card is the Hanik Vuvod, which means fruit and red sun, with as deeper meaning : Remorse. Again this is not in negative sense, but it is a way to make things better and to search for even deeper forms of relationship. It is the 'messenger of taste', an even deeper form of communion, by which hearts start to melt into each other. The sound is 'WOEU-WOEU'.
12. The Hanik Vuhod is the card of fear, and also this one not in a negative sense, as fear makes tender and carefull. The sound is TOK-TOK-TOK
13. The Hanik Cards as cards of the Tall Flame are the Cards of Imprisonment, but not in a negative sense, as you have seen.
14. Then we have the Iro Cards, as the cards of the Horse Flame, which are the Cards of Enslavement, but also : not in negative sense, it is to have a perfect guard and guidance. Enslavement is a form of automatism, a robotic way to keep things in line and intact. It is technology to make things better, and to raise the immunity.
15. The first Iro-Card, the Iro itself means Red Sun (the Sun of blood and vampirism), but also depression and barricade, or 'storm'. It's actually the strike of the whip to wake you up and get you into the right direction. It is not a negative sign, also not when Her Cardreaders who

use this deck take this card for you. The sound of the Iro itself is 'SPIR'.

16. The Iro Vur means the Dark Flame, and losing everything by darkness. This is the card of 'death', not in negative sense. It means : 'mutilation', 'impatience' and 'unbearability' in the sense of poverty to trigger the hidden things, which means getting another point of view. This is therefore the card of the derwish, to reach the hidden wealth. The sound of the Iro Vur is 'SPIR-SPIR'. It is a deeper form of enslavement, for the Iro was only the correction.
17. The Iro Vuh means 'boat and red sun', and 'exhausting', 'drought', 'thirst'. It is the card of 'hunger' leading to the sources. It is the card of 'attraction', like the flame of guidance supplying the visions necessary for the travel. It is a path through the underworld, and it teaches how to walk and move, how to get something, thus it is not a negative card, but more constructive in all it's forms. It is the Heart of Darkness. The sound of it is AHWA.
18. The Iro Vuvod means 'boat in water', 'becoming a wilderness', 'loneliness'. It is the card of abduction, of 'moving to another level'. The sound of it is WOEU-WOEU-WOEU.
19. The Iro Vam means clock, court of justice and repressing, dominion. It is the card of process, growth, so this is also not a negative card. The sound of the Iro Vam is D.
20. Then there are the Kaleph Cards, which are the Cards of the Red Flame, which are the Cards of Inquisition. These aren't negative cards as you will see.
21. The Kaleph itself means 'boring' and 'uselessness', and sometimes 'rejection'. The cards of inquisition are the cards of awakenings, and this card is actually the seed of creativity, the 'bringer of visions', and actually to channel a deeper force from the subconsciousness. These forces will be translated in the conscious languages. The sound of it is VOBBOK.
22. The Kaleph Vod means 'helplessness', 'accident' and 'failure', which is to correct a certain channel. The sound is VOD.
23. The Kapleph Vam means 'oversensibility', which opens a new channel. Kaleph Vam also means : 'man with bow and arrow', or 'broken arrow'. The sound is CHU.
24. The Kaleph Vuh means fear of chronical pain, fear of hell, and thus fear of time. This fear develops wisdom, and thus is the Kaleph Vuh the card of wisdom. The sound is IR, which also means 'harem'. Thus Kaleph Vuh is also the Card of Harems.
25. The Kaleph Vur means Unreachability, and Flee-ing, sometimes a Deathcase. It develops Knowledge, and is thus the Card of Knowledge. The sound is TOK-TOK.
26. Further there are the Varu-Cards, which are the Cards of Blood, the Gnosis, or Hidden Knowledge.
27. The Varu Kim means the bleeding man, and the red one, or the red bowl. It is the Card of the Pig-killer, the one who pierces the veils of the gnosis. The sound is KIM.
28. The Varu Wurg means : 'bleeding ox' or 'hair', 'hell'. It is the card of the treasures of the Gnosis. The sound is WURG.
29. Varu Weel means : 'bleeding cock', to care, to get it done. It is the card of the creativity of the gnosis. The sound is WEEL.
30. Vu Varu means : roots, beginning, startsign. It is the Card of the White Blood. The sound is VU VARU.
31. Varu Jou means : food and light, to get it done, to care. It is the card of transparent blood or ultra-blood. The sound is JOU.
32. Further cards many Her Cardreaders use are the Initiation Cards taken from the Book of Indian Troll Vampire Flies.

The Indian Troll Vampire Flies Book

1. Oh, Mother of all, and Mother of all vampires, you have showed yourself to Caine when the father had sent him away to the desert. You came to him in his wilderness, and gave your blood to him, and your magic. You taught him of the seven suns of blood, and you turned him into an inquisitor of the gnosis.
2. You have given your children blood to drink, and you have led them to the seven suns of blood.
3. Yes, She is the Destroyer of all Literal Worlds, the Destroyer of all those who follow Literal Worlds, and she is the Goddess of Pestilence.
4. And thus I came to the seven suns of blood, by the branches of the Vampire Tree, as they were pathways to eternal meanings, by which I could feed my heart. And I saw Her standing on these suns of blood, She, the Heart of All. And I worshipped Her, and she raised me in blood, to stand close to Caine, our son, and she showed me the secret of blood, the meaning of blood, which is the gnosis, the hidden knowledge. And she brought me to the Tree of Blood to baptize me, and I got enlightened, while greater darkness fell on me. And she said : Is there a greater light than darkness itself ? And I desired the dark, and I delivered myself to it.
5. And I spoke to Her, and she made me shiver, and she showed me the truth, which I had to test in all my journeys through the Underworlds and Upperworlds : She was and is the Mother God, despised and rejected by Jehovah, because she didn't want to believe in the literal world, and didn't want to submit herself to mankind. As mankind was the creation of the literal. And therefore She shall return again, and she will bite the head off of Jehovah and it's snake. And she will be worshipped all over the planet, as her heart will warm it again.

The New Temple

6. Welcome to the temple of Her, where the bitter fruits of purification are, and the further fruits. Welcome to the temple of the Mother God. There will be no one in this temple but those who have had the initiations of the Book of the Indian Troll Vampire Flies, and there will be no one in the new world but them. If you do not have this book, then simply pray for the twenty initiations, and pray that this book will come to you, as it is the portal into Her Temple. She is the One Who Dominates, as She is the Mother God. She has overcome the Lion. And thus is her name : 'More Than'. Now she is sitting on Her Throne, as the Age of the Mother God has begun. And these are the words coming to me with urge and purpose. I couldn't hold these words in me, as they were burning like fire.
7. She had abducted Joseph, the one she loved, and brought him to the underworld, to make of him a vampire and king of indians. She mocked him, but it was the force of Love, as she is the Gnosis. She is the Mother of all Gnosis, of all Hidden Knowledge. And by this she took him in. She taught him, in day and night, granting him no rest, and thus she gave him the lust to read books. Yes, she made him hungry for the Gnosis.
8. She took him deep into her temples to make of him an inquisitor of the gnosis, and then a king of many inquisitors. And thus she brought him to her deep roots and histories.
9. Listen then to the histories of Her as she came forth from timeless origins. She came forth as a snare. This was based on the hieroglyphs and languages of Lbok, the land of the stinging flies. This trinity contained Vu, the White Stinging Fly, Pu, the Light Stinging Fly, and Pi, the Flaming Stinging Fly. Not knowing this, or not knowing how to worship this, is to fall in the hands of the Wrathfull, as that is what she is. It is a misunderstanding to come to Her and to worship her without this, as she will deceive and destroy anyone coming to her who do

not have the guards and guidance of this. This is the key to understand this dangerous and cruel goddess, only by her roots.

The Temple of Vu

10. The Temple of Vu is an Almighty Temple. Vu is one of the primal forces of the Indian troll vampire flies and their inquisitors of gnosis. Vu is the mother of mothers, and she is most wrathful, cruel and dangerous. That's why Vu is called the careless, indifferent one. She almost never listens to prayers, and she is a deceiver. To her disciples it is their lust to heal her, but they have to be very careful not to become her victim, as she is the Goddess of all deception. It is easy for her to hate, and hard for her to love. This all makes the Temple of Vu one of the most dangerous and most powerful and mysterious temple existing, as she is a trickster. At least you have been warned.
11. She hardly speaks, although she is a teacher. She teaches predestination, about the chosen ones. Those who aren't chosen are called for other things, but she also teaches inquisition, one of the worst existing. So you see : this lady needs to be tempered and pleased otherwise she brings destruction after destruction. This Lady needs healing, and this can only happen when her disciples become holy. And these words came to me, as I came closer to her temple. I wanted to run away and hide, but a strange and strong force took me by the arm.
12. The paths of deception are actually cryptic paths by which she opens her true disciples up to eternal truths. She teaches ascetism, martyrdom, hermitism and symbolism, as the mighty pillars of her temple.
13. After her initiations, I was nothing more but her willing slave. Her teachings enlightened me, through riddles and oracles, and she gave me the lust to read books. I was broken by her, lying like dead in a desert, but with my last strengths I reached the oasis, which was bigger than my dreams.
14. I know her inquisitors stand around her holiness and the holy of holy, and after all this I was one of them.
15. And I discovered why Vu was so wounded, and what was the source of her anger, and I saw that she had been cut away from another triangle which was her roots. It was her trinity, and it was based on the time-system of Lbok, the land of the stinging flies.
16. And I made a system of worship in which the two triangles would be connected to each other. And thus it became an Indian pyramid, existing in two parts. And it soothed Vu and all the others. And this all opened the temple of Vu to attract the chosen ones. And thus I built a new temple and a new initiation-system, and Veherun made me her scribe and archiver.

Initiations in the Temple of Her

17. These are the words to describe the initiations as a pathway through the temple of Her holding the bloodlines of Her. The initiations are based on the hieroglyphs of Brannan and Lbok. Here are the initiations in her temple :
18. Initiation 1. Ham – Brown Stinging Fly

This is said to be the hardest part of the initiations in the temple of Her, as here you lose all your faith, your worthiness, and you actually start to fear things like hell and punishment, to be damned forever. It starts when the wrath of Her comes over you, which makes you insecure and even confused. Some disciples get this at a young age, and others when they are older, but trace your life back to see if you already went through this initiation. It is fundamental for your relationship with Her, as it is the Fear of Her falling on you, which is the source of all wisdom and knowledge, and the force of all channeling. When Ham shows up, the Brown Stinging Fly, it is like descending into hell, into everlasting damnation, and it can come like a scream or a shriek, but it's actually to initiate you. Also She has the teaching

of predestination and inquisition of the Gnosis, but it is never literal. All is symbol.

19. Initiation 2. Eliave – Dark Dream

This is also a hard path, as it is a path of pain and fear of pain, but remember : all suffering is initiation, to take you away from the literal, and make you an adept of the gnosis.

20. Initiation 3. Ammoth Vuh – The Soft Flame

Ammoth Vuh is the fly coming out of the Red Sun, which means to be reborn by blood, coming forth from blood.

21. Initiation 4. Ozof – Ice

This is the path of further detachment, also from rationalism.

22. Initiation 5. Kaleph Vur – Unreachability

13.

Brannan Book of Gates or Book Of The Fourty-One Hours Of Brannan

1. Temup ; Sea of Quin ; The cat slays a spider, and a fly comes forward. Then more flies are coming forth. Behind this enormous sea there's a land called Temup, with the city Domom. The city Domom has a lot of gates which can be accessed by certain poetry and riddles.
2. First Gate : Gate of Uprightness. Key : These horses are blind my dear and they will be deaf at the end of the year ...
3. Second Gate : Gate of Honesty. Key : It's all hidden behind trees and flowers ... desiring to be discovered ... Back to Brannan, not afraid of the hidden rage ... and the hidden riddles waiting to be puzzled out it needed to be ... a hidden message ... for it was too private ... just for you ... Back to Brannan ... not afraid of death ... for it can kill you if you come too close ... When they once saw you ... they will never let you go ... until they pierced the thing they saw
4. Third Gate : Gate of the Conversation. Key : Trips to Brannan, He with the green wings ... he with the wings of the ornament ... He's making me smile ... I'm in Brannan again, on the wings of the wind ... It's the nothing ... but yet so full ... yet so chaotic ... but it's just a higher order. He has bananawings ... and he smiles ... while he's crying inside ... crying sand ... He with the tenderwings, making hearts so sweet. His wings are so light and fragile ... it's making me cry with all these soft candles in the storm ... He gave me lionwings and pantherwings to fly, he helped my heartwings and my liverwings to reach for brannan's hills ... glittering in the sun ... These are ashes from the ashes ... coming from high urns ...
5. Fourth Gate : Gate of the Farmers' Domain. Key : In the distance the soft machineguns and canons were shooting, pulsating, like liquid balls and eggs together, while soft winds surround the targets. The heat is intensive, someone is breathing, like he can explode every second. It's hard for him to leave the plateau, this level, to reach for a deeper one inside. Someone is breathing heavier, someone close to him. They cannot hold themselves up, and suddenly by a wind and a flash, they are exploding into white powder. Now the wind will do with it what it wants, but their souls are deeply gone, gone to another world. Their mouths are contracting, while the venom flows into their mouths. The mountains are high here, while snow and dust covers them, where the sun licks the roofs and the ripples.
6. Fifth Gate. Key : He has white golden wires coming from his shoulders, while his white golden uniform is blinding the mass. His teeth pulsate the heat, while soft winds surround his attacks. He's a good warrior on his ship, doing flyian attacks. After the battles there isn't always much to do. Sometimes it's really boring for they shot everything away. The webs of

wild flies are worse than that of spiders, for it eats everything away.

7. Sixth Gate : Gate of the Brannan Warriors. Key : Watch their ornaments.
8. Seventh Gate : Gate of the White Warriors. Key : The white golden sun is standing tall, while someone tall, almost bald, leaves the stages to take a boy from the streets. It's just a kid, and now he is in these dark hands. The boy starts to scream, for the Lord of the Flies is taking him to an island. He's coming tall accepting no complaints. Someone gets the tall ornaments, to hang in the trees of their gardens.
9. Eighth Gate : Gate of the Red Stripes. Key : He's rising up, so sinister now, not a boy anymore. No one could expect that such a child would become such a strange hard man. By the hits he is autistic now, paranoid with sharp arrows. He's a wild fly, built for the kill, growing undercover in so many worlds. He's all alone, and where's the Lord of the Flies now. He stares at the tall ornaments, food for insects, but they are growing taller. He likes to make these circles, stinging through the pictures, to gain the nothing. From here he can grow to the heights. His touch is cool and shaky. He doesn't have an identity no more, while his colours are spreading like ripples and waves, he's heading for the pale, looking for the lost drips of colour. He dives, misses, and then falls away to wait another thousand years for a second chance. He's dreaming, dreamy, shifting his consciousness. Nothing is real.
10. Ninth Gate. Key : His arrows are sharp, piercing his own back and shoulders, while wires are coming through. He's painted in many colours, while he shows the pale spots. His eyes are dark, waiting for the kill.
11. Tenth Gate : Gate of the Dominators of the Quin-Sea. Key : In the White Golden city they gather, all these white flies, waiting for the kill. They were marked to do the crimes, deep in their nipples.
12. Eleventh Gate : Gate of them who dwell in Domom. Key : In White Golden Ornaments we are free.
13. Twelveth Gate : Gate of the kings of Temup. Key : He heard the White Golden.
14. Thirteenth Gate : Them of the forty-one hours of Brannan. Key : your guide to softness, bringing you to the hearts of Brannan.
15. Fourteenth Gate : Gate of the Second Wheel. Key : Hail to those who have survived the strikes, for they have become softer and softer, by the glues of Brannan. They have been struck by a fever to become healthy. They have been struck by chaos to become ordered, Yet they are wild. They are the wild men, the wild boys, becoming raiders, while they are sleeping in trees. They have become darker and paler. Hail to those who have survived, for they have been struck by confusion. Their hands are cold and their hearts are hot.
16. Fifteenth Gate : Gate of the Home of the kings of Brannan. Key : Open the pyramids of Brannan. King of Brannan, give me the keys to your home. I bow to your holy sands. Give me Jericho and Sodom. Let me destroy the unholy goats who guard the gates of tallness. Give me the hoofs of goats to let me rise. Let me rise from the seven kettles of the goats. Let me be ashes from the ashes, smoke from the smoke, as your holy servant, lead me to eternal paths. Guide us, into the eternal pastures of Brannan.
17. Sixteenth Gate : Gate of the Home of Brannan. Key : Here is where our home is, here is where our hearts are. Oh, Pyramids of Brannan, show us the holy feathers, and let them rise in our hearts. Show us the depths of Brannan. Let Jericho and Sodom rise. Bless Brannan and the White Golden, the Lord of the Flies. Bless our king and emperor of Brannan, and give us access to the rivers that lead.
18. Seventeenth Gate : Gate of the Weeping. Key : Lead us through the sunsets of Brannan, through it's halls. Brannan, bring the feathers in our lungs and eyes, so that the red stripes

- can come over the enemies. Let us make Jericho rise. Let us rebuild its walls. Bless her walls, bless her. Bless the lights of Brannan, and bring our hearts to our hearts.
19. Eighteenth Gate : Gate of the Land. Key : I come to the White Golden of Brannan. Brannan is the Jaw, the ashes from the ashes, where the power to speak dwells and the power of silence.
 20. Nineteenth Gate. Key : Jericho ; Let the milk stream from Jericho, by white pink treasures, they take flight .. to become the towers of the sea ... Let the milk stream from Jericho. These are of strange leather and wool ... there's honey streaming from Jericho ... where the trousers run ... they drink from iron boots ... while they ride the rabbits ...
 21. Twentieth Gate : Gate of Jericho. Key : How many songs of Jericho does it take to rise the foundling. These men are golden statues ... they were all prisoned .. in kisses of death ... The records turned red on that day, the rivers turned blood ... Hot in the North, cold in the South ... It was a matter of melting and freezing ...
 22. Twentyfirst Gate : Gate of the Kings of Jericho. Key : She had to swim through one almost frozen river ... to reach the tops of a new island ... where she would be tall and stretching would she be tall enough to realize what she was now ? tall emotions moving ... she was flexible now ... not frozen anymore ...
 23. Twentysecond Gate. Key : It's spiralling from the Red Eye ... Sodom's Eye ... This is the world so strong it claims your mind ... to possess and possess having raiders darker than men ...
 24. Twentythird Gate : Gate of the Son. Key : Under helmet smoke.
 25. Twentyfourth Gate : Gate of Oblivian. Key : all written in Brannan.
 26. Twentyfifth Gate. Key : It makes my view so small, and then it starts to cry. It made him tall and thin ... ready for the next strike of Brannan.
 27. Twentysixth Gate : Gate of the Pear. Key : For all with Brannan's smile, bending low. It's spouting in the air, great danger. It's the tower stinging it forever.
 28. Twentyseventh Gate : Gate of Wittepixho. Key : She paints the names on the walls of Jericho ...
 29. Twentyeighth Gate. Key : The walls of Jericho are rising They were hidden in the hollow ... they were hidden in the pale Can we build our towns here ... and forget about our futures ? You have the rings now ... don't fear ... They are getting paler.
 30. Twentyninth Gate. Key : All these fruits opening.
 31. Thirtieth Gate : The Gate of the Dark Men. Key : I gathered them by going to the battlefields in the deserts.
 32. Thirtyfirst Gate. Key : These seas are making me blind for what's going on ...
 33. Thirtysecond Gate : The Gate of the Tear. Key : The front is open ... the charity was just a lie ... It rose from the book of lies.
 34. Thirtythird Gate. Key : You don't have to run. The fires don't have to burn anymore ... everything is frozen here ... jewelled ... While it all gets smaller, till the soldiers fall down.
 35. Thirtyfourth Gate : The Gate of Liberty. Key : they're whispering ... soothing the trousers and the flowers in the night You were tight rings
 36. Thirtyfifth Gate : The Gate of the Gathering. Key : The cat slays a spider, and a fly comes forward. Then more flies are coming forth. Behind this enormous sea there's a land called Temup, with the city Domom.

- 37.Thirtysixth Gate : The Gate of Domom. Key : The city Domom has a lot of gates which can be accessed by certain poetry and riddles.
- 38.Thirtyseventh Gate : The Gate of the Lost Farmers. Key : The cat slays a spider.
- 39.Thirtyeighth Gate : The Gate of the Doomed Farmers. Key : A fly comes forward.
- 40.Thirtyninth Gate. Key : Flies are coming forth.
- 41.Fourtieth Gate : Gate of the Red Shoe. Key : The Sea of Quin.
- 42.Fourtyfirst Gate : Gate of the Land of the Flying. Key : Behind this enormous sea there's a land called Temup, with the city Domom.
- 43.These were the Forty-One Hours of Brannan, the Gates of Domom. Everyday the traveller needs to travel through these gates. This is also the course of the Sun of Brannan.

14.

1. OPIR ; TOKTA ; The Great Work ; There is no God but Her. You will not have other gods before Her face.
2. Her eye goes over the earth to search for the unquenchable corn. Yes, the earth is doomed because of Her Will.
3. There is no God but Her, who strikes the hearts of human children, and let them melt away in their cages.
4. Forever She beats the slaves of darkness, and lets them descend into the abysses of darkness to an everlasting disgust.
5. She loves those who do good. Heavily She punishes those who hate the good and love evil.
6. Why do you follow gods who are no gods ? She sits on Her throne and laughs. She is pleased by your toil, but those who love Her She grants grace and all the good. And the path on which the believer follows Her and serves Her She sows abundantly.
7. But the fire of hell waits for the unbeliever to make his copper melt, and the inner seed. Then he will be an everlasting disgust, because He hasn't served his Mother God. Those who make a liar out of Her will go to a terrible fire of darkness which will gnaw at their souls forever. No, there won't be salvation for such.
8. But those who love Her with all their heart will have a burning hope in an everlasting light.
9. There is only one Mother God, and She thrones as One. The path to the Mother God is a path of darkness and depths. And the unbelievers will burn in the hell, but for believers there is eternal life. Do you want to hear wise words ?
10. There is no one wise but Her. Listen therefore carefully to these words and do what She sais. Why would you miss your trophee by doing what your heart sais. Isn't She then more than your heart ?
11. So the fools follow the desires of their heart, and these go to the death. Blessed are those who have Her as their Guide. There are so many cursed ones who went into doom straightly by the path of hell.
12. Yes, She laughs on Her throne when evil-doers get trapped in the ropes of hell, yes, when they are dragged down by nets.
13. She mocks them, and lets them descend in fear. Yes, many times She humiliates those who have lived unrighteously. She is Wrath. She has no compassion with the unbelievers, but directs them to the stone of destruction.

14. And what have you seen ? Is Her Eye not more than your eye ?
15. Those who believe in Her are hunters before Her face.
16. Yes, they hunt the unbelievers, while there is no one who heals. Yes, unmerciful is She to those who show no mercy.
17. They will burn in the hell, while there is no one who quenches. Yes, She will beat those watchers, for Her Eye is more than them, and burns to destroy them.
18. Yes, She will cut them to pieces, while there is no one who saves. They have taunted Her and live under Her judgement now. Merciless will be the judgement over those who haven't shown mercy.
19. She will cut them to pieces and burn them, immersing them in boiling blood and the worst fire. And they will carry Her mark forever in their memory, to an everlasting disgust. Yes, they will tremble before Her face, all those unbelievers, and She will take every protection away from them.
20. Yes, She will peel them, and laugh when they will gather in despair. There is no God like Her. She will beat the unbelievers by belts, and pierce their jaws by hooks.
21. She will lead them to the darkest of hell waiting for them. She is the great destroyer, and no one can escape from Her grip.
22. She dresses Herself with the skins of Her enemies, and She pierces their teeth to subject them. Yes, their bones are Her ornaments.
23. She has many slaves and captives, and in one Day She will destroy them. This Day is coming soon. Therefore : Fear Her, all who stand on the mountains, for She brings you down. Those who are unbelievers fall hard.
24. See then, She is the Great Mother God, and She wages war in Wrath and Righteousness. She eats the flesh of the great, and hunts down those who call themselves Her children.
25. She will hang you high at stakes and trees, those who have despised Her. She will uproot those prophets and letting them sink in fire and boiling blood, where they will have their home. Is it up to you to put someone next to Her ? She hunts down all idols.
26. No one can stand next to Her with success. See, they all melt away. In their own blood they will descend, and they will see their flesh in strings. A great slayer has risen, She is the Great Mother God. Yes, an almighty ruler She is, a God of War and Hunt.
27. Therefore fear Her, and believe in Her fierily. Come therefore, oh you believers, you who have taken part in the Great Holy War and the Great Holy Hunt, and have died in it.
28. Yes, a cruel God is She, because cruelty was done to Her.
29. And then you will regret the things you have done, but there will be no grace. Not now, and not forever.

15.

1. You must fight, these fruits were just opening, this black fruit leading you ...
2. I gathered them by going to the battlefields in the deserts ... Oh ornament, you raised your glues high.
3. These seas are making me blind for what's going on ... I don't care what's going on ...
4. The front is open ... the charity was just a lie ... It rose from the book of lies ...

5. It is to keep you addicted ... and you split up you had to marry ... the brown brought you there
6. And now you're getting colder by the black divorce ... falling in a sea ... and now you stare at it.
7. He's losing it ... Charity the other lie of the black ... while you dive beyond this world ... to the original strike ... to let you wait for nothing.
8. You are just sinking to ... the land beyond ... where seas make you so insane ... standing in purple snow ... you're crazy now ...
9. This is where you fell in these seas ... There's nothing speaking here ... I don't want to be in charity ... I don't want to be saved ... Finally where love ends ... Where sunset rises These boys, they still have their tight rings.
- 10.No one's speaking there ... While ladies, they're whispering ... You were tight rings. They're coming from cold conscience
- 11.And now I'm drinking ... Where love ends, the rings so tight, inside ...
- 12.Farewell, summer skies ... I'm still reading loud in these books of wars ... while you're whispering ... making my rings so tight
- 13.Keep your pictures of fright ... with their rings so tight. They look like mother's lips ...
- 14.I saw the painting. These boys, these criminals
- 15.While boys have deer ... These are ornaments within ornaments. I'm fainting while I see their pink ornaments. An Epilepsy boy is what it sais ...
- 16.These monsters .. spreading their delights where tears are coins ... and where the softness is their fire ... the land beyond ..
- 17.They know the snares. They know the snares to move the tears. This land beyond Listen to the hearts.
- 18.If coins are slaves, then why do I pay ... From how many books of lies did you tell ... My shadows locked up in books of wars while giving me milk to drink ... with wild worlds inside
- 19.They can reach for the thistles and the stinging nettles to become free again ... By tight rings, I'm now a soldier ... Here it's okay to fight ...
- 20.It's opening the world beyond into strange books ... These soldiers they march to see the edges of the chessboards ... where strange apples grow Oh, let us eat them, they make our hearts so tight
- 21.It's a strange drum ... And all you are different now

16.

1. If protection is a big attack, where do we hide. If love is the Big Lie, where can we have our tent ... if your embrace is to die
2. If I am not the same as you are, how many fights will we have, or will we die by good business holding our last grip.
3. To escape, just to escape. For every step is a market, and you know it is to enslave us ...Is there one way out here ?
4. If your kiss is big, if my mouth is too fragile ... Who eats who ... Or is that life's destiny to die in high ...

5. If eating is like playing, then I'll do it ... For then there's room between you and me, enough room to escape forever ... do we eat to become free ?
6. Oh high, was our marriage to finally escape from you ?
7. If your bed is the killingfield of books of wars, then why should I lay myself down there.
8. Queen of hearts rise. Only fools would enter their own footsteps again. We are now in high.
9. On Mondays we play on burnt schools. If it's all there, then it is okay. The fruits are young this time.
10. Let me watch the stripes in the air, while they are getting smaller. Towers stinging through the watch of Brannan.
11. The Books of Weddings brought me there, these books of wars, made the killerpigs of Moses fly. And now he's riding them. Bring me Moses. Tear his clothes. Bring this mother's boy to the lands of water.
12. Time enough in Brannan. Always reaching for forty-one hours. Queen of hearts, how many hearts. How many hours on a Sunday's stream. Ruling the streets, with stripes undercover. This Epilepsy boy comes. His mother raised him tall.
13. So paranoid, while their strings are so fragile.
14. Watch your soldiers on the prey, your soldiers of prey. These are coming from the killingfields. From books of lies they rise. Oh watch them.
15. You're yellow golden ... Oh, ornament on Brannan's watch. Briefly .. underwater ... searching for prey ...
16. Underwater prey, underwater mourning ... tighten the strings, by stripes walking to the killingfields ... Taking some books of lies ...
17. Underwater tricks ... sell the story ... by Barbarian smiles ... Stripes in the air, while towers sting through the pain.
18. While he prays, his letters go. He must wait till Mondays, like liars on a boat. By fools you do the rest.
19. His rooms are holy. Just a puzzle. It will make itself by eating. By fools you do the rest.
20. He doesn't want to talk. His honey is streaming inside now. He found this raider in the night. He's dark.
21. The rings are tight, all written in a Brannan's watch. Golden stares ... they pray
22. I love you more everyday, but I find out more and more what a lie love is.
23. Coming from the Book of Lies, this love. These games come from the books of lies, with liars on them. I'm wasting my time playing them.
24. Oh, yes it roars. It's zooming and cracking, along stripes. I'm on high.
25. It's coming from the Book of Lies, this protection. Your embrace, it kills me.
26. Till I'm finally with my queen of hearts. Wide open they fly. Waiting to swallow. Waiting to hide. And then it all gets thinner.
27. Watch him closely, don't breath. Accept the pain, or it will fly away.
28. Watch him, having black golden under his arm.
29. There are raiders under the sun. In fire it's spitting. They are striped.

Papyrus of Ham

1. Troll in temples and opiums, cups of torture, beds and chairs. There's something going around the tree. She's having many breasts. When she speaks her spells, I fall. On the tree of torture she grew like a cloud, she's big soon Wait awhile and you will see
2. These are the spells, this is the wine It will hit the nerve of somebody, will make someone win, and someone lose, and so much misunderstanding, and so much fears let them all fall, and the numbers will show it all after the fall and I must wait till it will open
3. Troll trophies on the wall It still looks like a big carnival Didn't know that this is life, didn't know it would get so strange after all I have tears in my mind, I cannot think, I have been stung by a strange fly, and there are strange waters in my trousers
4. Troll trophies in my mind, it's spinning around, I drank from the cup of torture, trying to touch the right snare But it's all too far away from me, I must die in this place, and then like the wind I will be
5. I find my ways through these dark dark forests were your echoes are still dwelling, tricking me, I will never find you, but who are you ? I guess I'll never see for it's all too far away from me I must die in this place, to become like the sea this sea of tragedy so who will follow me ? It's almost in my grasp, I have been hit by a cup of torture, there's fire in my head, I'm now liquid like volcano's lava but all I see is trolls instead all I see is trolls instead
6. I'm creeping through the dust and coming closer I can almost touch you. The morning comes out of the night, like a ship with high sails, full of pride Trolls coming forth, with their tall knives Shall we go deeper so much space inside And the lullaby needs to be fed we can't stay superficial And the lullaby needs some bread We must do it now, can't come out of bed Too heavy to rise up The belts are too tight She's a warrior of trolls she hits
7. She hangs in the trees, between tears, between griefs She hangs in the trees next to me in a torturous tree, made by trolls, made for you and me They call it life, they call it machinery But we are dead, and this clock it ticks for our destiny Shall we run to the fortress high on the hill, I have seen a glimpse My mind is killing me And my skin is soft like silk, after you stung me I have been stung by a strange fly, have been tortured by strange trolls, cannot do anything about it, and still it is killing me I have been stung by a strange fly Please, please tell me why My thoughts are killing me There's strange guilt and shame like heavy weights around me, pulling me down, I cannot rise Are they truths or are they lies They fill me with hate and bitterness And you are the rejection in my veins rejection in my veins
8. I'm so lost in these forests, almost dead, almost dying, I'm getting through to you, on the other side, where you are waiting just a few inches, I'm almost there, grasp me by the hand, and take me in All you are do is stinging me All you do is attacking me
9. I am a football of all these giants They made a stairs of me as a path for all these liars Can't see the truth no more All these lights are blinding me blinding me forever They break my bones again and again, whenever they step on me, so I get velvet knees, my skin gets softer everyday and they love the red becoming brown, and all these pale pale edges Everytime they walk on me, they sting me, deeper and deeper, until I give my smile away and then they can breath breath again Sleep away in satin sands, far away from me

10. I am like the statue they use me for their wines, and their honey, it's coming out of me, when they sting me What can I do In pale snow we are today It's not like yesterday Do you see those horses Shall we ride away Grasp my hand, open your heart, bloom away with me, like blossom coming up from hell We made it to the afterday
11. Hierodules never marry They live in deep celibacy and virginity They live behind glass in the temples and opiums Like predators they wait for the strike Don't throw your hairclips to them, for then their eyes and hair will change and they will start the fight Warriors after all, these guys are all warriors after all Touched by the troll, in deathrealms they live Their lights are bright, and then the fire begins There are soldiers in Ham, tailors rise between them, was something between you and me, something between you and me
12. I was just your prisoner, but now I have escaped you see The forests were dark without you, but now I have seen the light Now I am the hierodule Green flames from the temple and the opium Making my head so insane Green hearts coming from a cup, I drank together with all the other slaves After all this torture my bed got wings And she's still the rejection in my veins
13. I think I lay myself down on this bed and never stand up again The leather pleases me, and all the soft feathers It gets wings, and it stand up itself, I'm filling the cups A strange fly has stung me, and now I'm here, between all the trolls, and I'm one of them What did the forests do to me There are strange stripes on my cheeks and knee
14. And the waters are dirty, trees are growing Rising to the sun to come back, and then they're telling me Hierodules never marry This tree has wings now since it has touched the sun Trolls do the dance, my skin is soft
15. Trolls always win, until you're one of them, and then it begins So welcome in the world of trolls, these worlds are dead, but what is life anyway ? It all went astray We search for a doctor and find the butcher Search for the dentist and become a slave Now gladiators are rising, and what is life anyway ? They have cursed us, and now we are one of them Is there any escape ?
16. He's heading for the exit, and then he always falls, always the same dream in his head but he's growing tall he's growing thin, like the indian he gets his feathers I lost my way in Ham lost my ways in Ham
17. Where does death bringing us, forests are smiling at us Forests so pale and shiny colours so desirable And where does death bring us across this sea right on the hill to the fortress, where everything, everything will begin
18. We have so much height, so much survey on the trollhives We have so much space, and these forests are so shiny pale shiny pale, like it's taking you away We must live in the trollhives Combs so full of strange knives where strange flies will sing Oh death, how can you win ? Death where is your sting ? We have so much height after the flight, through fire we went in, and she is the rejection in my veins
19. On the trollhives we stand tall While honey and silk is streaming from the combs making the waters so shiny, pale greenbrown like a yellow wonderland taking us away On the trollhives we will stay, like high on the hills, so much survey Here we do the trade Trolltailors leading us astray Stay on the road, make your day I found a piano in the sky Fortress is growing high I will grasp it one day So many stars like jewels of a strange fly Are these sounds truths or lies Must we be silent Silent musicians Deaf players Blind stars letting us fade away Tomorrow we will be prey And prey of what ? Trollhives coming closer We must rise through the

- spot For what purpose ? Tell me why ? So many stream in the sky, like shiny pale, taking us away It's gonna be better Something's going on Oh yes, it's going to be better
20. On the hills not so far away from here, it will start to begin it's shooting stars in the night, and then all of a sudden so much delight They're slowly waking up these troll-flies slowly waking up in disguise, and she is still the rejection in your veins They are slowly waking up wild animals reaching for the top with wings like lions and tigers, so shiny and so pale Look right through them, watch the streams. Close your eyes, and be in a dream Grasp their hands, and slowly fade away Lights are on the fortress Make the trollhives stay Don't let the night fade away
21. There deep in the sand, they're waking up I know it all There deep in the distance someone cries It's coming closer, in the fortress she hides I have a cup deep inside but I'm still nailed to a tree something between you and me Mouths are opening in my chest, mouths with sharp teeth And I am wondering who is with me You are the rejection in my brains.
22. It was not too long ago when I sailed across that river of death I saw the trollhives in the sky, floating down, and then everything exploded, and everything turned green I believe in the right pictures of me Not how you view me I believe in everything fading away It was not too long ago I turned that page Not too long ago And now I'm sitting here, deep in the forests watching the stars without you
23. Streams from my hands I'm watching the green something between you and me turning so pale all of a sudden and then so shiny like yellowbrown waters and I stand tall It's a heavy weight, but it has wings, and I can see the sky The stars are below me now And I reach for trollhives, trollhives in the sky, far above the clouds, far above the things between me and you I got a survey now through death and life but what is life anyway ? Can anyone tell ?
24. An eternal warrior I will be The skies are telling me I got trollhives on my side Trolls walking real quick now, until they run and jump Warriors in the sky

18.

Troll Mythology

1. *Elsav*, The pit of evergrowing suffering and consciousness.
2. *Soviv*, Place of living meat, Prison.
3. *Skull Armor*, One of the highest armors of troll.
4. *Dirt Armor I*, Armor for those who have crossed the desert of death.
5. *Dirt Armor II*, Dog Armor for those who have crossed the ocean of death.
6. *Skull Helmet*, One of the most desired objects of troll armory.
7. *Troll Breath Implant*, Makes invinsible in atomic wars, and gives transformation.
8. *Troll Intestine Implant*, For total transformation and telepathy.
9. *Tirkw*, Dangerous troll weapon with a lot of stings, excreting poison to bring the souls to the *Elsav*, the pit of evergrowing suffering and consciousness. Often used in wars.
10. *Winged Spear*, Poisonous flying troll spear to bring down giants. Spear searches for heart of the giant, pierces it and returns to his owner. Winged spears can only be used by those who have been established by sorcerors, and those who have high level darkness. When someone with a low level darkness uses the spear it will turn against him and bring him down.

11. *Troll Bombs*, Big balls which can be sent out to fly around for hours and hours with an incredible speed to bring down enemies.

12. *Strictus*, Barbed Troll Hook. Used in wars but also in hunting. They can put the hook in a fruit, piece of meat or something else.

19.

1. Worshipping the stake. Not showing the switching between life and death, but between weakness and power, suffering and victory.

Pillar of Skeleton Rivers : Welcome.

Initiate : Thank you.

Pillar of Skeleton Rivers : To where is your quest going ?

Initiate : To home.

Pillar of Skeleton Rivers : Home is where the heart is.

Initiate : I cannot reach my heart.

Pillar of Hearts : Why not coming closer to us ?

Initiate : I am afraid.

Pillar of Hearts : Why ?

Initiate : I do not want to be deceived.

Pillar of Hearts : Then follow your heart.

Initiate : I cannot reach my heart. I do not have a heart.

Pillar of Hearts : As long as you are true to yourself, everything will be able to teach you.

Initiate : These are wise words. Thank you.

Pillar of Hearts : Touch me, and you will have a heart.

Initiate : I now remember that I have a heart. It's there whenever I am true to myself. And I always am, so my heart is forever.

Pillar of Hearts : You belong to the place of hearts. There is always more.

Initiate : I am just poor, with a poor heart, looking for more poverty.

Pillar of Hearts : Why ?

Initiate : Because poverty leads me to the inward riches.

2. Welcome. Enter the portal. You are a chosen one. Remember : The path is always a wheel. Whenever you use it it will grow bigger.

Initiate : Thank you.

Believe that the enemy is your footseat where they will be crashed.

3. Breaking the foundations of the enemy.

Become warriors.

Pillar of Yellow Skulls : Welcome.

Initiate : Thank you.

Pillar of Blood Rivers : Welcome.

Initiate : Thank you.

Pillar of Blood Seas hands the degree of rider to the initiate. (first)

4. Suffering is an armor, poverty is an armor, while riches come against you as your enemies to enslave you. Therefore : Be holy and true slaves and gladiators of Her. This will set you free.

Pillar of Red Skulls hands the degree of warder to the initiate. (second)

5. Beginning to build the structures of Her by your knowledge. Swearing off and punishing the lies of the past.

He makes vows to poverty, silence, the stake, and uses the hammer and the nail as his symbol.

Three Skeletons : Welcome initiate. Where are you going ?

Initiate : I am going to the house of all houses.

Three Skulls : Come closer.

Initiate : Here I am.

Three Skulls : Did you see the light ?

Initiate : What light ?

Three Skulls : The light which was here an hour ago, but now it's gone. You have to find it and follow it.

6.

Pillar of Red and White Feathers : Come closer.

Initiate : Here I am.

Pillar of Red and White Feathers : You want to fly ? How do you want to fly ?

Initiate : By reaching the deepest pit to find it's feather.

Pillar of Red and White Feathers : But by one feather you cannot fly.

Initiate : I fly by my mind.

Pillar of Red and White Feathers : Your mind is so controlled. It is locked.

Initiate : By the feather it breaks free.

Pillar of Red and White Feathers : Why not touching me to see your mind being crashed, so that you will fly forever ?

Initiate : I fly by the paradox.

Pillar of Red and White Feathers : You have answered right.

Pillar of Red and White Feathers hand the degree of hunter to the initiate. (third)

7.

Red Bread : Welcome initiate, you are our brother.

Initiate : Thank you.

Red Bread : What is the watchword ?

Initiate : Vengeance for Vengeance.

Red Bread : What is the second watchword ?

Initiate : No mercy for no mercy.

Red Bread : Why is there no mercy ?

Initiate : Mercy is the one who blocks everything from growing.

Red Bread : What is the third watchword ?

Initiate : Wrestle with Mother God.

Knights of the Red Bread hand the degree of warrior to the initiate. (fourth)

8.

Nine Spears : If you could only see some glimpses from heaven, but you are blind, so blind. But when you step on us, we will show you, and we will lead you through the night and the light. Do not fear.

Initiate : If I climb on you and ride the wind, where will it bring me ?

Nine Spears : We only want to bring you home.

Initiate : Where is my home ?

Nine Spears : In your heart. And you can only come there if you allow us to pierce your heart.

Nine Spears hand the degree of gladiator to the initiate. (fifth)

9.

Anger : You are hungry for love. It makes you angry. The paradox leads you, the paradox breaks you. You are so torn up, and deep inside you know it will heal you, and show you true love.

Initiate : I know that love will be poured out from heaven to get me.

Anger hands the degree of slave to the initiate. (sixth)

10.

Flower of Love : Only love will wash you. Only love will make you holy. Oh priest, enter the New Jeruzalem.

Initiate : I do not see nor feel the New Jeruzalem.

Flower of Love : You will be washed by tears, and the tears will show you. The tears will let you feel it.

Flower of Love hands the degree of Arena-Master to the initiate. (seventh)

11.

Symbols are the vehicle of the soul. Nothing is real. Everything hides a deeper meaning, and because he wrestles with the symbols he is an ascet.

I will heal your wounds.

Initiate : How will you heal my wounds ?

By the songs of ritual coming from the depth. Ritual is misleading, but those who meditate on it will be healed by it.

Flag of Carpentry hands the degree of Carpentic Master to the initiate.

Four Spears : You cross the rivers of blood, and we will help. We pierce the doors and walls on your path, and we will always lead you out. We are your friends. This is the journey of your life.

Initiate : I am in darkness. My soul cries out to Mother God.

Four Spears : We have been sent by Mother God, for She has heard you. We will lead you out.

Pillar of Flesh and Blood : There is nothing to gain here, only to lose.

Initiate : I must lose everything. I am supposed to possess nothing.

Pillar of Flesh and Blood : Welcome hermit. You have answered right. The stake and it's stings will make you rich.

Pillar of the Stake : Who are you ? Come closer.

Initiate : I am a hunter. I will bring down any enemy of Mother God.

Pillar of the Stake : Tell me what you have learnt.

Initiate : I will not speak, as I am an ascet.

Pillar of Stake : Welcome traveller, you have reached the land of the good.

Initiate : What is the good ?

Pillar of Stake : It is to use everything as a symbol, not taking anything literal, and most of all not taking anything personal.

Pillar of Stake and Light : Come closer, traveller.

Initiate : I am not brave. I am full of fear. I fear heaven and Mother God. And I fear the paradox and all it's mysteries.

Pillar of Stake and Fire : Come closer to the cryptic. It is not what you think. You will be a guardian of all these secrets.

Pillar of Heaven : You are close to heaven, pilgrim.

Initiate : How can I come to heaven ?

Pillar of Heaven : By praying, but most of all by loving Mother God as the consuming fire.

Initiate : Who is my neighbour ?

Pillar of Heaven : The ones close to your heart.

Initiate : Who are the ones close to my heart ?

Pillar of Heaven : They are who fight for love, the consuming fire.

Initiate : What are we supposed to consume ?

Pillar of Heaven : Everything. It is the Allcommunion.

Initiate : How can I do that ?

Pillar of Heaven : It only happens in the well of forgetfulness.

Initiate : How can I come there ?

Pillar of Heaven : The Stairways of Heaven will bring you there.

Stairways of Heaven : Come with me. We will go to the Pillar of War and Peace, for behind it is the well of forgetfulness.

Pillar of War and Peace : Warrior, I arm you, with the treasures of peace. Follow the treasures into your heart, to the well of forgetfulness.

Initiati : I am darkened, there is in me no delight, only misery.

20.

1. She has Her origin in Troll and Orion. She has Her origin in Tirkw.
2. She comes to us by Tirkw.
3. She strikes by Tirkw, and possesses by it.

4. Her jungle birds will bring you to her jungle one day.

21.

The Beasts of Orion ; Tara and the Hippo Queen

1. At the surfaces of Orion there was a lonely warrior. She tried to make her way by cutting by her sword through the overwhelming chaos of snakes, slime, fleeces and dirt. Her name was Tara from Rhodes. She had a good survey at the deserts of Orion. There were three thrones on Orion : the lion throne, the blue throne and the white throne. These thrones were like floating slippery islands. Tara had to be on her guard against the blinding lights of Orion, which could show up easily, like striking winds. They could easily blind someone.
2. After awhile she came to a misty palace. The walls were of reddish flesh, decorated by skulls and nails. It looked like a dragon castle. Tara went in holding her sword up high. Inside there were meaty webs and many fleeces. By her sword she cut a way through it. Lights tried to strike her, but she had her eyes tightly closed. She was sweating. It was like she was in the jaws of a monster. In front of her was a lake full of white spiderwebs and slippery fleeces where spiders swam. She also made her way through the lake. Then she came to a sort of spine, but it was made of reddish meat and dark bones. She climbed on it upstairs. She was almost bathing in sweat. It was like someone was grilling her. She found herself standing on a gigantic skull.
3. This was Orion TV, a strange intestine, sucking them all in, by winds, fleeces and dirt, overwhelming them by lights. Tara had overcome it, and stood on the skull as a conqueror. She raised her sword and shrieked. This was the place which kept a hold on Mars for such a long time. It was a strange creature, but Tara had survived. Then she pierced her sword into a soft button on top of the skull. The skull started to shriek. It was now shrinking.
4. There were falls of fire here. On muddy stairs Tara climbed further. She could feel the moisty earth again, like it was clay. Tara shouted as hard as she could. Two eagles came to her, big and dark. 'Bring me to the white throne,' she said.
5. The white throne was a city made of rare lionstones, and it was floating at the surfaces of Orion like an island. Tara jumped off from the eagles and slid deep into the city. The lionstones had been covered by webs and dirt. There were fleeces everywhere. In the city there was a strange machine called the Machine of Monotheism. From the machine dark dancers came, mostly women. They were the belly-dancers of Turet. They had been armed by all sorts of weapons. They were the guards of the center of the city, which had been called Turet. Here a skeleton lived having the same name. He was the upper emperor of Orion, and at the same time their religious leader.
6. The belly-dancers were made of a sort of bronze and brass, and they were also cannibals. Tara had to be at her guard. They radiated such a heat that they could easily grill her. It was like they came right out of an altar. Tara raised her sword and slew a few of them. But the skeleton of Turet already ran towards her. Soon she was in the grip of a few other belly-dancers. Turet smiled. It was like Tara was already burning from inside. Tara fell down, and woke up in a dungeon. Turet stared at her. 'Seriously,' he said, 'what are you doing here. I have grown this way. I can't be saved. This is my fate, and what I do to others is their fate. I can't help it.'
7. 'Tell me about your bosses,' Tara said.
8. 'Skeleton-indians,' Turet said.
9. 'Who are they ?' Tara asked.
10. 'They are the ones who once skinned me, and took me to Orion,' Turet said.

11. 'Where do you come from ?' Tara asked.
12. 'Originally from Mars,' Turet said.
13. 'See,' Tara said. 'They do this to many from Mars. They are abductors. And they transform their victims into the most horrible monsters.'
14. Turet nodded. 'But you can't set me free,' he said.
15. 'Why not ?' Tara asked.
16. 'I can't return to Mars,' Turet said. 'Orion is too deep in me.'
17. 'How do I reach those skeleton-indians you talk about ?' Tara asked.
18. 'Oh, just follow the jaws of Reactumat. There is a small car riding into it's jaws and then you travel all the way through his body,' Turet said. 'I will bring you to it.'
19. It seemed Turet was a very nice guy. Soon they both sat into a car close to gigantic jaws. Turet pushed a button and there they went. There was fire everywhere. Turet turned the speed up. Then everything became dark. Tara fell asleep by the smoke, and when she woke up they were there. It was a strange world with the smell of ham. There were fleeces everywhere. It was a white wilderness. It looked like ice, but it was actually warm here, very warm, and soft.
20. 'They guard the stone of the lioness,' Turet said. Suddenly dreadful indians came out of a jungle. 'Why are you coming ?' an indian woman asked.
21. 'Meet Tara, a friend of mine,' Turet said to the woman.
22. 'Don't come any step further or I will cut your head off,' Tara shouted. 'He's from Mars originally, so you have a story to tell to me.'
23. 'Yes, we have a story,' the woman said. 'It's true we have abducted him and even zombificated him. He doesn't want to return to Mars anymore. We have given him the real life here.'
24. 'And what is the real life ?' Tara asked.
25. 'Come with us,' the woman said.
26. Tara went with Turet and the into the jungle. In the depths of the jungle there was a small white sandy hill. They showed her the stone of the lioness. 'This,' the woman said.
27. 'What is it doing ?' Tara asked.
28. 'It's an ice-transformer,' the woman said. 'Look around you. Everything looks like ice but it isn't. It is actually warm and soft.'
29. 'Okay, but what does it do besides that,' Tara asked.
30. 'Oh, it hunts, it kills, just like us. It's a predator,' the woman said. 'The abductor.'
31. Behind the hill there were rivers of blood. There were many lions swimming here, and many lay on the shores. 'Behind the rivers of blood,' the woman spoke, 'there is the lion tower. Those who want to become kings of the universe always go there. They will make the dangerous journey through the tower to the top. The higher they come the thinner the tower is and the more fragile. Besides that, it storms there. There is a small throne on top of the tower. No one who gets there stays long, for the winds will blow him off after awhile. He will crash on the ground, and the lions will eat him. There is no real king of the universe.'
32. 'No one who knows the lion tower dares to sit there,' another indian woman said. 'The winds rule on top of the lion tower. Some said they saw a mysterious fly sitting on the throne at times.'

33. 'And some say the flies rule the winds far above them,' another indian woman said. 'Their bosses fly without wings.'
34. 'So the lion tower you talk about is a trap ?' Tara asked.
35. 'Some sort of,' one of the indian women said. 'And the true rulership of Orion and the universe is a mystery. Why would someone rule the universe ? Why not letting it be done by the universe itself.'
36. 'Well, I'm thinking about those flies you talk about, and also the wingless flies,' Tara said. 'So they are the actual rulers ?'
37. 'No one knows,' the woman said, 'but some think that they are. The lion tower connects Orion to the sky, and they rule in the sky. Rulership is a mystery. And when you become a ruler, something else always takes you over. That is the secret of the lion tower. There is actually no rulership. There's something above that.'
38. 'And that is ?' Tara asked.
39. 'Imprisonment,' the woman said. 'You lose yourself and become grilled and zombified by the powers of the universe you have grasped.'
40. 'Oh, I see,' Tara said. 'I'm here to free Mars from this satellite called Orion who seems to control it for a big deal, but what you say here interests me. And this is the reason why you have the stone of the lioness ? To transform all those extremes ?'
41. 'Yes,' the woman said.
42. 'What can you do for Mars ?' Tara asked.
43. 'I can't do anything for them,' the woman said. 'I can have them abducted to let them stay around the stone of the lioness, but she's kind of selective, you know. She has an army. She's a trainer. She zombifies you to become a part of it, and then she will guard you. She is the one who planted the Lion Tower to test the abducted. Many go there to look for adventure, finally to become kings, but those are food for her lions. They look for entertainment, but they end up in the intestines of Orion TV. They get plugs in their livers and become addicts of nothingness.'
44. 'But what is the meaning of life on Orion,' Tara asked.
45. 'The meaning of life on Orion,' the woman said, 'is to transform the extremes by following the stone of the lioness. We worship her. We approach her, face to face. There are no laws. We are the lawless. It is not about 'yes' or 'no', but about 'how', so of course there are a lot of rules. You need to know 'how' to do something.'
46. 'We are all zombified by the stone of the lioness, Tara,' another woman said. 'We are her robots, but we are alive. She has raised us. In this we are safe.'
47. 'We however also worship the Lion Tower, for it is our guard,' another indian woman said. 'But we can never enter it. We can't even come close to it. It needs to be at a distance. It is a trap for our enemies and betrayers.'
48. 'Okay,' Tara said, 'so 'yes' or 'no' is not important anymore, only 'how', also in the sense of 'where' and 'when'.'
49. 'Yes,' the woman said. 'The lioness stone is our clock and map in that.'
50. 'But who made the lioness stone ?' Tara asked.
51. 'The flies did,' the woman said. 'The wingless flies of Orion who live above the skies.'
52. 'Where exactly do they live,' Tara asked.
53. 'In blood,' the woman said. 'They live in a realm called the Blood of Orion.'

54. 'How did they come there ?' Tara asked.
55. 'They stayed away long enough from the Lion Tower, and got ascended,' the woman said. 'The wingless flies are just indians. They are on the eternal huntingfields, the red skies of Orion. They are elite indians. They have Blood-TV, which is actually a heart, the heart of Orion. Some say it is the heart of the universe. It is the biggest butchery of all time.'
56. Then what was the road to this Red Zone of Orion ? The Python Tower. The Python Tower was like highways into the sky. It was a dangerous trip, but it was honest at least. They showed Tara the road to this tower and then she went on her path. In the tower of the Python there were all sorts of tall venomous python-tongues hanging. Touching them would mean death. Tara had to be at her guard here more than ever. However the Python Tower was an experiment. No one was the ruler of it. The tower ruled itself. The ones who died here became a part of the tower itself. They got absorbed and sucked in by the walls, and got torn apart and frozen. Tara would never forget these ghosts. They were haunting. They tried to scare her, and begged her not to go further. They were draining her. It was a nightmare. Whenever she slept in the tower she could hear these ghosts making their conspiracies against her. The further she came into the Python Tower the weaker her body became. The winds were sharp and cutting, almost tearing her apart. There were biting fluids like venomous milk trying to bite her skin away. Further on she had to fight the worst pythons. They were tall and big. She needed to escape their tight grips. She had never felt such heavy creatures before. These were the Pythons of Orion. Higher in the tower it was full of flies, and it was very cloudy. Tara had to cut herself a way through it by her sword. Suddenly there was Turet in his Machine of Monotheism. 'Hey, Tara, are you in for a ride ?' he shouted.
57. 'Pick me up,' Tara shouted. 'It's so slippery here.'
58. By the Machine of Monotheism it was easy for them to get to the red zone of Orion. The place was full of belly-dancers. There were enormous dragons here, covered by flies. By strange lightening the red became pale all the time. Whenever it became white it streamed downstairs, to the white zone. It looked like milk, and it seemed to become white by the belly-dancers. It seemed to flow forth from them. They were transformers. 'It's actually called white blood,' Turet said. 'It's the secret of the lioness stone. She has brought forth the belly-dancers by which she can transform the ice, and by which she makes everything soft.'
59. 'What kind of blood is it ?' Tara asked.
60. 'Python Blood,' Turet said. 'Long ago there was a fight between a lioness and a python. The fight didn't seem to end. One day the flies came and turned the lioness into a stone, and the python into blood. The stone brought forth the belly-dancers who would turn the blood of the python into white blood.'
61. 'So you mean to say that the ice was originally the product of a fight between a lioness and a python ?' Tara asked.
62. 'Yes,' Turet said. 'But without the perpetual flow of red blood the white blood will die, and the ice will take over again.'
63. 'Who takes care of that ?' Tara asked.
64. 'The belly-dancers,' Turet said.
65. Tara now understood why the stone of the lioness was of such importance, and the importance of the guards of this stone, the skeleton-indians of the white zone. And who were the mysterious wingless flies who seemed to have made this all ?
66. 'The wingless flies become skeleton-indians after awhile,' Turet said. 'Then they come down to guard the lioness stone.' Turet directed his finger towards stairs of light. These

- lights were moving. It was the stairs of descension, made of white blood. Turet showed her a lot more falls of white blood.
67. 'The secret of the belly-dancers of Turet is that they are actually mammoths and elephants,' Turet said.
68. 'So they can actually change into women and also back into mammoths and elephants ?' Tara asked.
69. 'Yes,' Turet said. 'Actually the truth is that after the skeleton-indians have guarded the lioness stone long enough they get swallowed by it and they become the belly-dancers.'
70. 'That looks like a circus to me,' Tara said.
71. 'No, Tara,' Turet said, 'it's the wilderness. Actually when they have been belly-dancers long enough they go to the path of the elephant.'
72. 'What is that ?' Tara asked.
73. 'It's a path to meet the wildest creatures of Orion,' Turet said. 'When they return they become hippo's and they will be the leaders of the belly-dancers.'
74. 'This looks like school,' Tara said.
75. 'No, Tara,' Turet said, 'it is the wilderness.'
76. With the Machine of Monotheism they went to such a hippo queen. She lived in a high place, in treasures. It was a dark indian woman, and there were jewels, satin, velvet and the finest materials everywhere. The woman had earrings in, and had been adorned with many more rings. The riches of the white blood were here. Her slaves seemed to bath in it everywhere and drank from it like milk. It had the taste of cacao and cocosmilk. They used it for making bread and crèmes. Wild unknown creatures were her guards. In other realms and planets these creatures had died out, but here on Orion they could survive. On Mars they would have been described as prehistoric, but here they just lived on. Orion was the only place in the universe they could do this. And to Tara this was a special event. She wouldn't forget this too easily. On Mars they could never live on because they were too savage. Orion was a savage world more than Mars, so here they could develop themselves. And this could happen all because of the lioness stone. She was there mother, their warm womb. They could all live because of the elephant path. Here they had their place. And now this hippo queen had them in her care. She was a cruel queen. Tara thought it looked like civilisation, but she knew it was the wilderness. The queen was both cruel and good to her guards. They just had to obey the rules. The creatures were very destructive, and were a threat to the whole universe, so the queen had to protect herself.
77. The hippo queen and her slaves rode on them whenever they visited the jungles. They also rode on mammoths. She trained all of them to become belly-dancers, as that was how she formed her armies. She could use the belly-dancers for everything. They learned how to change into women, and how to change back into animals. They also learned how to use their weapons. There was a man named Skeipnir who trained many of them. He was one of her highest slaves. He knew the tricks of transformation and he was even her personal guard. Whenever he wasn't training the belly-dancers, he stood at her door. Skeipnir was a major source in raising her army. She raised this army to abduct beings to Orion.
78. 'Welcome Tara,' she said. 'My invisible threads have finally brought you here.'
79. Suddenly Tara saw the slimy, slippery tentacles on her head. It was by a strange light she could see them all of a sudden. Had she been mind-controlled ? She had headaches for such a long time. Did they guide her to this place ?
80. The hippo queen showed her machine from which the tentacles and fleeces came forth. They

were only visible by the strange light. 'These are the elephant winds,' the queen said, 'easily turning into storms, easily turning into lightening and thunder.' Then the queen started to laugh.

81. 'What is your purpose ?' Tara asked.

82. 'My purpose is to abduct, test, and turn them into belly-dancers. The rest will be food for the lion tower,' the hippo queen spoke.

83. 'Oh yes, I have seen that,' Tara said, 'but what is your purpose with me ?'

84. 'You are very special my child,' the hippo queen said. 'I have watched you from the day you were born to this day. I have seen your birth. You are a good fighter, and you would be a good trainer. I want you to meet Skeipnir.'

85. 'I highly appreciate your belly-dancers,' Tara said, 'and I highly appreciate you. I can teach you swordfighting. But please, show me the real secret of Orion.'

86. 'I will, Tara,' the hippo queen said. 'If you teach us swordfighting then I will give you this stone, which is the secret of Orion, the bestkept.' From behind the queen took a reddish transparent jewel which was like a ball. 'Tara, I will give you this stone, for I know Orion is in good hands with you,' the hippo queen spoke. 'Please stay with us. Don't return to Mars.'

87. 'What kind of stone is it ?' Tara asked.

88. 'It is the stone of the Beasts of Orion,' the hippo queen spoke. 'I will bring the stone into your sword, so that Orion will be forever safe in you. With it you will have access to the savage zone of Orion, where all secrets will be shared with you.'

The Amulet of the Pterosaur

89. It was a dirty place in the savage zone of Orion. She had never seen so much dirt before.

There were falls of dirt here, and rivers of dirt, and the most horrible creatures and the largest beasts. On Mars these animals could only exist in a prehistoric world, but here on Orion they were more alive than everywhere else. Savage indian tribes were living here, again races which would be prehistoric on Mars, but this was Orion. They were carnivores and cannibals but they were also like ballet-dancers.

90. These worlds were not like the history-books on Mars. These worlds were crueller, more dangerous, filled with dirt and stench to the extremes. It was more savage. There was no any form of civilisation here or thought. Here there was chaos. There were no laws. It was an untamed world. There was no gentle traffic here. However, the strange ballet Tara saw among the tribes showed a certain pattern, but these patterns were wild. This was the ballet of death.

91. Tara found out soon that it was nothing but a war-dance, trying to take minds away, and every form of balance and security. It was a psychological warfare. They tried to put fear on their victims, and insecurity. It was like a spell to break off the immune systems of their prey. Tara knew she had to be on her guard. She knew it had a high price even watching this ballet.

92. Later she found out that by this ballet they could turn themselves into beasts, or to get possessed by the beasts. They lived double lives. Also the beasts themselves could do such ballet. It was all to protect themselves.

93. The air was filled by strange haunting battlecries showing no thought but intelligence. It was like these beasts and savages had been caught by instincts triggered by each other. It was

like fire eating the fire. They had become insane by each other. They lived by fear. There was such a drama here, no thought, no shame, but fear. There was no shame as the fear had eaten it all away. And the fear had been raised by the ballets. There was no escape from this. They had all been caught in a trap. One ballet would stir up the other, and the fear would only rise more. It was a world of dread, shameless dread.

94. Tara was looking for their leader, as she knew all these ballets could hide something. These ballet-dancers could be the guard of something.
95. The strange stone at Tara's sword started to talk and gave names to all the sorts of beasts here : 'Tiguran Ballets, Tangaran Ballets.'
96. 'What is the leading sort ?' Tara asked.
97. 'There are no leading sorts,' the stone said. 'This world rules itself.'
98. Then the stone continued : 'Cynognathus, Allosaur, Ceratosaur.'
99. There were also elephant-like beasts here with jewels on their heads. These seemed to be huge organs of smell. The stone could tell Tara all about it. Many of them were hairy like mammoths. There seemed to be huge cattle here. Some had large heads like horses, and some heads even looked like rabbits. But it was all savage. These beasts were big and different. They were very strange, and they were certainly no easy prey. Actually they were predators. There was also smaller cattle, most of the time having white bodies with swarms of black spots, and big heads like cows and horses. They had the sizes of grown up calves.
100. The cynognathus looked like he was from the bear family, and the allosaur and the ceratosaur looked like they were from the alligator family, all hunters. There were many different sorts of them. Tara could line out those families, also the huge family of the elephant. The first animal Tara could approach was the cynognathus. Although this beast was friendly to her he bit her a few times to drink some of her blood. It was still a wild animal. The stone told Tara that these were a sort of marks of friendship. If she wasn't a friend the beast would have killed her. The cynognathuses went out for hunt very often, most of the time in groups. They led Tara to some of their caves where they lived. They were bloodthirsty animals, and although they were big meateaters they also kept cattle just to drink from their blood. Tara knew she had to be at her guard. She started to hunt together with them to show them her bondage to them. There was no innocent cattle here. There were only predators, and hunting was in this place just a defense, a movement of war, necessary to survive. This was savage cattle. And the instincts went further than she ever saw before. These creatures didn't just hunt and kill. They made prisoners of war. They kept cattle.
101. Often it was for blood. They would milk their cattle everyday for that. The cattle they trapped in that sense were often bloodslaves. Also the other cynognathuses had bitten Tara for blood, and she hoped it would just be the marks of friendship. She had to wait until they would change into indians, something which had to do with the movements and positions of some of their moons.
102. The stone translated all the conversations she had with them. Without the stone she wouldn't have any chance to survive here. More and more they accepted her in their group.
103. She also saw the different catlike families. Some of these cats were horned. Some of the catlike beasts were small, and others were huge like elephants or even huger. It was by the stone she could approach these animals finally.
104. By the stone she also could ride the many elephant-like beasts here. By the stone she got easily accepted.
105. There were also a lot of pterosaurs which were flying reptiles. At the shore of the huge River of Doom there were ramphorhyncuses. They ruled the seas and the waters. The small

ones couldn't fly, but only dive from rocks and trees to soar in the air, but the bigger ones could fly and were like giant reptile bats. Behind the River of Doom there was something which looked like a civilisation. One of the ramphorhyncuses brought Tara there. An indian called Untak came to her. 'Welcome Tara, we have waited so long for you,' he said. Tara was surprised that he spoke in her language. He seemed to come from Mars as well and made the same trip she made. 'These people are very civilised,' Untak said, while directing his finger to a village in the jungle. 'But it's still the wilderness. They teached me how to change into a reptile.'

106. A few pterosaurs flew above the village. They had tall necks, wings like bats, and were very huge. Some of them were black, others red, and there were also some white ones. 'They care for the jungle, Tara,' Untak spoke.

107. 'How do you know my name ?' Tara asked.

108. 'Well, they told me,' Untak said.

109. 'Who ?' Tara asked.

110. 'The pterosaurs,' Untak said, 'the flying reptiles. They are the birds of fire.'

111. 'I knew you would come. You are welcome,' Untak said. 'You will love it here. These birds are the secret of nature. They protect the jungle.'

112. Tara heard the sounds of the pterosaurs in the distance. Untak told her that he could communicate to the pterosaurs by a certain stone. The stone lay in the center of the village in a sort of fountain. Everyone in the village could talk to the pterosaurs by this stone. Untak led Tara to the village and showed it to her. The stone would translate the sounds of the pterosaurs, and would translate everything the people said to the pterosaurs. The pterosaurs seemed to know a lot. They knew why Tara came here, and where she came from, and they were willing to tell her the secrets of this place. They were also willing to show her the jungles and wildernesses here. One day Untak gave her an amulet by which she could communicate to the pterosaurs wherever she was. It was a precious present. She could easily call the pterosaurs by the amulet. It was a necklace.

Marit the Ratwoman

113. The pterosaurs showed Tara how often these beasts had a lot of smell organs in their bodies. This was how they communicated very often. It was also their immune system and their warfare strategy expressing itself in bloody hunts. This was to prevent themselves from becoming a victim themselves. They had been dominated by fear, making them insane, a prisoner of themselves and their instincts.

114. There were also a lot of cynognathuses here. They seemed to have eyes which only worked by smell. By this they were very accurate, and could see a hundred times better than most of the animals. They had eyes of fire.

115. The insectian world was very dramatic, much crueller than anything else. They had hives in which they locked up their prey for blood. And they could make anything of the blood. They could even let the blood clot to stone, and they made huge cities of these in the depths of the jungle. These were the cities of blood. They also called them candy cities, because of the sweetness of the blood. It was some sort of honey. Tara sailed with Untak along all these cities to watch them. It was like she saw the eyes of hell. Tara saw the double side of this story, as somehow they were all prey of this world. There seemed to be no escape as not any piece of this world would survive beyond the borderlines of Orion. It was a trap, and it seemed to be the only safe place for them. But now Orion was in the hands of Tara. She told Untak about the stone, the stone of the Beasts of Orion. She wanted to know what to do.

116. 'All other worlds will die,' Untak said. 'This is the only safe place. The rest of the universe

doesn't have a way to transform all the extremes, the ice. They will be eaten by it, and sink away. Also for Mars : this is the only safe place. It is a cruel place, but that is the price to pay. There is no other way. There is only one lioness stone, and only one stone like you have. I saw it in dreams, and it has been in my heart always. That was the reason why I came here. It led me to this place.'

117. 'So you think all those who have been abducted to Orion are lucky ?' Tara asked.

118. 'They have been given a chance,' Untak said. 'but many become a prey of the lion tower. Those who are led by the stone of the Beasts of Orion will be led to this place. They are the chosen ones. They communicate with the skulls of the savages. On Mars they would call them ancient ones, but here they are alive. They never died out. On Orion there is a place for them.'

119. 'You see, Tara,' Untak said. 'The other worlds outside Orion they are based on chemicals, artificial smells. They are not savage, but doomed. They have put their trust in kings. The things necessary for their existence and survival, necessary for their further evolution they called dirt and stench. They drown in their cosmetics, ruining their lives, but the stone you have is an eye working by dirt and stench, working by the savage smell, the breath of Orion, of the wilderness. It is the last flame of life, which is the eternal life.'

120. 'The stone promises a way to freedom, a way to space, although it is a way through time, a cruel substance. However, we can trick time. We can survive time. We are winners,' Untak said. 'The stone has been given to you, a present of the hippo, as the hippo queen gave it to you. Use it well, Tara.'

121. 'How can I use it ?' Tara asked.

122. 'Believe in it,' Untak said. 'It is the best faith there is.'

123. Tara watched her stone. She laid it against her eye and could see a new world through it. She saw her own face in it, like the face of an angel.

124. The River of Doom ended in the deserts. The rulers of the deserts were the skeleton-snakes, who made a lot of noise by the movements of their bones. They were bigger than the usual snakes very often, and they formed houses in the deserts for lonely visitors, wanderers. They would lure the wanderer deeper in the house, and then they would start to move very slowly to turn the lives of the wanderers into living nightmares. By their huge and tall bodies they could become the walls, the ceilings and the floors, all perfectly camouflaged. But they would lead the wanderers into a trap, and then the rats would come to eat from their flesh. By the horror of these houses they made the blood of their victims sweet, and turned them into candy, toys or just dolls. The snakes would break the bones of their victims one by one. Whenever the victim started to find out that something in the house wasn't right, it was already too late. A woman called Marit was the ruler of these houses. She was actually a rat, and her women could also change into rats. They were the only ones who could safely live in the houses. The deserts were full of these doom towns, and whoever didn't know about these traps would fall into it.

125. 'Never go there into such a house,' Untak said to Tara, 'for the toymakers come there, and the candymakers, those who have deals with rats, and they turn the lives of wanderers into eternal nightmares. The skeleton-snakes will begin to move, and soon the house will be hell. The house will crash down and it will feed on the inhabitant, fastening him against a heap of bones, and then the rats will come. Toymakers, candymakers, dollmakers and butchers will finally take the victim away for sale. Don't think it is civilisation. It is savage, it is the wilderness.'

126. 'Where does Marit live ?' Tara asked.

127. 'Oh, she lives in the depths of the deserts,' Untak said. 'She's the ruler there. When they are in need for more victims they abduct children from other planets to let them grow up in such a house first. When they become full grown the house will create more and more troubles, and then finally fastening the victim and showing it's true nature. The rats do all this. They go out to abduct the children, bring them to the houses and being friends to them. They can change into women, you

know.'

128. 'Where can I find Marit ?' Tara asked.

129. 'Come with me,' Untak said. He knew a path through the desert to her house. When they came there she stood before the window. She looked like a doll. When she saw them she turned into a rat immediately and ran outside. A fight started. Tara had raised her sword. The rat jumped at Untak and bit him horribly. Tara quickly pushed her sword into the back of the rat. 'That will be enough, Tara,' Untak said. 'You have hit her in her sensitive spot.' The rat fell down. It had a broken spine now, and it was slowly dying. 'Oh, not when I eat from this candy,' the rat screamed, and grasped one of the legs of Untak to bite a piece out of it. Immediately the rat straightened its back again. Then the rat ran into the house again. 'It heals itself by eating meat,' Untak said with a painful face. 'You will heal also,' Tara said. 'Let's go into the house.'

130. 'You know what kind of house it is, Tara,' Untak said. 'It can be dangerous.'

131. 'We need to go in,' Tara said. 'We do not have another choice.' Then Tara ran in, while immediately the walls started to ripple. Tara ran through the corridors, and saw the woman sitting on a throne in a huge hall.'

132. 'That is kind of dumb,' the woman said. The walls started to move closer and closer to each other. Untak was on the roofs at that moment, and threw a rope through a hole between the bones. 'Take the rope,' he shouted to Tara. But Tara crashed the walls by her sword to have another opening, and then she ran upwards to the throne. Again the woman turned into a rat, and this time she jumped on Tara. They had a wrestling on the ground. The rat bit Tara a few times and she started to bleed. By her sword she could shake the rat away from her and then ran to the throne again. There was a mirror between two jewels on the seat of the throne. By her sword Tara destroyed the mirror. 'I know this is the source of your power, witch,' Tara shouted. Tara knew this because the stone she had in her sword had told her this. But the mirror healed itself again. 'As long as there is meat to eat the mirror will live on,' the rat screamed. Then Tara lay the stone of her sword against the mirror while the mirror exploded, and its two jewels were melting away.

133. The rat was changing into a woman again. She had become weak. She almost crept towards her throne and settled down on it again, but she had lost her powers. 'Jump away, Untak,' Tara screamed to Untak who was still sitting on the roof. Tara dived away through the opening she had made by her sword. Then the enormous house crashed down to become a heap of bones.

134. Years later Tara and Untak visited the heap of bones again, and Marit the ratwoman still lived there, on her throne, but the throne and also herself had become old and poor. Everything had been covered by spiderwebs. 'You don't have to be afraid of the house anymore. It's over now. It's not the same anymore,' the old woman said. 'But don't you know my throne has been made of skeleton-snakes, and I have been made of them too. Don't you know that after great draughts they always rise up again ?'

135. 'Yes, we know,' Tara said. 'And that is why we command you to leave the desert with your skeleton-snakes, and to leave Orion.'

136. 'But you know I cannot live outside Orion,' the old woman said. 'Then I will die.'

137. 'You will live at the borderlines,' Untak said. 'That must be enough for you.'

138. 'But I need meat to get through the night,' the old woman spoke.

139. 'There's meat enough at the borderlines of Orion. Go there for a hunt, and put your houses there,' Untak said.

140. And thus the borderlines of Orion became a dangerous place, but Tara and Untak had to do it for the sake of the savage zone of Orion. The stone had decided it this way. And it was true, the woman rose to the heights of her powers again, but this time not in the savage zone again. She had lost her place at the River of Doom, and she had lost her deserts there.

The Sea of No Return

141. To Tara it had become clear now. She would stay here for a long time. There was a path to the other side of the Deserts of Doom now. But all Tara could find was more doom. Here the wild cats of Honolor lived, at a strange beach ending in a forest. Again these wild cats could turn into women and they could make someone deaf by their shrieks and cries. Whenever they had caught a victim they would give the victim no rest and no food, finally to put the victim in a small box, which they used for their hives. They were beekeepers, all for blood. In this sense they looked like those of the insectian world. They used the blood to build their cities, candy cities. They mixed it with honey and they transformed parts of it into white blood for creams and making bread. In that sense they looked like the belly-dancers of Turet.

142. The wild cats of Honolor had many ways to get their victims. They had arenas, and further all sorts of traps. They also visited the battlefields after the battles. One of their best tricks was to turn into nursing, motherlike types, in which they could create a hospital sphere. They were very clever in misleading their victims. And still it was no civilisation. It was savage. It was the wilderness. There was no care in Honolor. All care was nothing but a trap. They needed blood donors for their hives. They made the most beautiful cities by their bloody candy. They used to make these on the edge between the beach and the forest.

143. Honolor was a strange world. The wild cats covered it all up. When Tara visited Honolor she was in a fight immediately. In rage she slew many of these corrupted women. She wanted to dominate Orion. She had help from tall snakes, called by the stone. It was an invasion that day. The sky had turned bloodred. It was like the wardancers had come. It was a revolution in the sky. This time the wingless flies were also in the sky, helping her, turning the wild cats into skeletons. Tara didn't send them out of the savage zone, but she sent them to the borderlines of the savage zone.

144. Through the forest Tara reached a place near to an enormous beach where the Sea of No Return was. Between the forest and the enormous beach there was a guard named the Man with the Million Heads, for he had a million heads. Tara had a fight against him for two days. Whenever she cut off the heads they grew again. The only way to return was the Stairway of Fire. Those who would finally reach the sea could never return. The guard used to throw his victims on the stairs, by which they fell back. But Tara threw him on the stairway of fire, by which he fell into the depths.

145. Within a few hours Tara was on a raft on the Sea of No Return.

22.

1. The big birds of Mother God are on a mission. They take the souls of the dead and the souls of children, to bring them where they belong.
2. Some are taken to the cities. Others are taken to the jungles.
3. The big birds have begun their mission. Mother God holds Her children in the jungle.

23.

Desert Queen

1. She had tied her men, while strange insects called 'spanish spears' were stinging them. By the venom they were slowly turning into cattle. The spanish spears not only inserted their venom, but they were also bloodsuckers. They sucked the blood and the juices out of the men, leaving them weak. They had to go through all sorts of marriage rituals to bring them down, and after that they had to go through the rituals of divorce. The cattle was good for work and transport.

2. Tara from Rhodes, a lonely warrior, stops her journey through the desert when she comes

along this bright realm of the desert queen. Quickly she finds out what is going on here, and she starts a massacre, finally to behead the desert queen. With the head of the queen she holds by her hand she sits on her throne. 'Spear not the cattle !' someone is shouting. But soon a spear goes through the head of this person.

3. She loves the cattle but she is not aware of the curse of the desert queen. An army of sand-people is soon surrounding the bright realm in which Tara thrones now. They walk slowly towards her, coming from the sand, and soon Tara is put into a torture cage in the depths of the desert. The cage goes down as by an elevator. It leads to underground worlds below the desert, where the spanish spears rule.

4. The queen of the spanish spears could also turn into a woman. She came close to Tara. 'Well, well,' she said to Tara, 'so you have defeated the desert queen, right ? Just know that the desert will always exist, and replace these queens with something even worse. As now I will become desert queen.'

5. Tara was allowed to come out of the cage, and the queen of the spanish spears took her place. Soon the cage went up as by an elevator. Tara is alone now, but she is glad she is free at least.

6. Meanwhile the queen of the spanish spears possessed the men in the desert realm, living inside of them, living from their meat. Tara wanted to know the mystery of the desert, the secret of it, so she went deeper underground. She came into a tunnel leading to the Ocean of Blood. There were strange smells here. When she finally came on it's beach it was very dark and bloody. There were strange insects looking like chains. Another sort of insects looked like knives.

7. She starts swimming in the ocean of blood, and after a while she reaches an island where pigs live. They are chained by the chain-insects, and the knife-insects are living close to them as well. To Tara it seems that these strange insects live from the blood of the pigs.

8. Further on the island, women lived, huntresses. They lived together with hyenas. They kept men in cages who they had starved. When Tara asked about it, they said that they had let the men get stung by the venom of divorce. Tara felt compassion for the men. When the women slept she opened their cages and took the men to the ocean of blood. Together they swam to another island. Here many fruit trees were, and Tara started feeding the men, who were very weak. When the women woke up, they were in rage. Soon they found out that they were with Tara on another island. Tara would protect the men with her life. She knew the men were still in danger. Not only because of the women, but also because of the strange insects who could turn them into cattle. Tara wondered if there was an anti-venom against it. She became very protective over the men, and was looking for a medicine.

9. One day the queen of the spanish spears visited them. It seemed she had changed a lot. Tara asked her if she knew of an opposite force against the venom. 'Oh yes,' said the queen. 'Servil sugar. That is a sugar living in certain big fruits. They are also here on this island.' Then the queen led them to such trees, and gave them to eat from the sugar inside of the big fruits. It was a sugar to restore marriages, and to turn cattle into men again. The queen took care that the men got their women back, and that they had happy marriages again.

1. This is my word, this is my task, to inform you about that which happened. I come from far, and from long ago, but I also come from the future. I live beyond time, yet I live in a calendar. My name is Itzpapalotl, goddess of ancient Mexico. I am also the goddess of South-America. My heart goes out to Brasil and the Amazon. There is where my heart is. My strike is like the crocodile. I open eyes and I make blind. These are my tablets, the tablets of the forest, for earth to survive.

2. Tablet I. There is oxygen for those who follow me. Those who search me deep, with all they have, they will find me. I bear the key of the ages. My key can transform these and open the gates to Tamoanchan, the children's paradise. The child will overcome the adult. I will show you the path how to. By the rings of love they will. You can change your life.

3. Tablet II. There is healing oil for all those who love me. I heal from false guilt. In the lower realms there is much guilt. In the higher realms there is confusion. I heal from guilt by confusion. Confusion is a medicin. Enjoy life, as there is also a good side to life. And I can communicate through everything. Learn my language. Learn how I move through life. Learn my love.

4. Tablet III. Question : So there is often spoken about love is a huge danger. How do you see that ? Answer : I do know what you talk about, but true love will lead people through. It will sift out the false love. True love is an alarm system, the best security you can have. Even when you get trapped, the goddess will work through it, and shows her works. You cannot stop loving. It is the only way through. It hooks into some universal dynamics you need to go on. Question : What is the source of life ? Answer : It can be found in the ancient Amazon realm. It is about giving life, and living with the least resources, as in minimalism, just using what nature gives you, working with the little things you have. Then you have found the miracle key, and the key to creation. You can make anything. Question : What can we do to live a divine life ? Answer : Listening to the goddess within, and letting her guide and change you. Question : Do you have an ascension program ? Answer : Oh yes, this will be shown the coming time. We have a contact now. So I will make sure the needed data will be transferred to you. Question : Is this information available for everyone ? Answer : In this age the frozen tops are melting so that everything will become more flexible. This is because my fire is awakening. My information will be revealed everywhere.

5. Tablet IV. Children are awakening, awakening to their task. Adults get older and fade away, to make space for a new order. There is much fear about a new world order, but do not be afraid of the coming order of the goddess.

6. Tablet V. Esotery is important to unveil the hearts of the religions. It is important to be translated, and it will have a part in the general divine order to come. Do not be afraid of the new divine order about to come. It will melt hearts together, and cut the tumors out. There will be a new gridwork of experience. There will come a new consciousness.

7. Tablet VI. The darker voices are deep inside. The voice of the goddess is darker. People often live in false lights, and listen to false voices of the light, which live in their minds. I speak in darkness. I am darkness. And the fire is my light.

8. Tablet VII. There is no one who can stop the power of love. The power of love works with strategy and is subtle. It takes time to recognize it. It is a dark power. It has grown to heights. It is bigger than people think. Suddenly it's structure will be shown, and many will be shocked, because they were too busy with their own structures, and didn't see the upcoming structure of love through it all.

9. Tablet IX. Love is a power. It is not materialistic. It creates it's own world. It is soft and weak. It

is just the power of creation. It doesn't need much in the physical realm.

10. Tablet X. I am going to build my church, to gather the children, to reveal the structure behind all. I am going to show my language, the way I communicate. I am going to build my arsenal.

11. Tablet XI. My system is huge. I am going to reveal it step by step. I will show you the grades and how to be initiated. It is a labyrinth, it is confusion, and in this I will create a path. The confusion is necessary to deal with guilt. Trust in Me. I am Goddess. I will not leave you alone, when you hang on to me. I will answer if you call Me. Realize, the answer is inside of you already. All information you need is stored up inside, and through My love and revelations I will unlock it.

12. Tablet XII. The love of eternity is huge, while temporary love is small. The love of eternity will melt everything, and create something new. My temple is open, showing the road of eternity. No one will have to live with drama. I will open your eyes, and you will see. There is no drama, just misunderstanding. All is good. Soon you will see that everything is in harmony. You have come closer to my palace. Two peacocks are my guards. They will test you, they will arm you, they will sift you, until you are ready to receive Me.

13. Tablet XIII. All these tablets I gave you form a path and tell a story. It is the jewelry I give you, to stay connected to Me. Learn how to work with the tablets. Meditate on them, while going through the veils of my heart. I am eternal, I am love. I am tenderness and strategy. My being is mercy, there is no condemnation. I confuse you to get rid of your guilt. I confuse you to get rid of your grief. I surprise you. I know a way to deal with your trauma. Just let me in.

14. Tablet XIV. The system is helping you, My world order. It will be made of chaos and creativity. I will break down old structures. I will show you the patterns beyond. I am sitting on my saddle, and I have found my horse. I can tame everything. Even your wildest dreams I can tame.

24.

1. The boy is preparing for the bison hunt. He has grown taller now, still thin. He's Her hunting slave. She takes him with Her on the hunt. He must hunt the bisons of male domination and male supremacy. They were dragons fallen from heaven.
2. When his spear and arrows strike the bison, She smears him in with the blood, so that he will never become like them.
3. She takes him to Her tent where She starves him. The meat is for the women. Never he will join the male supremacy.
4. He is Her faithful hunter. She takes care of him.

25.

1. Swim across these oceans of pigblood, and find your islands, and the trousers too short ... Cut your way through these pigportals, and swim through their tears ... The pigbottles stand on the cupboard ... don't miss it ... you have the arrow ... Come alive after a million years of sleep ... draw your borderlines, for they are holier than life ...
2. It is not too late to find the ship. This ship goes to the lost islands. This is the book about the travel to these lost islands. This book is old, this is a book of eternity. It is not too late to find the ship.
3. You will find the old days, when you cut yourself a way through the goatportals and sail across the oceans of their tears and blood ... It is not too late to remember the years ... You will find your trousers back on the islands ... and the bottles from which they drink ...

4. Cut yourself a way through the chickenportals, and find the exit of Radth and Smiert ... sail across the oceans of their tears and blood ... They must let you go ... and leave you to Her ... Find the ship ... The key is on the islands of trousers ... drink from their bottles ... and dive deep ... You will find their trousers too short ... You will find their destinies ... Bring it back to me ... Then you will find the portals ... You have ice enough to break their spell ... Cold conscience is what we gave you ...
5. You have been in their machines long enough ... you aren't their bottle anymore ... The jewel is in the middle of your cross ... It found a way out ... Sail now, sail ... It can dive ... It can reach the highest bottles ... The jewel is on your belt ... You will find those who have found you ...

26.

Boetulip

1. The new buttocks is represented by the Boetulip, a jewel of fear. These are the Tulip-Lokogamen, above the battle between beauty and ugliness.
2. Musse ; Sea of Death ; I lost her on the end of my life. And as I made my ship of wood, I wandered over the sea of death. It was like a black sea, black waters. I didn't know where to go.
3. Muske ; Waves could become high, smashing me down in their insides. Strange fishes were here. Even seeing them was like I could touch them, and it was an experience a thousand times intenser than a material touch.
4. Oedoe ; Would I find her back at the end of this sea ? She always talked like a small child. I see in the distance, and ears are on my sail.
5. Oedoeboe ; Huge wings like the red eagles. The black sun is burning my body, tattooing it. There's no way back, I have to move forwards. This is the sea of death. Where will my journey go to, will I ever find the other side of this sea ?
6. Oedoeboel ; Strange smells are climbing on me. The feelings are so huge, and so deep. And when I dream, I dream of her, and then I wake up, by the sunlights of the morning, and I'm still on this ship, on this black sea.
7. Oedoeboeg ; I lost her on the end of my life, it's like my mouth is full of tears, it's hard to talk. Can you hear me ? Please talk to me, I'm lying stretched out on my boat.
8. Oedoeboele ; It's my comfort, when I talk to you. Will I die another time in this sea, or will I reach the red city on the other side, where the red sun rises from. I see an island in the distance. The waves are bringing me there. I see a black bottle floating through the waves, and the water is so bright here.
9. Oedoeboege ; I take the bottle, there's a paper in it. It's a letter from you, written in pink. Surrounded by glitters. I follow the strange smells to the island, where I step on the sand. I hope to find you here, but there's no one there.
10. Oedoebole ; I must survive here on this island, or move forwards. I stay awhile on this island, and then I move forwards, heading for the horizons of this sea. The sun is reaching for my heart.
11. Oedoebange ; I see ears in the red skies. Please talk to me, I can only cry. I'm so desperate on this sea, I'm sinking deep into your tears.
12. Belip ; Even if I don't hear anything from you, I will keep on talking to you. I feel the beatings of your heart.

13. The eleven parts will do their best to bring you to the heart of the sea. Even when you cannot hear them, they are there, in high determination to bring you there. They will not sleep, they will not rest until their work is done. The buttocks are two baskets under the spine, and between them is a desert road.
14. Wild animals will come from these baskets, but even wilder ones from the desert road. There are sixty jewels on the desert road, leading to the realms of death. And when the ornaments move, I can move, they give me breath, and let them from the buttocks rise into the skies ... through the layers of the spine we travel ... So move your ornaments, let me breath ...
15. Petris Belt Spinza Spinossa Spozes Murozondt Helt Hirkses Kidram Kidama Kadama Kadomo Kadoks Kiram Kinette Kiklahem Kukujo Kirkamit Menkes Palin Pazet Piram Panadin slip kontes Buron Bilon Bané Banes Banesh Ologang Ologang Dikwares Dikwuares Dikilowares Duagang Olohenk Olohenktes kwinktus koenoot Kuran Koles Kolles Kwinkes Kiakan Dirkanes Ologang Ologang Kwirantes Kwulantes Kwinulk Zes Bieres Zentés.

27.

1. This is all about the journey through death, ending in the journey through hell, as purification, and judgement. Not as punishment, but as the giver of direction. If there is any punishment, then that is as an initiation to that direction. You and Her decide which direction you go. There are four stripes, four paths you need to travel on. The last path is the path of poverty, which ends in hell as the flame of hunger.
2. In hell the indians carry two flowers, in every shoulder one, and a flower in their chest. The further they travel in hell, the softer these flowers become ... It is said that Ea was sent to Mother poverty by Mother Hell. It is said that Mother Hell is an old mountainriver-goddess, and by some she is still seen as a mountaingoddess. Of course there are many dangers on the roads through hell.
3. I swear I will not take any food given than by Mother God, for in her there's my flame. I will not have other flames than the flames of Mother God. Mother God, please accept me in your name. I have seen the bird, and he has put his feather on me. I have been sent by the widowspider, and I pierced the heart of Aiach.
4. Spell to heal the wounds caused by Aiach : Nam Haman Han, Hurakko Irom, Haudundi Imech. Na Hamanhan, Hurko Irm Hadindi Mech Tazula'am. Her herbs will clean your brains, according to the purity of your heart.
5. Words by Ea : Come in through the spiderwebs between the fingers of hell. You can now see the fires through the eye of Eo, for he is the seer of fire. His herbs will calm your brains. Now you will be led to Her to be judged.
6. Words to enter the Hall of Judgement : Receive now the rings of hell. You will receive your armour in hell. By poverty, forests of hell accept me, by loneliness the wildernesses of hell will not spit me out.
7. To teach about the stripes of the underground. There is no life without death, and all life comes forth from the death, who is the mother of the earth. Mother God has the lonely paths to reach the heavens. There is no heavens without loneliness, and all heavens come forth from loneliness, who is the mother of the skies and the heavens.
8. She is a mountaingoddess, and she's also a goddess of wigwams and the crafts and arts. Her home is made of the bones of her male enemies, and that's why her present has a deep and sharp scent. In the winter she is a warrior-goddess, and in the summer she is the goddess of trade. It is said that everyone should make the journey to Mother Loneliness once in life, and the ones who weren't able to do, will have to make the journey in the afterlife.

9. To make this journey you will have to go through 'stripes', jungles, on this mountain. All journeys through death end in hell, where judgement takes place. It is the place where you stand naked before Her.

28.

Recel

1. Jericho ; All in line they stand, the red stripe around ... They move ... it bends ... it's coming closer now ...
2. These are the bones... These red stripes around ... coming to me in my darkest nights ... They had to rise and fall, so that I could move ... while it breaks ... and I can dream ...
3. Flames ... we're dying in the cold ... but the dreams bring us away ... We weren't allowed to forget history ...
4. There are the flames in hearts ... From there the secret's running ... In time ... It's all so frozen ... They're still in slow motion ...
5. I'm bending my fingers ... to history ... to the sweeter destiny ...
6. Why am I so angry ... It's hunting after me ... tearing me down ... It lets me bend everything ... There's power to walk ... and let them all talk ... a white stripe around ... to let them fall once again ... deeper into my heart, like arrows ... letting me breath ...
7. It's strange ... and I'm not a baby anymore ... I'm grown up, every movement it's goal ... I'm aware, I am a robot ... bones ... It's blinding me ... taking me ...
8. The paths of history I must go ... into the sand ... so that everything will bend ... There's water ... and everything is dying ...
9. It's war ... The spears coming through ... chains ... making me move ... No one will take me down again, only history will do ...
10. Cannot go, I'm mother's, cannot go, I'm mother's hide ... Indian books fall down ... warbottles make me swallow ... nothing hurts anymore ... for history took them all away ...
11. Cannot go, I'm mother's secret, chains are bending when I speak ... It's like the clicks of silver ... Cannot go, I'm mother's secret ... cannot go, I'm mother's secret ...
12. History made me taller ... While I am sinking deeper ... reaching for my legs ... They're so tall, they do not touch the ground ... like the silver horses standing proud I'm all in darkness birds bend their heads ... They do understand ... while songbird saves me from the threat ... merciless to make the deals ... for more bones to come through
13. I'm a war ... showing the sides of a coin ... hearts are bending ... These coins from history ... bend your heads ... Why do you want to drown tons let us all bow our heads and try to escape ... There's a war of fruits in my head ...
14. but ancient marks will bring him through ... where's the end of it ... Oh, tell me where he had his favors ...
15. I'm escaping through open mouths ... These feathers are more dangerous than the bird's beak ... That's why I had to sit in jail for so long of my life ... to prepare me to this fight ... I'm just a gladiator ... but finally the son ... while I'm still dying in water ...
16. I allowed myself to be neutral while walking the path of history ... I didn't allow myself to

- do predictions again ... There's water making me drunk ... and I fly after them ... for they want me to know where they came from ... with warbottles in their hands ... full of steamy waters ... The strike where they finally can sleep ... all are dying ... to do the war again ... It was just a strange dance ...
17. He just drank too much ... hitting the hard day ... someone had to break the shell ... and now these animals can run .. knowing there's a new story to tell ... Break the bottles open ... and do the war again ... with flowers blooming in their hearts ... It's the rythm There's no big escape from this all ... but only by repeating it, it will finally fall ...
18. To bed, that is the only travel ... when daylights fall ... to dream the dream ... it moves ... it glows and it grows ... tomorrow the flowers will bloom ... and what will we do then ... ready for the major attack ... a crown of history ... the wars come down ... it kills for it needs the life taken away from it ... it needs to breath ... nothing but a war of fruits ... the baker wants expensive juice ... these wars just making free for the next one ... they must make the trees pretty ... they are the keys of cages ... and other animals ...
19. It's good to wrestle don't let them be taken away They will go by themselves ... They will go by themselves They were just ... calendergirls gone at the end of the page Have you ever seen their graces ... all these spears spreading their fires into the air ... Shooting until we are free Like the roar like strange venom in the mouth ... and deep inside we're fighting History doesn't exist it's all happening today knocking on my kitchendoor the hours of friday, walking to the first floor ... they breed the heart of hearts between you and me ... we're finally free The hours of friday standing here like soldiers of history of horizons like green days between you and me we're never really free These years still aren't over They're still living in our weeks ... marching between you and me
20. Hours of Friday, speak to me ... I want to know all about your history Your nothing like a historybook pages ... hours of Friday trying to get over it Hours of friday, speak to me You still let me fight ... It's living in our weeks Bring on the dancing horses, bring on the desert's seas ... that what is between you and me ... Bring on the red pillars ... orange in the skies ... bring them back to me ... open the line of horizon, for what is behind is somehow also speeding here ...
21. We cannot see a glimpse ... Hours of Friday ... these letters between you and me Hours of friday ... spinning these spears coming near ... I cannot see their tops ... It makes me cry ... Hours of Friday, sundays ... weapons of war ... spred over the week ... who is going to fall today ... who is going to jail ... I'm fighting ... fighting it the whole day It looks like it will never stop ...
22. It looks like eternal damnation ... These hours of Friday, when will they stop ... to turn me like the weather, to make all my tears green ... No one is going to save me ... These hours of Friday burn me Why do I need to be initiated ? ... No one is going to save me I'm in hell ... like eternal damnation.... Calendergirls, I cannot come today ... black trauma ... These hours do not exist They're just the voices I didn't hear yet These are the voices I do not understand yet all these hours are still running away until the green sun is swallowing them all away It's a silly trophee
23. History, still our God, misunderstood. I have a strange calender It's making me want to cry These girls they were all full of lies but these were truths of history far away ... It's good to wrestle with these don't let them be taken away They will go by themselves ... They will go by themselves
24. They were just ... calendergirls gone at the end of the page It takes me five minutes to read every page ... Don't get angry at me Don't get angry at me But she's also just a calendergirl fading away at the end of the month your sides they make me cry

showing me your calendergirls finally saying goodbye

25. Got another calendar ... with the hours of friday She looks like you Calendergirls, he ripped them all off I forgot that I lived Only watching how I died And now it's just a statue a divine tattoo ... It burnt and ached, but it was coming through ... I think I've now deciphered the letter ... Song, tell me how
26. History, I will never let you go My wounds are deep while the days are still running forth ... only showing the hours of friday ... days are running so fast ... until the hours of friday take them away ... to hide them in a sacred book.... when no one seems to listen ...

29.

Beruboe

1. Receive the new spine. This is the holy Beruboe.
2. Kil ; Savios met the red skeletons deeper underground. He knew he had to walk the path of pain, depression and fear, as the grades of poverty to have enough mysterious powers to fight the red skeletons. The red skeletons were without mercy, and very mysterious. You could never trust them. They seemed to be of the barbarian age, and they didn't speak. They had huge halls, and everywhere they were burning their victims. Often they went up to kidnap and abduct their victims. But it was like they had to feed something ... something which was out of their control ... It was like these beings weren't free ... They were victims themselves ... Savios could trace some deep inner memories inside about them, but it didn't go deep enough to realize what it was. Savios was in despair ... At some points he even couldn't move ... He saw a red fireball in the middle of a hall where he was standing ... The smell was horrible ... It was like he could vomit every moment ...
3. Kille ; Savios decided to go even deeper underground, for he didn't want to come in hands of these sick skeletons ... But Savios failed and came in their hands ... A fight started ... They were ripping off his flesh ... until Savios was a skeleton himself ... Weird powers were flowing through his bones ... It was like he could breath for the first time in life, and this air was so strong, so thick, which he could breath in so deep ... and it had a strong scent. It was like it was feeding him, but soon enough he realized that this energy was to enslave him ... He had to do their jobs with this energy ... As soon as he would object, the energy would turn against him ... Soon enough he couldn't control the energy anymore, and his bones started to become red also ... Savios was desperate ... Now he was one of them ... and it was like they gave him a reward for that ... He got overwhelmed by extasies and pleasures making him accepting all what was happening, and he got too weak to resist these pleasures ... He became addicted ... but he didn't want to ... Something was taking him over ... and it was like something was drawing him to the red ball of fire in the middle of the hall ...
4. Laat ; Savios was staring at the dark bones, and strange feelings came over him ... He saw burning skeletons walking into the huge bones, and he also went inside one of them ... Inside there were tunnels everywhere He tried to find his direction for every skeleton was walking into another direction ... It was one big chaos, and they were all screaming ... Before him a big head appeared, a woman's head, saying : 'I am your ancestor ... follow the grades of poverty to find us ... We have been sunk so deep ...' Savios was shocked. He knew that he could reach her only if he went as deep as her ... Suddenly the bones were breaking, and the skeletons were screaming louder ... Everyone fell into a deep pit Savios was now like a flying mind ... He lost contact to his bones ... He was now like a spirit but very slowly his spirit started to bring forth new bones, but of another sort material ... It was stronger, but also more flexible ... and it was like it was feeding him juice ...

5. Redda ; Kisses of pain to bring the marks. We have to swim awhile ... until we are on the island ... with the kisses of pain ... intestines between you and me ... in Zkum we live ... my heart is turning into an intestine ... a scar ... I hear your words by my heart, and they circle through my body, it makes me dizzy ... when my veins were still intestines ... red stripes ... eat the bread of lies, and become strong ...
6. Driegelle ; No power to wake up, no will to wake up. Brannan grants grace to the poor ... weapons of the primeval. Big feather, live in me, like the milk. A new pain delivered me, waking up in soft fire. Is this the book in which I can live ? (First Giant Skull)
7. Driegulle ; I can't move myself. She stings me, until I wake up in tenderness. I will never go back. A deep fever overwhelms me, like a burning black blanket. They painted me in their books. (Second Giant Skull)
8. Driegul ; Guide me, guard me. By them I will breath, and I will move my body like them. Bring the bones, so that I can turn myself around. Please enter my deep wounds and then raise from there to my eyes, and see through me. (Third Giant Skull)
9. Hiegel ; Grant me the feathers I need to enter your ship. I have not sinned against you, I am clean of heart. We belong to your kingdom. You, the one raising in every pyramid. Oh, pyramid of pyramids, the seventh pyramid of hell, as the spirit of the first chief of hell. You have raised all his warriors. You are the king. Allow me to have breath to open the seven doors of your pyramids, so that all my souls who are worthy to enter can enter, and so that all my spirits who are worthy to enter can enter. Then when I'm in I will close all these doors hermetically, so that no intruder can enter. I will be the fire to protect your pyramid as my spirit moves forward. Grant me permission to travel further, for you to give me the blue line to pass over dangerous bridges on my track. I will not fall, I will not fail, for your feathers are over me. The blood of hell by which we move. Eighth pyramid of hell, open, for our breath is traveling. As our lives grow we seem to worship it, for it is the shelter of the gods, and the passage to the depths. We have seen it as the guard of the treasures and tombes of hell. We enter through the seventy gates of the urn. We are now free in the pyramids of everchange.
10. Hinnik ; You are the fifth pyramid of hell, longing to open your mouth and eat, for the rivers are dry and without food, to make us as candles in the night. Our lights will die, to turn into fire, for the dark lights of the night you want to see. She blesses the statue in you. The well of purifying the blood. This is the blood of hell, coming forth by fire, sending out the firestorms of hell.
11. Himmelch ; The helmet will protect me against dangers. It will alarm me together with the cooperation in removing the threat. It will be like the thousand lightbeams. Counters of hell, rise up. You will not give me the helmet, but the first chief of hell will do, for you are servants. Counters of hell, I command you to be silent when the first chief of hell speaks, when he multiplies himself throughout the sunlights of hell and the sacred fires of voice. You are servants of the helmet, and servants of the first chief of hell. You will not rest or sleep, for you need to persecute the attackers of the helmet to protect the one who's wearing it.
12. Heigeg ; He with the helmet and the winged legs. Kings of hell, bowing to this first chief. Give me permission to travel through.
13. Ham ; She walks on the islands, they stand. Aiming at the sun, spinning it's light in the evening, to make new clothes. Yes, those clothes are torn, so that the sunlight breaks through again.

1. She came to my cage, my prison, and took me out, to bring me to the arena.
2. Then she took me to the fields to hunt.
3. The beads around my neck were prayer-beads.
4. I had to pray to Her, and raise the altars.
5. I had to build the tabernacle in a tent.
6. She taught me how to slay the pigs of greed.
7. The blood of the pig had to fill the laver.
8. The laver had to be in front of the tent. Any priest who would do service in the tent, would have to wash himself in the pig blood, or Mother God would strike him.
9. This is how greed dies.

The Hyena Gnosis

1.

1. Come to the black tree, the tree of hunger,
Where greed dies. Come to the hunter tree,
Where love dies, for love was a lie.
Eat from it's seeds, it will starve you,
Eat from it's fruits it will bind you and blind you,
Come to the tree and be free.

2. You have been given too much by the father god,
He has fattened you for slaughter,
This cannibal god, he has blinded you by his gifts,
Yes, he filled you with greed, but it gave you nothing,
You became his slave, and now you can't seem to find your way back,
So come to the black tree, the tree of Mother,
Come to the hunter tree, where war begins.

3. On the great day of Mother God, slaves are led to the big black tree,
Where all love ends.

4. Mother God has prepared for the endtime battle. She has prepared Her masks. She has taken Her soldiers to Kirion.

2.

1. don't let her kiss you, it's a kiss of death, weddings like coffins.
2. she has minds in her grip, wavy eyes, she leads them to the wedding, slowly turning in slaughter, there was meat, to find another friend, there's adultery in her mind, she's hungry, shooting more lines, she puts her dress up, showing her high heels, then she blinks, it's the wedding, spreading more lies, weddings like coffins.
3. i know a place worse than hell, in her bed, i was married to this girl, she became my mother,

tied to so many things, it's the wedding making me like this, i'm a monster now, and it seems there's no escape, what is she breeding, i must escape this wedding, two by two in noah's arc, it's a butchery don't you know.

4. i know a place worse than hell, here in her bed, it's the wedding turning you into a monster, you need to escape this place, she used to be your mother, but now she's your daughter to take her prey. i know a place worse than hell, it's the wedding.
5. you're always to blame, and the anger is growing under your skin, for too long I'm on the weddingfields ... can anyone help me, i'm never dying here, please take me away to the circle of life, i'm in her arc, there's no way out, i can only send out my raven, i'm in a noah horror, please save me out, my raven has a message, the rain's still falling, like someone's tears, are these my tears ? it never seems to stop, we're reaching for the ceiling, and there's my raven, i'll never wear white anymore, show me the red suit.
6. there are red doves before my window, got to open the window for them, my raven is staring, there's a new morning, in paradise new glory, but isn't noah's horror a hunter ? she will find us.
7. isn't noah's horror a hunter ? what can we do when noah's horror returns, it's moving away like black pearls, there are a million divorces in the nights, noah, noah, like a candle in the night, you designed the bridegroom and his bride.
8. drinking wine with blood, there's always meat enough, he's a butcher, noah the butcher, our souls will be, safe on an island.
9. are you the last soldier of noah trying to take me in ? i know a lonely island, i know a lonely island, but i am so weak.

3.

bigger lie

1. this love affair doesn't end, but still they call it yesterday, like the original sin, strange wedding. like the original sin, a strange divorce, when i married you i sinned, but when we were in a divorce, we became original sinners, by a divorce you hit me, i'm an original sinner now, there was blood between us, we are original killers.
2. you are my original bride, you are my original knife, noah with the tree, tree of paradise, building an arc, making me free, let us escape from yesterday, for these eyes are killing me, there's an original sinner deep inside of me, build an arc, and go to sea.
3. you're no original sinners, you're original singers, where his body was a tree, where his fruit was his foot, kicking them away into a darker destiny, on his arc they sank, on his jesus they lost their guard, and their last friend.
4. where the tree was his body, where his fruit was his foot, eating their meat, on his arc they sank, on his jesus they lost their guard and their best friend.
5. noah, noah, you have only one hand after these floods, noah, noah, with your pigfarms on the hill, still blood with the wine, still meat with the bread, for meat is all you really need, you're still a butcher, still a liar, still a hunter.
6. he's just a original cross, like a tricky road to heaven, it always leads you back to where you started, there they are again, adam and eve, after the flood, they rose, and it's so strange, but it's always like this, they are the objects of this cross, this original cross, so this eve is the original bride, the original thornycrown, and this adam is the original scornrobe, wanting to go home.
7. and this noah is the original wedding, you cannot walk, it's the original footnail, and moises is the original divorce, you cannot move, it is the handnail, the original handnail.
8. the original death, it is the original spear, and the tree is the original stripes, the fruit is the original tear, it is all the strange strange wheel of paradise, we can never escape, it brings us

from year to year, like in a strange arc, through a strange split sea, going to the promised land.

9. we're moving on our knees, creeping through the sand like paralyzed, will we ever reach the beach, will the sun ever touch the sea, to burn this whole picture of grief.
10. adam and eve staring at each other, and the beast has another year of prey.

4.

Glimpse of False Grace

1. They stood there, shivering, tied by marriage, in a night no one understands.
2. Two by two they go to Noah's Arc of Marriage,
3. Into an eternal divorce so deep inside their veins,
4. a present of the night, so many broken dreams,
5. giving us strange pictures we do not understand,
6. all the faces of her conscience.

Beast of Marriage

7. We would have everlasting life,
8. If we would just beat the beast of marriage,
9. when the flood comes to take everything away,
10. don't you like my lingerie, don't you like the curtain between you and me,
11. There is blood on the TV-screen, you are teasing me, when you're standing like that behind the screen, Why do you love this Marriage-TV, just a screen between you and me.
12. Or are we animals too wild, would it only devour you and me ?
13. Is this screen our protection, our mother keeping us alive, We cannot die here it seems, in this land of the lie,
14. You tell me outside there are so many predators, By this you keep me bound, Only to bring misery to my screen, when will I be free, Was divorce my saviour this time ? Was divorce the one who took me away from the screen ? Finally free, finally you set me free.
15. Let us swim away in this lake, It was the greatest disease ... Letting all your milks flow deep inside of me, I can touch you now, so deep, Until the bird of tragedy separates you and me
16. I feel you deeper, but then there's nothing anymore between you and me, My memory is now broken, Until the tears wash my last memories away They were already so confused and split up Is it a flame from your heart not remembering me not wanting to see me

Perfectly Split Mind

17. You have me under your feet, these are the only screens through which I can see, colouring my world so black, I can touch so deep, but then everything takes me away, ending all in a deeper tragedy, these deep touches are hurting me

18. You have me under your feet, these are the only screens through which I can see, It touches me deep, but then it goes away,
19. For it's hungry for prey, yes, you're weakening me,
20. Men with so many faces trying to destroy me, but still I can dominate these faces
21. You have me under your feet, you're a giant to me still with that strange stare,
22. The creature between us has so many faces We can never get lost in one emotion We're not locked up in a small box but in a worldwide world.
23. You have me under your feet, speaking about mysteries to me You're the stone and the seal on my grave maybe you just want to protect me It's a silent world only cryptic They're never ashamed for they just know how it used to be
24. You have me under your feet a cryptic polygamy, still bound to so many cryptic marriages Maybe it's just our destiny until the cryptic paradox is setting us free No one can be really forever free There's always a cryptic prisoner inside That's how we live, that's how we die a cryptic destiny
25. We used to kiss to have a blanket in the darkest night, And then I'll find out again, these kisses won't let me speak, They're just raising the screens, taking all my breath away, To let me enter a deeper tragedy at the end of the day, This blanket of kisses a trickster once gave to me, and now I can never sleep, I'm in a prison only touching screens, I wished I was your shoe so that I would be safe for your kisses, These kisses they only kill me, taking all the life away from me, Yes, you use me like a bottle, so I wished I was your shoe, I wished I was your boot, letting you run away in the night.
26. Your kisses are the death-threats, The knives you push into my heart, You need a bottle to suck, And after it you break the bottle, But my kisses did the same to you.
27. Now I wished I was your boot, letting you run away, Now I wished I was your boot, taking you away, to a place we would both be safe.
28. The plastic tear is our screen, our eye will never be the same, It's blind, it has taken the hard screen away, No one can take it away again, The Eye of Monogamy has died, my friend, It kept us in prison. it let us crash against the hard screen, All our senses died, we couldn't touch and cry, All our tears had been died out, we were cold and lonely, unable to watch the sky.
29. These eyes, it kept the marriage alive, We couldn't touch each other, neither could we cry, These eyes, it kept the monogamy alive, All the beggars around the money, They could never touch, neither could they cry.
30. These eyes, it kept the screens alive, but now these eyes are blind.
31. When you watch too long, your senses die, you're watching a screen of kisses, Where so many birds die, the seeds of tragedies, keeping the screens alive, So let us all be blind, She's speaking, my heart is breaking, yes, she has the mighty touch, It breaks everything, yes even my senses, So let us all be blind, my dear, she's giving heartaches, her voice is like the black spear, When she speaks, I'm frozen, not able to touch, not able to find myself, I'm wandering in a rare and strange wilderness, Don't look into these eyes of birds, They will break you by tales unheard, So let us all be blind, keeping our hearts alive.
32. Don't look into these eyes of wolves, don't listen to their howling, Before you know they have raised the screens, behind which your heart is dying, Let us all be blind and deaf, My eyes are a pack of lies, raising the screens, raising the tragic screens, Oh can I pull them out, these plugs are out of order, My eyes are a pack of lies, wandering to destroy the lost souls, They are safe behind their screens, of marriage and monogamy, Please can I pull them out,

these plugs are out of order, My eyes are a pack of lies, judging the dice, judging the playcards, I could never really see them, I only saw my screen, Isn't it ridiculous, please can I pull them out, these plugs are out of time, My eyes are hurting my baby, she wanted to tell me something, but I didn't listen, I was only watching her lingerie.

33. My eyes are hurting me, they never speak to me, they're only watching, writing down the lies, My eyes are hurting me, yes, they are killing me, To so many things I'm blind since I used my eyes, The trickster had given them to me, but now please take them out, or are they protecting me against the voices too loud, My ears are hurting me, they never speak to me, They only let me hear the lies, they only come to me in disguise, There are so many things I cannot hear since I started to use them, The trickster had given them to me, but please now take them out, or are they here to protect me against the sights spinning me around, Since I used my eyes, I never see true beauty, only the things pushing my feelings around, They are nothing but raising the screens, Dance, I will be your boots, will be your breath, will be your movements, Dance, I will run to you, I will climb over the edge to say goodbye to my eyes, to get a new friend, goodbye to my eyes and ears, goodbye to the skies under my feet, goodbye to all the tricksters who tried to get me underneath, Dance, dance, let's push the screens down to let them be streets in your town coming alive, Dance.
34. She stepped on my eye, she pierced the strange drum. Then explain me, teach me, how can I read this cryptic files, how can I understand them, as they're making my life so miserable, it's cryptic tragedy, hiding a message I need to know to fly away into a deeper fantasy, feeling myself in locked up tragedy, as I can never split these two, they belong together, as the eternal cryptic paradox, the mighty vibration, keeping us alive, transforming it all in right translation, but where do I find the key, or do I just have to wait and die.
35. And then the trickster came to me again bowing down before me, taking my hand, telling me the translation and the misunderstanding belong together like a cryptic marriage, it's legal, but sometimes it's taking an unknown bend of ignorance, like cryptic adultery.
36. So all I must do is finding out about the cryptic marriages and their cryptic adulteries ? Do I wish to stay in such strange situation, is there any escape or a better view ? Can I break or leave the screen, or must I worship the cryptic marriages and their cryptic adulteries ?
37. Finally I'm searching for the perfect screen, deep enough to touch and feel, deep enough to pull away and escape, I know this process can only be safe in a sexual tax-machine. Everyone belongs to each other, everyone belongs to everyone, while a trickster steals away the screens, for a cryptic transformation, we will never be the same.
38. These nipple screens are killers, they have killed the screens of kisses, they have torn away their blankets, they have torn away their smiles, they have broken all the bottles they left behind,
39. These nipple screens are killers, you see visions when you drink their milks, it's turning all the pages, it lets you feel their morningskies, but too much feelings would burn you away, so sometimes they would bring back these kisses-blankets to take it all away, to leave you into waters cold as ice, in loneliness forever you will find the dice, and then play the game again, let the nipple screens arise again, to bath in milk and sandy-lands, to finally understand, it was all a game of tie and untie.
40. Come, I can finally hear your voice, Come, I can finally watch you, although it's in the distance, Yes, I can see you bathing in my milk and odors, it's turning all the pages, to the pictures in the sky, Come, I can finally feel you, who you are, there are no clothes between us, no masks, no disguise,
41. Come, take my hand in this nipple wonderland, our heads and minds come free, as we freed ourselves from our buttons, to now be you and me Yes, our hands and feet come free, a

sexual tax-machine has saved you and me, for the milk of love is flowing pumped through all the stations, by the Big Heart.

42. Come, she is free, her nipples beat, like the hearts, all our dreams come true, there are no screens between me and you, only some nipples to let the milk pierce through, opening so many hearts between us, but still we have to tie and untie, or otherwise we would lose this delicious love, Teach me the language of cryptic sex, It scares me, and I have to run away, Feeling so small, feeling so ashamed, It's like this isn't my destiny, It rips me apart, I know the giant stands above me, It's having me under its feet, I'm watching the screens, Teach me the language of cryptic love, It frightens me, I have to run away, Can I watch it from the distance, under the Giant's Feet, or I will float away, teach me the lessons of cryptic love, make all the words sound softer, for otherwise it won't work, I am too sensitive, but baby float away, for in the night I'm a creature of horror, taking its prey ...
43. Teach me the lessons of cryptic horror, I am like a werewolf in the night, losing all my borderlines, losing all my laws, like I am turned upside down, I do not understand this, my love, Please can you explain to me and dry my tears, I am so ashamed, inside I am pierced, by the laws of a different land, please understand, there's a creature of cryptic paradox inside of me, Do I need to run and hide, I can't escape from this night, But maybe all I need to see is its message coming to me, and finally be free, though I will always be a prisoner inside, I am the slave and the king, I am the predator and its prey, Something strange is living inside of me, Like I committed the greatest crime, but reached the greatest serenity, But it's only in my mind only a dream fading away when you take me in I'm living in a cryptic paradise with you, I cannot move, Finally I can move the nipple screens to have some communication between you and me. Finally I can direct the milk to different streams, I'm beginning to learn what you have taught me, But still I am under the Giant's Feet, not able to run, I'm tied, I cannot breathe, Please give me the ability and the powers to move the screens of his heavy feet, The pressure is too much, I'm breaking inside, there's no way to have some compromise, But finally I learn what you taught, I'm beginning to move the screens of the giant's feet, I'm beginning to direct the food to different streams, I can divide, I can perfectly split my mind ...
44. This game is now in my hand, I'm telling everyone I can now rise, and I can bend, But then some other guy is putting his feet on me, there I go, I cannot breathe, I can only die, I have to move the screens of his feet, to come alive, to split my mind, to decipher the cryptic lie, The goatman and the chickenman has put their feet on me, they are pushing hard, piercing my childhood dreams, I can never understand them, as they speak in different language, I have to decipher this misunderstanding. But finally I learn what you have taught me, the game is still in my hand, I'm telling everyone, I can now rise and bend. The pigman and the oxman had put their feet on me, they are pushing hard, piercing my childhood dreams, but finally I learn what you have taught me all the time, the game is still in my hand, to decipher the crime, I can see the tragedy in your eye, seeing all the tears you cry, and I am moving the screens, I'm sending cryptic messages to you, but you don't believe. You think you have lost me, I have thrown you away, but I'm closer to you now, I am moving all the screens of unbelief, I can turn it around. I am moving all the screens of hate, but still this bird of unbelief is bringing me down. I am moving all the screens of depression, finally to get a message through, I am moving the screens of fear, finally you see my hand coming through, but you're hiding away in a tear, I am moving the screens of anger, I am not a stalker, but your saviour, I am a sexual tax-machine, Help me, I am weak, but when strength comes, I do not know my strength, help me, it's like spasm, I cannot direct nor predict it I am out of control, so weak, but yet so strong. I'm a cryptic primeval orgasm coming through, I penetrate your mind, don't touch me, I'm before you, just bend a bit over, I will touch your face, and then just run away, it's over you ... and it will never leave you this orgasm will penetrate your life ... There's a new screen before you new visions and dreams

sometimes they are tragic sometimes they are playing games but these are all cryptic messages to you I am an orgasm, like a jelly-fish from heaven I have been set free now I could reach your dream now Let's raise the new orgasmic screen I will be a cryptic orgy if you just let me win ... Believe me, I am more than Jesus Christ someone saved me from heaven and now I'm with you in cryptic paradise Loves so brandnew like orgasmic tongues and orgic tongues breathing life into you

- 45.Can we raise the screens of lullabies, can we heal the desperate screams, there's a lullaby coming over you Don't walk away, don't look away, it's penetrating you It will take away the pain, although cryptic pain is there for you Decipher the message ballerina decipher the cryptic orgasms in your mind They are protecting you, guiding you turning you around baby, why don't you just let it flow ... We're raising the screens of lullabies Green orgasmic screen, scream my name, I'll be with you, today, tomorrow I will leave, but another one will take away your grief. Green orgasmic screen, I'm a green orgasmic screen, tomorrow comes a white one, taking away your grief, I'm a green orgasmic screen, she's a white orgasmic screen Green orgasmic lullabies, full of rare pride White orgasmic lullabies will come tomorrow taking away the prides of yesterday Go to sleep little darling the road to tomorrow is a long way Green orgasmic lullabies, will stay with you, in the night, turning into cryptic orgies, letting you dream ... the silent dream Green orgasmic tongues will stir up the fantasies in your lungs, just breath out, my dear all things will become clear Green orgasmic lullabies will take away the night till morning comes a white orgasmic screen will display your wildest dream telling you it is just today Green orgasmic lullabies will then all march away But what can I do ? Someone is only teasing you, for also the white orgasmic lullabies will all march away

God's Table

- 46.The white orgy from paradise, just a beautiful woman like a mind full of lullabies, like a jelly-fish from heaven walking slowly to the edge, all the sacrifices she has to bring tonight, it's driving her insane but still her baby inside sais no one is to blame She's a cryptic sovenir from a place called hell where ornaments have died not been able to decipher the spell there was a heaven inside Deep in hell, there's heaven, deep in heaven there's hell baby can you tell how can we free the cryptic orgasms out of the deeper unknown prisons of heaven, where angels bleed away, where they have to die to become someone's prey Is it God or something else making such a mess on the dinnertable they eat fish and jelly-fish please free the cryptic orgasms from this place Is God a sex-machine ? There's nothing above a sexual tax machine Is God behind orgasmic screens, eating the orgies like fish and jelly-fish ?There's nothing above a sexual tax machine Who's behind the screens ? Who's eating these babies Can I let them win
- 47.Orange orgasm from paradise, just a beautiful woman, full lips, with an orgasmic knife Can we raise these babies in cryptic paradise Baby can't you see, they're taking all the ornaments away from you and me to donate it to a sexual tax-machine We have to agree It's better like this forget about the orange orgy
- 48.Red orgasmic lullaby, I don't know why you're bleeding don't know why you're standing in the row thought you were always the first and the last one, the one who's taking them all in and you're still a brandnew ship in orgic seas full of bottles of the red orgies
- 49.Redbrown orgy bottle of trouble and tragedy taking all the years away, of spirit of death no one will forget ... about what you all did to them You were raising so many snake screens You took life away you always had your prey Now you come

before your Lord to hear the tales unheard

50. Blue orgasmic lullaby filling the sky like a giant jelly-fish from heaven, drinking all our tears away ... from tragic yesterday You're making us understand, what you were all molding in your hand

51. Blue orgasm, king of the screens, you're bringing them all through the years your babies die inside your hand, and no one understands

52. Pink orgy, tongue of lust and life all you show us is strife You're laying down your cards before me like I have to take this dive Yellow orgasm, chocolate orgasm, spouting chocolate deep inside our dreams, your odors are full of tragic lies, but a cryptic paradise Take us inside like the flower's pride You have your ways to burn the screens

Marriage of Prey

53. Can you take my heart away, I don't want to be taken by a Marriage of Prey, These strange religions have so many things to say, While I'm running away, They say I'm a whore,

And they call you a liar, But we will still be together, I'm so full of fear, Don't let them take my baby away.

6 6 6

54. This gamble machine with the christ faces, so many gods and sometimes crosses,

Gamble machine with the gamble babies taking my hearts away,

This marriage is aching me, oh Whore of Babylon, take me away,

Oh Gamble City, got a 6 6 6 on my machine, now everything fell away,

Can I come to Jericho again to rebuild it's walls,

Or can I better push some buttons to let this whole circus fall,

Gamble machine with the christ faces and faces of ducks,

Taking me away to a better game, a better gamble game

Game Over (The la-la bird)

55. In the dark nights, gamble machines all fade away,

I cannot move, cannot run, and nobody can hear,

I'm singing : la la la la la la la la la la la la

And then she comes, she's just a la-la bird,

She lets me escape, through the narrow window,

And then she tells all these secrets and stories to me,

Like I'm in hell, cannot reach for heaven's city,

And I say : la la la la la la la la la la la la

56. And then she moves over me, and I say : baby, you're hurting me,

I take my gun, and then I shoot her around the garden,

But then she only laughs and opens her eyes,

And there I see the gamble machines, I start to cry, I start to scream,
I'm reaching out my hands to her, but then she leaves, and I will burn,
and I sing : la la la la la la la la la la la

57. And then we talk it over, a few days after,
And then she tells new stories in full laughter,
I cannot understand her, her mouth is like the gun,
And then she sais : girl, game is over, let's take a run

58. Our love was not forever,
Now we're digging in the ground,
Deep in the darkness we find our lost baby,
She grew up, but she's foul

59. We will find our ways back to the wilderness,
We cannot fly, we hit the ground,
There's something deeper, crying loud

60. We watch the screen,
The horror we believed in, it has us in it's grip

61. Where the skies will be filled by clouds and high towers,
No one's standing on feet anymore,
Planes only get higher,
To see shocking sights,
There are dolls around the table,
Cannot understand the things I'm telling them

62. Where skies filled by clouds and high towers,
bring the planes higher,
We see sights in the poor world,
A mother crying for her baby,
For it isn't there anymore, because there was no food

63. And we get fatter in Amsterdam,
We float too high to do something,
They call us the nuclear bomb,
We laugh and ask for more,
On the moon we don't see anymore,
The earth is pretty, nothing's wrong,
Eyes are closed,

It's dinnertime already, can you pass me the salt

64. On tv dolls behind the windows,
Let them show up, place enough, but we won't reach out, for it's sunday,

And on Mondays we all have our own jobs,
we can handle a lot,
Here we all get richer, and we bath on Mars,
In champagne, getting blind in golden rain,
breakfast is healthy, eat the brain,
To laugh is to live, and those who die are insane
65. Where skies get filled by clouds and high towers,
A voice is calling, but we are too far away,
Fattened up in our cars, we let the dolls go home

Girl

66. girl, full of lies, she comes to me in disguise,
She has skeletons underwater, in her boots she breeds the thunder,
Cannot argue with this girl, sending big brother for a thrill,
Her sister smokes, she has her style,
She never listens, only to her sister's cry,
It's a family-thing going around the table,
From a girl you never win

67. Showed her the red machine one day,
She never found her way out,
She found her cowboy deep inside,
She feels so safe now, and all I do is float

68. girl, full of lies, she came to me in disguise,
She came to me in her helicopter,
Fell out of it to be my doctor,
She's playing the clown again,
But I'm not her automaton,
Showed her the red machine today,

Game's over now, and she finally feels safe

69. In her boots she breeds the thunder,
Can't bring her home tonight,
She's with me in red delights,
Can't bring her home tonight,
Wait for the morning, sending you her sights

Mysterious Girl

70. Mysterious girl, like a picture in my head,
She's made of liquid feathers and she looks so sad,
Wasn't she a doll I would leave her, wasn't she like a statue I would deceive her,

Mysterious girl in my hand, in my head, it's breaking me inside,
Mysterious girl, I'm inviting you to my world
71. Mysterious girl, made of plastic waters,
Made of tears, of fragile years,
And she still looks so sad,
Was she happy then I would leave her, was she of flesh and blood I would deceive her,
She's a rubberband girl, stretching like the waters, waves get so tall, it walks against my walls,
Come into my world, I'm opening my portal to your world

Red Girl

72. And I was said, I ran to the forest, where a red girl stood,
And I said were you red before, and where is your wolf,
And she said : wolf is gone, please come with me to a place where we belong
Automatically I took her hand, and she made me understand,
So many tales underneath her address,
She lives in number sixtysix, found her toys, was she the one who had done this all,
It was all a big big carnival
73. Underneath your words there is a waterfall of tales unheard,
Underneath your pretty smile, ghosts are dancing there for awhile,
But you never smile, you never smile, it was all my misunderstanding, I don't know why,
You're a sad girl, you're a smart girl, but it was all my misunderstanding,
For you're a wild girl, loving to do the carnival, loving to deceive me
74. There are places I better not come,
With all the time-bombs, not a good one,
Can I trust you, is my question,
Better not taking the risk, but you have already grasped me,
Are you a martian girl, where wolves don't dare to come
75. There are places I better not come, is it your place, is it you,
Maybe I am a wolf myself, and that's why I dare not coming to you,
I would freeze, you would thrill me, you would shatter me, you would eat me,
But I have so many tales to tell, to bring you under the wolf's spell
76. There was a red girl, trying to deceive me, in the playground she decided to hurt me,
I almost fell down, but then I decided, to come to her in disguise,
Let's do the carnival, let's push the buttons of our hearts,
Let's believe the red girls statements, wolf is gone, but his spell is still raging
77. This girl, she told me tales, I was her doll, I was of her age,
But since the mask came off, she remembers me, I am her deadly stuff

Stop

78. There's a time to take your head up, take it in the skies,
There's a time to take a plane and to head for paradise,
There's a time to lose any game you have invented,
There's a time to watch the tv of your neighbour's,
System watches you, moving to your neighbour's neighbours,
All they see is you are getting through

79. There's a time to make your mind up, make it real,
There's a time to steal a fantasy from someone real,
There's a time to play the game you have always looking for,
Even when you didn't find it yet, just play it,
Dolls are on tv, dolls are on tv this summer,
Freezing your whole memory

80. There's a time to stand up and rise,
There's a time to let it play on without you,
There's a time to make it up, before you lose your mind,
Lose your mind, make it all stop

Soldiers of Love

81. They want to get my attention, these soldiers of love,
Making nasty movements, taking all my hope away,
I know it sounds strange, but when they speak it's hurting me,
While soldiers of lust always take me away

82. My baby is staring outside the window, while soldiers of lust are in the air,
Coming from the mountains, having so much to share,
There's passion deep inside her heart, she takes the soldiers in,
They're telling her keep quiet, telling her she'll never win

83. Soldiers of love, soldiers of ancient times telling lies,
But soldiers of lust, they'll never win,
Soldiers of love, full of nasty lies, it never satisfies,
But all these soldiers of lust, always full of compromises,
Always full of trust, the lies will capture them,
While no one understands them,
Soldiers of love, they'll never go away

Soldier

84. From far away he comes,
Fires in his eyes, no one knows his name,
The sacrifice he has to bring,
Is more than he can take,

He lost his family, lost his life,
Only to get a piece of old wine and cake
85. From far away, he walks fast,
To find his love behind walls of glass,
you gave your son away,
To become a bird of prey,
Still you say you are so proud,
In God you trust, you say this loud
86. slaughterhouse, dangerous womb,
You abort your sons, a screen of blood,
To entertain the world, it's like Christ and God,
The sacrifice you brought to save the world

Lie

87. I'm still coming from down under,
Cannot see the skies nor the seas,
Cannot see the smiles you're hiding,
I'm just a ghost locked up in tv
88. Your number I do not know,
I just watch the show,
Coming in every night,
To leave by a small light
89. lie, you believe in love,
But the morning after, the kids are growing up,
Not knowing where to go,
lie, you always see them later,
As a shoulder on which they can cry
90. You took so much away,
You are their only hope,
So now they have to survive,
It's the land of the eternal life
91. In this land we never die,
Even in hell they find us, adding to our cry,

Breaking Out

92. Many went through the gate,
But I couldn't find you
93. I'm wondering where you all,
All these moments last so long,

And the walls of time are too strong

94. One day I will break out,

In search for you , I will find you somewhere in the sky,

Like liquid layers you roll there, and do you know why ?

Because I feel you near, although I cannot hear you,

Cannot touch you, but it's like everything's coming through

95. Speak louder, from behind the curtains,

Give me a sign, a trace, like you did before, I know you,

You would never leave me without a good bootlace,

In search for you, in search for your boots,

Your shores are warm, but now I want to see the icycle so erected,

A colder place where I can leave it all

War-machine

96. It all seems clear to me,

You're a warmachine to me,

Undercover, that's your trick,

So no one believes me, you're making me sick

97. It all seems clear to me,

You pushed the spear into me,

But you covered it up by fairytales,

And now I doubt myself,

You're looking like an angel to me

98. Tales you tell like no one can,

Do you ever sleep, did you kill sandman,

War-machine, machine of angels,

Come closer to me

99. People say you're so friendly to me,

But when they're gone you're killing me

100. You give orphans a home,

to breed them for slaughter,

You give orphans a home,

You're a war-machine undercover

101. And what is this war about,

I do not know,

No one believes me, but I know you're just a show,

You're telling tales to let everything look pretty,

You never sleep, always busy,

To push the spear a bit deeper,
Far away from the surface, while it all becomes prettier,
I know what's happening inside,
It's an addiction, where can we hide
102. Can I make a deal with you,
Taking you away to something unreal,
Nothing matters anymore, it's our point of view letting everything go astray
Can I make a deal with you,
Can I take you out of the real,
Path of compromise is what we want, point of view is turning in our hand,
Can I make a deal with you baby,
Me on high heels, you on the border,
Together we walk out of the land, point of view is changing in our hand

Cocoon

103. And I know, you're so adventurous, dangerous,
And I know, you're reading books to escape from us,
It's better for us, I know it's also strangling you,
I hope it will be all a cocoon

104. These chains are scaring me, I must agree, this love is not forever,

105. Hunterman of passion,
Hanging there like Jesus Christ,
I must say it's a good disguise,
For no one knows it's you this way

106. Through the sound of silence, and the colour of darkness, I always hear your voice, through the wet velvet curtains and fleeces I always feel your emptiness descending into me, embracing me like there was nothing between us, so much to fill, you're gliding through me, searching for my hiding energy. with a bow and strange arrows of emptiness and silence, you try to deceive my guards, to get a hold of me. Like the emptiness you flow, while you descend along the multiple stages of the world of tomorrow, where no one reigns or rules, only some fools are searching through the ages, all what they have left behind, some stones and some strange rods, awakening their own prides. Like a madman gliding from the mountains and the borderlines of view, into the forests there in the midst of heavens, where all dreams come true, I can only say my heart belongs to her. While she's descending along all these layers, she pierces herself in my shadow, where the lakes begin to enter in.

107. Here I sit again, thinking about all what went wrong. I do not understand myself, like something is hiding itself. Come my confused child, let us forget about the morning, it's now

evening, the night is falling, overflowing the afternoon. With a soft embrace you will reach the morningskies, where you can forget about all these yesterday's delights. Grasp the new day, ask for some access. Only a small gate will do, we will slide and our shadows will rest.

Language of the Soul

108. there are rippling layers in you, in the atmosphere above you your soul can hide. It's the language of your spirit shining through, it's the language of your heart, bringing you all these days in blue. Ask a little bit access, our souls will glide, leaving our shadows in the night. Ask a little bit access, we don't need much, only a drip of consciousness big enough to keep the flame of love burning in our heart. A little bit of love is all we need to hold these tears in our arms, to soothe these babies, letting no one tearing them apart.

Lullaby

109. you must fly, fly away, you cannot stay, there's a world ascending in your mind, where your soul can play and hide. fly, you cannot stay, these years float away. You can follow them, and I would love to float together with this day. Bye Bye love, float away, on the month of love you will fly away, will always keep you warm, just keep on moving along this tall embrace. Bye Bye love, run away, to the worlds we cannot find today, yes the morning brings you there by grace, so bye bye my love, don't stay, let your mother buy you some roses today, cannot come this way with you, got some other things to do So bye bye my love, swim away, these seas are longing for you to embrace, well the islands will for sure run away, but you can float away to their hiding place, bye bye, love, float away, these days are almost over, please give them a new way to ...

Strange desirable fight

110. the days are getting stronger, holding me so tight. I am fragile, I am like a thousand times too late. I am fragile, you win in this strange game, cannot survive your strike, cannot stand when you hit me, please do not continue this fight. I am about to escape your tight embrace, cannot fight the morning so I must just die, here and I will fly away, where all my lullabies let my soul escape out of your basket full of roses, of our love, we used to fight, dying deeper into this darker night. I cannot hide when your tear takes me away, it's like the morning of an indian soldier throwing all our games away Silent nights throwing it all away, and then I'm longing for this fight again, just to get a sight, an old friend's delight. Fly again, my underwear is too heavy to translate, fly again, like a stone, a waterfall, I'm sliding down to the beginning of our dream ...

Talking to the Dead

111. Soft mornings, I'm standing to receive my goddess in an embrace of a thousand years ago. I'm watching the dreams where she started to melt away. It's my destiny to stand on my own again, like the hermit, like the penetrator of the soul, looking for the flow inside, drawing me to the pool, where your love unfolds. I stopped dreaming since that day, looking for a silent place, Can't you hear my soul, silence is my soul, can't you see my spirit, dark is my spirit, to develop price for virginity in a lake as cold as ice, where you died so long ago. It's the chemistry burning away the old days by a fire we cannot control.

Exit of Hell

112. These roads we must not find, they're leaving our souls behind, just want to die in your love, to hold the pencil of the dead, escaping all these wonderful roads leading to hell instead. These words, I try to explain, these words, but roses must take the other way, no, don't walk, just take the train, for hell's swallowing all these walkers searching for an explanation in vain. Sympathy, I'm catching the words in the skies of destiny, was a grasp just in front of my eyes, while I will not speak, this secret is torturing my mind, while you, you bow down on your knees to get a glimpse of me. Baby it's in your destiny, to find a breath in me, while the colder day takes you away, you must not miss your train. Why all these explanations while our souls can bathe in extasy. Come with me, take me away, oh child, escape with me, let's die again in destiny.

Lullaby of the Dead

113. Oh, sweet death like lullabies, mother is speaking to me, like lullabies and riddles, she's coming over me ... with a rythm like her wings grasping away my jealousy, she needs a good umbrella, sweet, when she's dying again in silent mystery. Mom, come on, I'm ... Why did this rose die, so young, so pretty, she slided through the houses of unbelief No one knows why she died this baby, crying on her grave, roses growing in her tight embrace, she still speaks to me Why can't you wait for something she tells, the day after it's there on the floor behind the door just a grasp away ... touch her mystery her day, her smile, not that she needs you, it's just her Son, tell me, in silent speech there is no other mother to hold your grief ... Son, baby, this love between you and me, like a fragile bridge between life and death, holding so many dreams of you and me Son, I believe, I must take this grief, and continue on my road to heaven, cannot die here, lovers will find me ... Lullaby of death, lullaby of grief, lullaby of sweet destiny, turn me over, rainbows like my lover's letter, rainbows like my soulrose matter, burning the hell out of me ... burning like the fruit, so many fleeces of loves ejaculating in strange reflecting and bending views.

Sensitive

114. Can't believe the mystery you have sent today to me, or was it just a present from so many years ago, trousers from the flower and the rose. Caught the lights, these purple blue delights from a million years ago, the message was sensitive, like snares shivering in the eternal snow. Saw the fruit, the missing baby, saw her hiding her tears and heart, but the rose could open her stores, her broken heart still broken apart, this boy doesn't have a heart. Sensitive, the air full of sounds born from all these silent years, born from all these missing babies, I'm waiting till they disappear.

Trembling

115. Where do you go, you're trembling, stepping on the traces of the ladder of my mind, with your bow and arrows you need to make some things clear, but I'm not ready for this, so please walk away. Maybe you can return when summer falls, like in a dream you can watch a glimpse of me, there, at the lake, where I always bathe with so many flowers, soft will be your tender embrace. Go away, you hard man, no worries, for I'll feed your wife and children, will even feed your enemy. There are dreams which won't come true, my darling, these are the dreams between me and you, cannot explain how you hurted me when you said you won't be here tonight, so special were these lights, but now they have faded away. Into my arms you will glide for another dream, into my lights you will unfold your needs. But I will go the other way, my dear, for some sweet roses are near. You have loved your family like hell and heaven, you have loved the circle of your friends, like ... it was your only destiny, but now, look further, down on your knees, this little rose, blooming towards your dream. Cannot say I have you in my heart, for I won't lie, you're only in my mind, playing with so many buttons of me, but I'm late, I will leave you to your destiny, with all these roses, oh sure I love you, but you have left when the lights were falling, had to care about these babies on my own, so now it's over, our dream is gone, but please try it later when my heart's not frozen anymore, when you have your own babies running in you ...

Hard Judges

116. It doesn't mean anything to me, cannot explain what you are up to, descending in me, I'm not interested at all, my doors were wide open, but you dived through all my windows, you broke them without leaving a spot, is this my destiny to watch this movie, you're roaring underground, searching for my roots, cutting away my smile, I'm dying underneath your desperate trial. Can I breath, your judges are hard to me.

Temperament ; Black Lady

117. Like the rythm of a long lost dream, you're penetrating soft and wide the illusions of my mind. Descending along the layers of the mountains of my inner sounds, they're melting under harmony and virtuous temperamant, black lady.

Day of Grief

118. in all it's energy, hunting after my dreams to see me, gliding like the rose of a thousand destinies, all swelling in this day of grief.

Floating Back to You

119. I'm happy, your tongues speak a thousand tales, while I can't hear them, I'm only following. I'm happy, like the embrace forgetting about all what you did to me, like the rose's bitterness I see you, my eyes have fallen down, I breath through you, this is past, these days are over, I'm now floating back to you.

My own tears

120. It's an adventure no one understands, these dreams are all in my hand, cannot follow all their instructions, cannot follow all these tears, it's tearing us apart, first I need to be stronger, but now I won't do anything, just let me lie down in nothing, just let me have my own tears.

Run Away

121. glowing in the seas of heaven following you, I see you are afraid, trembling in the destinies of a week ago, but now, my dear dear prince it's time to flow ... away to the glowing in the sea, I've seen it, I just hope it will not run away ... Once upon a time, a rose was dying within my sight, she climbed the ladders of my fragile mind, couldn't help her, couldn't touch her. My love is for everyone, that's why I'm dying together with the one who's coming near. Why do these tears always run away, showing me the treasures of their seas.

Lies

122. When yesterday struck, all these dreams were in fire, while the smoke hid me. Can't you see the windows she has put between you and me, girl you're lost in fire, but that doesn't mean that I would strike this dream. She was always like a mother, soft, her nipples overflowing of the wildest dream making us free, out of the order between you and me.

Mother's All-denying

123. blanket coming over me, this clothe, but I want to escape, falling on my knees. You crowned me, for I was your son, but would I be a beggar you would make me the one you would love all your life as a wife would do. I'm your son, you never granted me any of your delights, but this beggar gets all your pride, you move over him, showing him all your pearls of poverty, all the sweetness of your dreams, your tears, your pains, and then you agree, he pays you sixty dollars, he pays he gives his heart, and now he is one of yours, still the devil's prostitute, still a devil's lovers tale ... And I'm still your son, covered by a trauma, cannot touch her, cannot watch her, she's always hiding like mother's all-denying.

Idiocy

124. hell has struck me, She wants me, Tantalos, I could never break the screen, still yelling, still angry, it hurts my brain. One day I will break through the screen, hell has struck me again, and all you can do is yell. and I'm getting so tired of it, don't want to play in this disaster. Please let me dream again, take me again. This nightmare, a horror in my mind, eating away these skies. Tomorrow never comes, I will ride this horse today. I'm frozen again, in a hall full of horses, bending their heads, it's time for them to pray, for a sinner comes their way. All these laws of books I have broken. She won't be my mother anymore, I'm now an orphan, a foundling in a rose, a beggar in a rose's dream. I'm frozen again, She has struck me and yells again, but I'm so far away, can't understand her language when she prays, her lips go faster than my mind, am I a prisoner again, or am I just descending in a new delight. Fires break through again, me behind the windows, breaking all these dreams again, and fruits are lying before me, like delights, like the black spells, it's coming over me. I have to leave now, no time for all this idiocy.

125. Foul Indian, descending along the layers of my mind, a rippling tragedy, expecting me to hide. Alarms are following me, to bring me down on my knees. For I need to pray, I need to go my own way, for this devil needs a chance to get to heaven. I don't care about what you said to me, don't care about your dreams. You're fighting against each other, all over me. Am I a good piece of prey for your heavens, where these devils get their ways in these heavens. And yes, I needed to burn in your hells. Foul Indian Rose, descending along the curtains of my mind, wanting to penetrate my conscience once again. Foul Indian, expecting me to bow down on my knees, to say your prayers again. Foul Indian, give me a chance to escape. I'm bowing down in misery, cannot lose my poverty.

Realms of the Martian Smiles

126. war, was descending to me, like the killer's tragedy, silent sounds on his bow he penetrated my destiny, like the shadows on the wall, like the smoke in it's fall, curtains rising up again, before the windows I was in. Wolves were howling, while I was safe behind my windows with her milk flowing, like the flashes of new mornings, her nipples were rising erected, penetrating my soul in so many reflections, get him away from the wolves. Now the fragile mornings raise their bows again, pure separated colours, seven in a crown, they descend, a perfect mark for travelers in these realms of the Martian Smiles.

127. these mysteries in which my soul finds a way to hide, the language of her smile, so full of tears her lips are swelling after the cruel night.

128. On a cold day morning, all the feathers were rising, leaving all these orphans erected in pain, waiting for the strike which lets them quiver in the nights, so many mountains still between us, evergrowing in size, until the surveys share some light. On a cold day morning, I was hiding all my fears, stepping forward in illusive courage, like I was your knight, my dear, like a fragile rose, trembling inside, while the butterflies of my dreams were leaving me side by side, while in emptiness I watched, and suddenly a flash was in my head, melting all the metal of my screens away, I was drinking from the pale, a black fading lullaby, a sandcastle's scream, an ornament of pride now so humiliated deep inside. Fruits of the mornings were swelling, waiting for my lover's bite, but I could only run away and hide, to watch the story behind. I was devastated, intimately horrified, ripped in many pieces, side by side, watching my dying pride. I didn't want to mention it, so I sent myriads and myriads of papers about what happened in the world today, not wanting them having attention for me as prey. Forgive me for these pictures of this rose's dream, a strange strange fruit, of growing destiny, like the fluids of a rose tree finding yesterday's exit.

Nowhere to Run

129. as you glide down into the fragile layers of my soul, I can only run and hide, not ready for this kind of show, this delight. I'm still young, not ready to be a slave like that in these tournaments of fun. I am a child of hell, a child of prayer, but I have nowhere to run.

130. Softly he is bowing his head, he has no friends, for no one understands. He's on his own, the tears leave when he cries. No one wants to be his home, and I'm standing there, watching from the mountain of my pride. Come with me, have pride when you're with me, there is nothing to hide, my flames will find you. Come with me, I have seen your tears, I am your Jesus of the Rose, crucified in your fears. he stood erect, watching my ... Jesusian Pride with strange delight, no one wants to be with him, in fear that he devours them. Come with me, have some pride, I will give you all you need. Come with me, this Jesus of the Rose has interest in you, fly away with me. As he showed his back I didn't see any wings, but he could fly like the melody, a tingling dream. Can I help you, dear sir, you have grown so tall, can I help you in, this lover's tale will bring you all you need.

131. watch the wild coming over you, stigmatizing your lover's bite. Scars and trauma's, play with

me, come outside your dens, and throw it all over me, Rivers of Hell, Suns of Heaven, come over me, I am the kettle of your dreams. Strange invocations, challenge the gods to fight, their titles are a rose's destiny. Their marks to doubt, go, wrestle with them, go to Pniel's Rose Paradise. These arena's are good for your soul to grow to develop your lovebite to develop your rose's strike.

132. I'm a mother's lover, a destiny's wind, a Jesusian Scream, I can bring you where I want on my soft roses shadows. I'm the Bragger of Paradise, I'm the Lucifer of all your delights, I'm of misty sands, in the midst of all your dreams you find the icecream's lovers-temple, a mirror's sentimental pride, so sensitive and sensual, but always running away to find the pearls of new shores to enter in. You can never win, for I'm the Rose's Striker, invent me to your parties, invent me to your feasts, I'll make your birthday disappear in fears, so run and hide. Challenge me in a strange Invocation, go to Pniel's Rose Paradise, I bet you have fears to enter the ring, but you'll see it's for your delight. Come ascend with me, I am the Rose's Striker, I am a silly dream, but also one of grief. Do you want to swim with me in these rivers of tears, leading to the seas. Which fishes can you expect there, they found the treasures in their nightmares, they have changed throughout all these years. Enter with me a new dream, in Pniel's Rose Paradise. Wrestle with these gods and devils, throw the dice. Let us walk the puzzle, the playboard, we are living pawns of paradise. Let us play the games, to search for rose's light, it is the language of her soul, the sensuality of her mind, she cannot reach our shores, she just runs and hides, inventing all these games to have some room to speak, to have a chance to release her fears, the rose's tournaments, make all the views bend, rippling like the shattered switchboard-screens as the receptor of the rose's lights.

The Rose's Advice

133. As lights descend in hesitation, slowing down in every trace, like the rose's heart pulsating, it's reaching for the night, where the mothers of yesterday wait for the trains to pick them up again, they didn't lose their sensuality, but it's now under a spell. They cannot move this day, they stand frozen in the stations of the rose. Father is like liquid licorice, but he's a sailor, he never reaches their shores. It's such an automatic soft button, sliding away when you try to push it, like Tantalos idea, still the Torturer of so many minds. As the rose is unfolding in my soul, far away in the night, she's speaking in myriads of languages, her words are shattered, her lights are born in tranquilizing delights. It doesn't matter anymore, it's the way you view a card. You can turn it around to view from different sights, to find the rose's lights. In purple and pink they descend, showing their unique combinations, descending into darkness, ready for another night. You have to learn to stand on your own, my child, you are your own dream, you don't need to be in another ones dream, for you weren't designed for slavery, for manipulating mirrors cutting away your smile.

Stigmata of Lovers

134. like an ejaculation overnight in paradise, no one can hunt for this price. It's something within dreams, something within the waters between these curtains and these fleeces, No experience will guide you there, but the nothingness will lead you higher, penetrating my flesh, for the temple, a sacrifice, stigmatizing.

135. No one can wash this heart of mine, it's too far gone, it's foul like purple flowers along dirty rivers. Jesus was our all-dying heart, pierced by religion and politics.

Words

136. Hail the soldiers. Worship is but an excuse, a demand of the one who has captured us. all these prisoners, who is going to set them free. Hail the soldiers, when She pierced Jesus with all her legknives and her red arrows. Worship is but an excuse, worship is but an escape, let god just rise once again, to share his prayer, to a god they don't believe in. These words will never fail, like the arrows of Her desire hunting for some prey. Worship is just an escape.

Creator Lies

137. The priest is rising towards all the cannibals of my mind. He speaks his spells, and asks me to

believe in him. But all these strange movements are just a broken shell. I need someone to pour some wine inside of me. When will I escape all these religions, these pathways to hell, like my father's broken spell. When will I escape these desires of kings and slaves, but who is guarding who that is the question. Creation is an illusion. The creation created the creator, to make their own development safe, they're just distracting our minds. These religions are strange walls they created behind which they are safe in having their own identities, these butterflies, developing themselves by creator lies. I'm an atheist caught by the gods of the roses. They created them in which they could develop their smiles. I was distracted and still I am, for these love spells are eating my mind. Who created who that is the question. Soldiers take your weapons, don't fight creators anymore, but the creations of your mind. Bend the views by rose's lights, to open the seals and portals, to free the rose's lights. These gods are just an excuse. I'm trapped in a web of lies, born from rose's lights, and they're hiding behind you. Who are you ? The roses stang me without mercy, storing into me all their lies, all their sweet sweet roses bringing me into ejaculations of pride. On equilibrium they have built me, on equinox and eclipse, but still I'm asking myself if creators don't exist, I created my creator, all these roses with their lies, behind which I could develop my smile. But this smile is one of tears and trauma, descending through the lakelayers. These smiles are just lights from roses, offering me some pride. How many layers of illusive creations, where does it end, where does it go.

Agony ; Wild dance

138. Can you hear my breath in this wild dance of life. Can you descend into the world of my feelings, to understand me. Can you reach into this heart of mine, telling all these stories, can you hear the story behind it all, it's like a flower pitfall, drawing you deeper inside, into these strange delights, into the nightmare of your soul, where you get born again after the fall. To rise up you first have to fall, to gain light you first need to gain the darkness. Into the darkness of your soul, where the indian howls, so many destinies and riddles undercover, flowing into your conscious layers of destiny. Behold the unconscious world, where your spirit is free to translate, but it's unheard. I'm gathering all your shatters as you penetrate deeper into me, into my shadows, where my grief is still alive. I can be cruel, I don't know why, but I always find myself deeper in the pit of your denial. It's all a denial to me, the way you act, the way you move. Can't you come with me, to watch the story behind this show. Can you still hear the sounds in the distance, as I draw you deeper into the darkness of my soul. You try to call it evil, by your strange sentimental denial, but in the dephts I will break it all. You have called for me, oh soldier, these fireseas you cannot hide, it will overflow, like the sun of the flowerfields, this rose's denial. Watch this show and come alive. I show you the art you've never seen, the art of suffering. I show you the lights you've never seen, by the tentacles of your dream, I raise them up like never before, I draw them to my shores, as I descend into the layers of your seas, your fleeces come over me. These rose's light will pierce you in the fight. The foam of new tomorrows will rise. I am unfolding in your mirrors and sands, like the fishes of your destinies.

139. Do you still call me an evil creature, oh Evil One. Bow before me, I'm the One you do not understand. I'm shifting the layers and stripes of your memory, an invocation, to the rose who was purple but now it's green, in ornamental scene. All these views, like the fishes of your unconsciousness, they're breaking through, you smell the plants of new delights. As I gain my place inside your fearful heart, as I dominate the essence of your other parts. You try to strengle me in mighty caves of the wild. You try to break me in your tight desire. I am laughing at you. I am laughing at you. Behold the night will come to break a piece away from you. Behold the night will raise it's fist against you, oh Evil One, Evil Soul, oh Evil One, I do not understand. Was this misunderstanding the plan ? After this denial I put my fist in you. As I gained the love of the harvest of your soul brandnew. Your lights are breaking in my sight, I see your ornamental pride of the love you once knew. As I come closer to your night, I discover your ornament of light, oh Evil One, you are not the Evil One, oh Evil One, not the Evil One. You're the Deeper One, oh Evil One, Deeper One, not the Evil One. As I raise my lights to open your deeper caves, I watch the slime of snakes you stole from their dens. It's ejaculating in my mind, like the blossom of Hell. There I go

again.

The Pope's Marionet

140. Jesus Christ, Son of the Pope, Fire of all the Ages, Jesus Christ, rise to your goal, make your father, the pope, being whole. Jesus Christ, a martyrs paranoia, a martyr in delay, coming to devour you, coming to translate, this message of so long ago, everyone seems to know his name.

141. Jesus Christ, the Pope's Marionet, call him Christ or Satan, that's just the rule of our chessboard today, tomorrow we play the Martian Game.

142. Jesus Christ, Spell, Son of a martyr, martyr's cry, it never ends, will you ever understand, these sight of deserts will bend, showing the oasis in this dream. High above us, Bikerman is biking, his wheels are spinning like hell, he comes to take some prisoners out of their shell. Oh, how we worship you, bikerman, how we watch the days you form in your hands, take us away, our friend, our little friend, don't tease us today. Jesus Christ our sentiment, come along with us, to show you some real pride. Let us escape out of our graves, oh bikerman, the lights of roses are in my hands to make a marionet of you. I am the Tamer of Gods, I am the Tamer of Devils, they're eating out of my hand, I make them understand. I am the boss of all these chessboards, tomorrow we do the Martian Spell.

Her Daughters

143. colours, stripes, like liquid lights, shivering, shattering into myriads and myriads, in the worlds above, waiting for the spear to pierce through the fleece keeping these two layers separated. The spear is weeping, she's crying alone in her bed, like a prayer, descending into me, It doesn't breath, it's standing there, frozen. In this mysterious sea, where She hides Her daughters. But the spear is leading me to them. She's standing there with her bow, charged by silent arrows of preprogrammed ejaculations. Then she pierces me by her spear, telling me the year is over, and I do agree. My feelings want to overflow, but she has closed the door, she takes me with her, by her spear, like ejaculations hesitating in my head, searching for prey, she takes my soul from me.

144. Through her undercave I'm reaching for her shore, where the blossom of hell grows, foul like the indian spell, I can smell, your dirty eyes tell. I reach the bridge, these coming feelings roaring in the seas, and suddenly I stop for I can't have her babies. I turn around to watch her smile, she's sitting on her knees. Then she binds my hands, and shows me she's a killer. After all these nightmares I still can't be myself. Throughout the underworld she reigns.

145. Don't you realize you have to fly, or you will be a pawn again the other day. we watched the skies, where our babies died. We could not save them, for we were just pawns, but deep inside your memory you remember where these fruits flow from. I feel like a pawn today, but I will try it tonight. cannot break the chain, cannot reach the shore. Drowning in these sentiments of a primeval lake. Someone brought me a fruit, this fruit, it was penetrating my mind, descending into my pride. I thought I felt like a pawn, but now I feel like coiling inside, rising up to die, the flowercutter's head, he's afraid and now I'm dead. But my soul finds the thread leading me deeper into death, not seeking for revenge to bite the flowercutter's head, I just follow all these lights deep inside, guiding me to darker places, guiding me to the ghostship of all these lost ages. Don't need a future, I only need to die to travel back again, where I came from, with the lights I have found, to save this child. I let her drink from the waters flowing. I cannot hear her voice, but I'll make her understand. I'm giving her from the fruits.

146. Like lightening she stood before me, the tall light, penetrating so many hearts, like the tear, these lights broken apart. Come with me, do you agree, to enter these worlds, soothing thunder, while cold ejaculations guide the ghostship.

147. I was trembling on my knees, begging her to save my life, as she stood there holding her knife against my throat. It was a nightmare, her mouth was like the threatening kiss, descending to pierce my soul, to steal my bliss. Am I in heaven or in hell, or is this just a shell, like the strange roaring

cocoon vibrating like a spell. Her dark embrace, telling me I had died into her caves she drew me, while I couldn't hide.

148. A part of me is saying it is all a lie, while another part of me says it's all real. I couldn't breath, I lost your embrace, until the hard man struck me, I was dead for many ages, can't you see, where can I run to, to who can I go to tell what I need. My senses are all broken, I do not understand. In these seas of misunderstanding I wander for so long, I understand that only weakness opens the eye. By strength we only see illusions, and I don't know why, will you help me to believe in you.

149. to primeval drums and insanity, to find the broken lights of destiny. they surround me, spinning like the delights, where all the dolls come alive, to die again in strange fights.

150. The silences are on my bow, I can shoot to open their barrels, where their fluids of extasy hide. These sounds are only breaths, taking me away, swelling up until they break away, descending tenderly in my emotional vibrations to bring my conscience in delights. I have lived behind these bars for so long, I want to find the caves, the deeper caves, bringing me closer to your heart, All I can do is hide away following all my tears, these threads get stronger everyday, until they are a new cave to live in.

151. I'm locked up in this prison. I'm locked up in this embrace, but still lights are descending here, while they don't belong here. All these ages I'm locked up, in this cage with a strange clock, the fragile layers of my mind and my pride found the broken lights today. My lights are rising up, for She found my cave, she is staring through the windows while my memory breaks ... sucked away into a danger worse than this prayer.

152. prayers are coming over me, prayers floating away, for other gods come here to pray to their gods, all these ladders of the mystery, it brings me on my knees, but I will rise again, my spirit slides deeper to ornamental destiny.

Shelter in You

153. always after all the travels I have to make I always have a shelter in you Shelter in you, place of the softest feathers, when you speak peace breaks through, imprisoning my mind again, I cannot think and calmness flows through me Shelter in you, place of the softest feathers.

154. Your boots are soft like feathers, your eyes are brown, they're telling me, all the things I need to know You're taking me away to my childhood where you heal me ... My eyes are watering, you stand there, like a wall to protect me, like a wall of feathers to keep me soft, and the days you take like a bracelet you're standing there in the dungeons and the valleys of my childhood to break all the chains to quench all the flames of hate You open the doors of my cages for me, you lead me out of my caves into the fresh air filled with licorice You lead me out, I can run through many forests, I am free, and alive and you are standing behind me With a candle in your hand, you lead me out, and cover me by your blanket in my bed You're holding my hand You're making me at peace Until I fall asleep my head on your lap my head on your shoulder I'm weak and I dream

155. As I was swimming towards the mysterious and tranquilizing shore of soft misty flickering and shifting sights I thought I was losing my consciousness because I was so tired. I was almost there, but now I started to lose it. But from my insides a strange strong and concentrated consciousness started to ripple along my spine, giving me the feeling I would survive. Devasted I came to the sands of this mysterious shore. It was like an island, and soft shimmering lights were embracing me.

156. I was in a strange shell, an island in this horrible sea of terror, but more and more I found out it was a fish. It had saved me. Where would it bring me ? I saw the intestines of the fish like layers in the sky, very wet, and their rays penetrated my heart by which a wet strong energy flew up like a well in me. Did I feel this before ? As I was sliding away into my memory I could breath for the first time in my life, and I could mold the memories in my hands like it was wet clay. I had the strange feeling I had been here before, but maybe it was only a small part of my spirit touching this

ground before ... I didn't know ... As I was crumbling forwards I realized I was bleeding a bit. Suddenly I saw a dead fish before me. The fish was ripped open, and I could see it's bones. A strange feeling was gliding into me, like I was that fish. It was like lightening struck me.

157. My bones started to tingle in a strange vibration. As I was gliding forwards I realized the the inner realms of the fish who had saved me were slimy. It was a sort of delicious freedom coming from it, for the slime was cold and like anti-magnetic. I always felt I was living in a sea of glue, stuck to everything, while I couldn't move. But this was something else.

158. And I came into a cave where strange skeletons were. They were called the thrillers, and they were strange saviours. A woman was playing the piano, but it was like she was just playing my heart, and I felt strange tingling in my nipples. I had to swallow a few times, as she stood up, and came to me like a watering statue. She was like the thriller having so many other thrillers on her bow. She shot me in the arm. I took the arrow out of my arm ... It was a red arrow. When I watched her closer I saw she was very lionian. It was very strange. Behind her, there was a door, as she was playing the piano again. My wound started bleeding while I ran outside. I came in a huge desert. A leopard stood next to the door, and told me he could bring me across this desert. I said okay. It was a long long trip, like it would never end. In the distance I saw a sort of ghostcastle or even palace, glimmering in the bright hot sun. It was striking me like lightening, but the sight was also misty, watering and shifting. Did I again lose my consciousness so that this fish would swallow me ? The castle was made of fishbones as we came closer. The leopard was still by my side as I had stepped from it's back. As I moved towards the ghostcastle strange things were happening to me. It was like nights and dawns were rippling here like strange smells, and it was like the deeper I lost consciousness, the higher I could rise in it, giving me such brilliant sights. I could go down the stairs which was like a large intestine of a giant snake. Where was I ?

159. Inside there was a cave in which a lot of skeletons stood. Again, they were called the thrillers, strange saviours. In the midst of them a ghostwoman and a ghostman were making love, while butterflies were rising from them. It was like they gave birth to something. Behind them there was a door, and shimmering light came through it. Together with the leopard I went to the door, but suddenly the woman stood up, took her bow and shot another arrow in my arm, and then one in my forehead. I took the arrows out, one was blue and the other was pink. I started bleeding again, while we ran through the door. Some of the thriller-skeletons started to roar. They were like wild cats and strange wild fishes. The leopard knew the road here a bit, and sometimes he said : This way. After a while we didn't hear any skeleton anymore. We were deep in the ghostcastle now. There was a lightening ball appearing before us, with striking rays and lines blocking our ways. The leopard bit into the ball and the ball broke, while it's lights were fading away. 'Damned,' the ball said. And then again he said : 'Damned'. I stepped on the leopards back again, for I got scared. The leopard started to run like never before. We were looking for the exit. But that had to be at the end of this castle. There would be a new desert. After awhile we found the exit and a new fresh desert was staring at us. In the distance we heard the ball still screaming : Damned.

160. The leopard started to run again. I was still sitting on his back holding him tight. He was like a warm friend to me. Again the same sort lightening balls as in the castle started to appear before us, forming webs and nets to block us. The leopard started to bite them like he did with the previous one, and while they broke and while they lost their lights they said : 'Damned' all the time. I was getting sick of it, but at the same time it was a delicious feeling of being released. The leopard was very skilled in this, like he did it before. I was holding him tight, for sometimes he had to jump high. After awhile we came into a cave underneath the desert, where pillars of lionbones were holding the ceilings up. There was a lake there, and also a small boat. As we sat in the boat the leopard said : 'Do not touch these bone-pillars, for they are implodes. When you touch them they explode, destroy and devour you, and then they're recovering themselves.' After awhile when we reached the other side of the lake we saw there strange toadstools growing. Again we couldn't touch these as they were implodes. We saw a monkey playing with a sort of heart. The leopard told me how foolish this monkey was, for it was a time-implode. After you touched it it would only be a

matter of time and then it would explode. As we moved further it didn't take too long or we heard a scream. The heart had been exploded.

161. Was there a way to become immune to these implodes ? Or did we have to be paranoid like this all our lives ? When we got deeper into the spheres behind the lake, also the leopard started to become more careful than ever. He said that were we had come now, there were implodes not only destroying our bodies, but also our inner realms. If that would happen, then a thrillerghost would get born inside. A strange ball was moving before us, it was misty, shimmering and went from one side to the other. The leopard said that it was such an implode. It was too dangerous to bite it, even for him. So we crept under it, moving forward very slowly. We had to hold in our breaths, for the leopard told that there could also be implodes reacting to breath.

162. Suddenly I found myself behind a thriller-skeleton on a motor. There was strange gas or strange oil on which it was running. It was moving towards an enormous city. Short after the skeleton stepped off from the bike, and had to take some drink in a petrol-station. He also gave a sort of bottle to me. There was this reddish juice in it, and as I started to drink I felt energy flowing through me, very fresh and strong. When we were driving through a gate, there was a lot of police, all skeletons. He stopped somewhere close to a tall house, and took his bow and aimed at a certain window. From the bow a white red arrow chased through the open window and there was an explosion. I saw a red rope hanging, while the skeleton took it in his hands and started to climb upwards. 'Follow me,' he whispered, which I did. It was already night in the city. I heard the sirens of policecars in the distance while I was climbing higher and higher. When I almost reached the window, the skeleton took my arm and pulled me through it.

163. When we were inside the house, there was also a sort of piano. The skeleton went to it, and started to play. It was a strange song : 'Oh, when you're willing to deceive me, give me some time to slide away. I guess you'll never see it, got to raise these mothers on their way.' A Woman entered in, she was like a crocodile, so dreadful. She had a bow, with so many arrows in her quiver. She took one of the arrows and I got shot. Then the woman was running away. The skeleton took the arrow out of me. It didn't bleed as much as I had expected, but as the blood came out it was green. The skeleton showed me a tall hall of stairways. We had to move on upwards. At the top there was a door. Someone opened it, another woman. The skeleton pushed her aside and walked in, while I was following. He went through the refrigerator and opened it. Inside there were a lot of bottles, and he started to drink, giving me also some bottles. It was strange juice, very strong, almost sweet, but it was more that of a strange delicious and delightful blend. It smelled delicious, but it didn't bring extasy, but it had more a neutralizing effect, not calming, but neither addictive. It was like it was giving enough, every swallow, every sensation of taste and smell. There was another strange piano here, and again the skeleton started to play it, again this strange song : 'Oh, when you're willing to deceive me, give me some time to slide away, I guess you'll never see it, got to raise these mothers on their way. And again a Woman like a crocodile entered in, and shot me. Blue blood was coming out of me. The skeleton didn't say anything. The woman had already been gone.

164. The skeleton took me to a stairway leading to a sort of gigantic attic, where dolls stood against the walls. Some were in boxes, and they all looked like they had to be sold. The skeleton said that these were the erotic thrillers. Suddenly some of these marionets started to move, taking their bows and shot me. Many arrows, very thin, had pierced my arm. I tried to run away, but I couldn't. It was like I couldn't think anymore. Then they took me away. The skeleton got mad, and tried to help me, but they threw him to the stairway and then they threw him off of it. I was helpless, and it was like strange poison was running through me. They took me to a room, and started to yell at me.

165. Long long ago the bluefoot-waspian were in war against the whitenipple-waspian. Both races were from the blue blooded empire. This war penetrated deep into the heart of the empire, and the emperor thought that he could only stop the war by letting a few members of the bluefoot-waspian fall in love with a few members of the whitenipple-waspian. The emperor succeeded in his plans, and from the relationships a new race had been born. They were called the erotic thrillers. But there

were a lot more fights between the different races of the blue blooded waspian empire, and also between the different blue blooded waspian empires.

166. A priest stopped reading. He tried to make clear to the members of his church that divinity was in the hands of the blue blooded waspians, but since a certain race of spiderians got the overhand it all changed. Since then they had to deal with a certain spiderian god called 'God', and his followers were called 'church'. The priest told his members that he came to earth to lead them back to the blue blooded waspian bloodlines. He said he had the knife to cut the bloodline of the present sort of spiderian bloodline. His members watched him with big eyes.

The Book of the Willow

167. On high horses I ride She has ensnared him He has misunderstood her it will pierce your heart, these seas will all be of blood and tears, When the waves will come, believe in poetry, don't be so positive, my friend And these softer rythms were like the jungle rain, like Noah's Arc, My trousers are wet

168. the spear It has killed king David, it has killed king Saul, but it was just a misunderstanding in the temple of Solomon, mines of Solomon full of treasures, like the thief it comes, but it was just something between me and you

169. It's standing tall in the temple, She has a spear in her hand, king David has fallen, where Goliath rose they fell these were all kings of the jungle like monkeys they stare How can we misunderstand them more ?

170. Oh doll, I found you in Salomon's temple, threehundred spears opened the garden again, and we could flee together to beaches and sand close your eyes, and jump, for cruise is coming through Threehundred spears opened the jungle again Threehundred spears are coming through through the underworld it picks you up It's the survey of paradise trousers on beds, Threehundred spears to open a gate, A gate between me and you, Threehundred spears through Solomon's doors Now what is stronger, religion or poetry ? At the end of the night you can send all your soldiers home, all your prophets and priests for the poet gets his crown threehundred spears through his head but these are only words, and I do not believe in words, I believe in threehundred spears through the head ... then all is done and said

Warfeathers and Bloody Indians

171. *They have built their worlds by words meaning nothing They have given it feeling and sentiment, they have raised their laws, but it doesn't mean anything, for all creators are fake everything is artificial, so give me a break*

172. I saw the soles today, and I saw the hunters running, running after helpless prey I saw the hunters running to the small house, and in disguise they went in, in the bathroom they sat down They are children of the rain, they are orphans of all these suns going down

173. I watched the soles of your boots today, and I saw these running kids come out of the trees, it's late And I saw myself running there, They were all running, running home

174. And I saw them making war, like indian wars, like the ivory towers of the song of songs, a war-tv a warsong of orphans

175. And I saw your lips, it was a pretty picture, so many hunters, many soldiers sliding down.

176. all these doors lead to hell deep into the ravine, I saw the soles today, all these orphans running

177. she's dirty, she's like mother So many screams in your head, Don't get to close, it can be like your mother open doors in brannan, they all lead to hell, there's orphan's soap on the skin, sliding down, washing your mind away

178. Down to orphan's road a pillar stands, And then it comes like the wave, there is nothing we can

do

179. Down to orphan's road, down to the space They are cruel now, bitten by the fly They have reached the eternal fields in the sky, sitting before a fly tv, change your smile for a good weapon and die So many ways to die in this land, all doors here lead to hell.

180. Waking you up to the forests of flowers, wild flowers all these doors lead to the ravine

5.

Inua

1. She climbed through a window of the palace, took her bow from behind her back, then an arrow and shot the prince. Then she took his jaguarcoat, and ran through the corridor into another room where the princess was bathing. Another arrow was enough to kill the princess and to make the bath bloodred. Snakes were soon sliding into the bath to eat from their mistress' body. Inua then walked through further tunnels and gracious halls of the palace, along the portals high on the walls, and she ran. She found a red rope hanging, and swung to the other side of the palace. A black hooded warrior stood before her all of a sudden with a sword shining in the sun. It almost blinded her eyes. She could stoop just in time and pushed a knife in his leg. Then she pushed him from the wall. Another black hooded warrior came, and a red one. But she took another rope and swung to the next part of the palace. Then she ran upstairs. Here the queen and the king lived. They were just drinking from their golden cups. She used two arrows in one shot, and killed them at the same time. Then she ran to the entry of a tall tower. She knew a sorcerer lived there, holding the hearts of those who lived in the land. He had poisoned them by his medicin. Quickly the warlock spoke his spell. He had a red garment with a large cape. Inua fell to the ground, like she was struck by a strong drink. The warlock took his sword from the wall and wanted to kill her.
2. 'Demibrazi,' a voice said, 'don't do that.' A man with a harpoon stood in the windowgate, shoot through the wire holding the lamp, while the lamp fell on the warlock. 'Are you okay, Inua ?' the man asked. But Inua didn't answer. He took her on his back and brought her to his home. After awhile she woke up.
3. 'That was pretty dumb what you were doing there,' the man said. 'The warlock could kill you.'
4. 'I'm not scared of him, if I would die, it would be so, but I had to do it,' Inua said.
5. 'You are a brave woman,' the man said.
6. In the night Inua returned to the palace, and this time she could kill the wizard. She entered through a portal where a strange elevator stood. Suddenly the man stood before her holding her arm down. She wanted to push the button to open the elevator. 'Let me go with you,' the man said. Then they stepped in the elevator together. They visited a city in the sky, where gods and goddesses lived. They guarded the so-called Eye of Blood, by which they ruled. Inua had already an arrow on her bow, ready to shoot. She could see the eye from the elevator, and shot through it's fleeces. The elevator fell back, together with the whole city of gods. It was all coming down. The man didn't survive the fall, but Inua did, and ran into the wilderness. Then she went back to her cave. The Eye of Blood was a conspiracy of ghosts who had implanted thin and small saws into the genitals of their victims, to let them live in deceiving visions.
7. She was now the bloodbather, behind the walls of paradise, where she dwelled between the volcanoes of death and blood. She was now weaving her palaces in the sky like the widow spider, from all the tears of men and gods, from all those royal tears, and she wove the hearts together of all the fallen warriors and their intestines, to raise the fleeces of pestilence and

drunkenness, she would settle her throne in war. She was the queen of delirium and intoxication, a huntress of deception. There was no seducer like her, time would come into slow motion around her, her arrows were sweet, bringing the weight of tragedy and torture, finally a deeper bitterness. She was from the garden of the snake, a wardancer, a poisonblower, through tubes of death and confusion. The intestines of fallen warriors she had woven into chalices, and she made dishes of their hearts.

8. She was the intoxicator, carrying the ancient secrets. She was a designer of heavenly cities, a conspiracy as well. She was a whisperer, a threat to the kings and their sons, to the queens and their daughters. She was an everlasting flame from hell, torturing the chosen ones by visions.
9. She was a treasure, a troll treasure. She was hell's calculated bartender. All she wanted was to make cigarettes of her visitors. And their heads would glow and she would bring the fire in them, all she wanted to see was them burning.
10. She was a weaver, taking the testicles and eyes of her enemies. She had a horned helmet, by which she showed the sweet venomous paths leading to the bitterness. She was the spider, the whore of destiny.
11. In the nights she would become the seven faces of Mercury, spoiling them by delights, all to fatten them up for a butcher called history. They had no names, but she would call them, to be a number and a slave. In her hands they grew, and by testicles she built her screaming walls behind which she hid her silences, where the mercury was her poison to hold. So many testicles of fallen warriors bound together. She could be found on beaches, where he lured them to watch her, until the sting of mercury took them away. They could not eat nor sleep, they could not breath nor move in bed, for she was in their head. By a bisonhat she showed them the paths of venomous sweetness ending in a bitter death.
12. She was a calculated horror, with cups from mars and spain. She was living in Jerusalem, rebuilding it again. Was it a hidden Rome so sugared, hiding the sting of hell, or was it innocence and ignorance, unable to find the right spell. The spell to raise the new mind, testicles bound together in a well, where fishes were nothing but testicles, and shrieking hunters possessed by sharp objects letting them bleed inside. They cannot stop their hunt. Something wants to come out. And this is all her pride.
13. The kings rise on their morningbeds, all ready for a new day, while she rides on peacocks, the warrior goddess. She is a weaver, a dancer of swords and spears. And while she is pregnant she is so soft, until the morning comes with it's black blood and grey coffins. Jerusalem is in her hands, her feet are demanding, equipping soldiers to open the gates of the promised land. She is the black spider, white in her strike, rebuilding the heavens, by the testicles of the fallen. Where Mercury had it's seat, she rises with fleeces, so thick, surrounding the mind, where soldiers had their stands, she speaks deadly accurate words.
14. In a bleeding bed she has her Spain, the grapes are ripe. In a bleeding bed she welcomes her tomorrow, as a bleeding dove, ready for sacrifice. She tastes death so many times, she has sweet feet hiding the bitter seat, a golden sun of scorn, testicles woven together by the whore. She has her chalice here under black waters, filled with brown desires. Mercury was here before, now she is riding it's horse. Yes, seven faces she has, to spread her evil, and mess. It is the new mind, a new calculator, on the testicles of once such mighty men, they are in hell while their tops are broken. The eye of the spider has spoken. It is here, Mercury had it's place, but the night is over.
15. She is the one with many feet, they call her a spider, setting them free. She is torn inside, for there was always a fight between her and her mercury, she lives in an eternal war, and the chemical disease spreads it, by pestilence and hysteria. There is war in her chalice, and much paranoia. The skin of her back is soft, swept by swans and heavenly feathers, while her mind

is hell, covered by bats and zombies. She is the tormentor of the new day, the knocker on hearts.

16. In a Spanish church she has her many faces, where the whore of dentistry has her coffins. Where angels of scorn and no care lead the mass by fear. Testicles have been pierced by the chains of Mercury, her seven faces. When she speaks, soldiers are near. Her voice like a moderator, rivers of poisonous deaths to raise the leg of the ballerina, her feet denying everything, on her toes it's written she doesn't care. Lethe has them in her hands, the trips across the Styx were dangerous and expensive, while Charon comforts their souls.
17. where the trolls run free in the huntingfields. Mercury has them in chains, with cups full of liberties. She is the black spider, stretching out on her beds, while so many are dying. On her toes it's written queen of scorn. Seven toes will rise in the black night, to guide them by her light. She is the queen of scorn, a moderator of hell. When she speaks the snares are breaking, and men are weeping. The church she closes by her wings. She speaks while temples are rising, and then the poison catches them all. She holds them in a tight grip, waiting for them on a tall shore. She lets them fall when they have almost made it, and they fall hard, like goats thrown from a tower. She builds her sands, and by deserts she creates time, all to lock them up in prisons of lights.
18. She is in chains, this woman, her nipples pierced, deep into her breasts, whenever she moves the sweetness falls to the earth. Oh, the whore, dwelling among the testicles of bulls. The seven faces of Orion is she, a secret of mercury perfectly denied.

Mercurian Archers

19. In the gates of Bellatrix, a bard was standing, a troubadour, where I found the key. Here the guards of Bellatrix stood, hiding the secrets of Rome. For one Rome is yellow, another Rome is green, and the black Rome is Jerusalem, in her cup was the mercury, from which her disciples drank, to raise the black spider. Here she moves slowly, her nipples chained, spreading sweet poisons to feed her children. Here the whore of the ages dances, to entertain the black jokers, who hide deep in their churches. Here she lives behind tall and thick walls of tragedy, bathing in splendour and prosperity. Here the guards of Bellatrix rise, her popes, to spread their pestilences. Here she had her robe, woven of the testicles of her enemies, and the eyes of slain cattle. Here she licked the blood from her lips, and mercury was still the flame in her heart. And the fat on her body, on her thighs and buttocks, testify against her, where the hyenas are writing in her head, the words of an old song and an old story.
20. Can we come across the walls of Jerusalem, and enter our freedom again, free on the fields, or are we in her grip forever. Her eyes are enchanting, her mouth is chanting, her body is moving, intoxicating our minds.
21. We have seen her, we have watched her, we have read her spells. We have seen the pharisees rising in our midst, the whisperers, and still we felt safe in her, for she was our mother. Can anyone break the black bloodline. We have seen her dancing, and we wanted to be like her, loved by a million stars. In the gates of Bellatrix the guards are standing, these soldiers of a black night. Was she just another slave of Rome ?
22. This Rome is black, tortured by Spanish soldiers, driven in her cage, where she dances day and night. She is the marjorette.
23. Mercury church, where the kings are shouting, where the guards of Bellatrix stand tall ... When Mercury rises tall in Bellatrix, they will all fall ...
24. A mystery called Inua was their queen, slowly sliding through the veils, showing the apocalypse, the war under the skin ... She raises her poisoned apple high, and then she takes a bite ... Queen of intoxication you have always been my delight
25. In mercury church it's snowing, where they sit, bound and chained, and someone preaches

from the letters, by mercury they were filled. Here they have their dances, and those who can't dance will be killed. From here the tornadoes are rising until you understand the secret, mercury was it's veils.

26. I was frozen when I understood the riddle, and the guards of Bellatrix followed me. They were the moderators of hell, and the age of mercury had just begun ...

6.

1. Feathervoice, polydivorce,
2. I saw the first salt tree and I was shocked.

The Needles of Pill-A ; The Eye of Tears

3. A captive woke up in a camp of native american women. He had been a prisoner here for awhile. The women seemed to be insane, claiming he had committed an unforgivable sin, and therefore he was their prisoner of doom. They had put him in an arena where he had to fight, and where he actually got partly paralyzed and spasmic. Now he was laying there, in a tent, inbetween some native women, waiting for the everlasting torment to come, as a punishment for his wicked deeds, of which he didn't know what it was. He felt misjudged, but his dreams at nights seemed beautiful, deep, haunting, as was this place.
4. He felt a hand on his shoulder. A woman stood before him. It was Tara from Rhodes, his saviour. She led him out of this place. She brought him to her home, somewhere behind rocks, in a sandy cave. It was raining outside. She took care of his wounds. The women with their evil grins still tormented his mind, but this woman was so different. She gave him a sword and a knife, but he was still paralyzed and in spasm. But when he held it, soon power streamed through his body. 'What is that ?' he asked.
5. 'You have been chosen by the gods,' Tara spoke.
6. 'For what ?' he asked.
7. She didn't speak. After awhile she said : 'Just believe it.'
8. He admired this woman, so he believed what she said. She had saved him.
9. 'Please, don't let me have to go back to where I came from,' he begged her.
10. 'You are safe here,' she spoke. Two wolves were licking him. Outside he could see a river where crocodiles were. On the sandy shore there were also some leopards.
11. 'The animals keep you safe,' she spoke.
12. He was still trembling, but she caressed him and calmed him. He was in her arms. He fell asleep and dreamt about the drugs of nature, the serums of paradise. Spiders were stinging his muscles, and they were like dying, and an organ in his stomach took control, soft powers, guided by an unknown sun. In his dreams he saw the lovely face of Tara.
13. He woke up and knew that everything was but a dream. He was still the captive of these native american women, savage indians, who had his heart. There was red lace tied around his hips. These women seemed to be very organized as there were more captives with red lace.
14. One day he had to appear before their queen, who was painted in red, and he asked her what he had done wrong. 'First of all, you are a male,' she said. 'Second : you have muscles. Third : you have brains.'
15. 'But you have them too,' he said.
16. 'No,' the queen spoke. 'Just advanced nipples.'

17. 'Can I have them too ?' he asked.
18. 'No,' the queen said. 'It is unforgivable that you have been like this, and that you have used it. It is called abuse, you have abused your powers, your false powers, you have used your muscles and brains against women.'
19. 'No, I have not,' he said. 'I have never used my muscles against women. I have never hit a woman, only maybe for self defense.'
20. 'You are starting to get insecure, by saying : maybe,' said the queen, 'and what about your brains. Didn't you use them to humiliate women ?'
21. 'Never,' said the man.
22. 'Is that all you can say ?' asked the queen. 'Here females are above males. You have to get used to that. Here we rule. No one comes against us. Spiders will feast on your muscles. You will be a good snack, then a good slave.'
23. 'You have to give me a second chance,' said the man. 'A chance to let me be more like you.'
24. 'Never,' said the queen. 'You will never be like us. Deal with that. You belong to the everlasting torment and the everlasting arena.'
25. The man watched the cruel faces of the other girls who were with the queen. They stood there merciless. He knew that every escape from here would just be a dream. They didn't let him sleep much, but sometimes he just fainted.
26. 'There is no hope for creatures like you,' the queen said. 'Neither for your children.'
27. 'That sounds racistic,' said the man.
28. 'I don't care what you think,' the queen said. All captives were allowed to see the queen only one time in their lives, so the queen took the time for him, but he couldn't get through to her. Slowly she turned into a python, and went away.
29. It was like she had stung him, and he felt like he was dying. He knew there was nothing left to do but to accept that he was in this place forever, and that he had comfort in his dreams. It was not all that bad, as he could sleep and faint. He led a double life, and he knew that these two lives would form and transform each other, until he would have a satisfying point of view on them.
30. In his dreams he dreamt about the nipple sun, with nipplian warriors, invading everything. The creatures on here were wild, beyond the duck sun. The nipple sun was like a mind police, beheading the giants of the muscle age. Cobras took their bodies over, and showed their heads on their bodies. Tara from Rhodes was big in his dreams, and she made his terrible life with the native women look like fragments. It was like it was all just a few seconds of the day. All flashes. he fainted more and more, entering his dream world, just different frequencies of life. He could tune in and out.
31. The source of Pill-A was on the nipple sun, where he also found a substance called Pill-B, nipplian seed. This seemed to be the secret of Tara from Rhodes, the secret of her power. She ruled over the illusions with her sword, taking him in.
32. She took him to Mars, and to it's core, Betelgeuse, to which the nipple sun was just a key. Here nature and life was good. The crocodiles were big. The rivers were of blood. It was hell. She was a sharp voice in his head, the voice of the python, whispering. She showed him the key, a solar key, of so many suns, of a solar stairway, transforming him, and bringing him into the depths of Betelgeuse, absorbing all the other experiences he ever had. Here the hippos were. It was the core of Mars. The flies ruled here. The Eye of Tax was soaring here. Tara said it was the last enemy to be defeated. It was the creator of the muscles and the brains, as in a conspiracy, as it made captives.

33. 'How to defeat it ?' he asked.
34. 'Only a female can do it,' Tara spoke. She told a vague story about a yellow pyramid which would lead to the yellow sun, a good security against the Eye of Tax. In the distance a stairway seemed to be burning. Tara spoke that the yellow sun was a key to enter deeper into Betelgeuse. She said that in the depths of Betelgeuse the yellow sun would release substances which would trigger a doom in the universe to transform everything. This was why the yellow sun was an important path or elevator in Betelgeuse.
35. Some said the yellow sun was the sun of tears, while others said it was the sun of jokes and the sun of laughing. Fact was that anyone who would approach the yellow sun would stop aging, unless the yellow sun would not let them through, then they would age even faster. There were of course ways to age in the depths of Betelgeuse, but it was just more controllable.
36. The laugh gas of the yellow sun made people happy, although that was what it looked like, when Tara took the man on a trip. But it was scorn, and it led to tears. There were many tear lakes in the depths of Betelgeuse, which was like a hot desert area. Tara gave the man a ring on which his oxygen statistics could be seen, and it was to be controlled from there. The yellow sun was like a train into the depths of this desert, guided by tall paradise birds. He needed to control his oxygen, or he would die here. He needed to learn how to breath. She led him along the pee-lakes of monsters and beasts, where they had peed, wells of healing. She taught him the secrets of nature, there, in the depths of Betelgeuse. His mind broke free from so many restrictions, but he also had to worship the goddess. He had to live in devotion to her. And for the sake of nature he had to be sacrificed to her, and her wrath had to be poured out on him, as in an eternal punishment. He had to be rejected, as a religious experience of doom, he had to feel the everlasting torment.
37. It was Betelgeuse's Theology demanding this, and there was no escape. There could not be an everlasting bliss without this everlasting damnation. There could not be an everlasting peace without an everlasting war. There was such a balance here, by such a split. There could not be an everlasting marriage to the goddess without the everlasting divorce to the goddess. Tara said that this was the reset of the chip and it was nothing but a game. She told him that the goddess loved him very much, and that he was chosen by her for this game. She wanted to heal his past. She would arm him through this ritual.
38. The Eye of Tax was still soaring above them, looking like an insect. It looked like a big swollen muscle, through which slime was streaming. It was very slimy and greasy. Tara took the man into a lake of monster-pee, where the pee of beasts was mixed, and the pee of dragons, and it seemed to be a healing well, but after awhile it caused trauma. But there seemed to be no other option. The man was confused, and so was Tara. The Eye of Tax was after them. It stalked them. The traumas seemed to actually protect them against the Eye, as otherwise it would enslave them. They both felt a pressure on them. Tara was fighting for her life, and at the same time she had to protect the man, but it was hard on her. They heard noises in the distance. Gigantic dragons showed up, but they could begin nothing against the Eye of Tax. Suddenly the Eye of Tax swallowed Tara. When it spat her out she was under slime, as in an egg. She felt like she was burning. She was screaming. The man got stung by the Eye and got paralyzed. He remembered this feeling. It was like his past was taking over.
39. Cream came forth from the Eye, covering them both. They were both like burning, as in a flame. Soon they were surrounded by males with big breasts and big muscles. 'The splinters of Fragma,' said Tara.
40. 'What is that ?' the man asked.
41. 'These men are just parts of this Eye,' Tara said. 'They are the workers of it's foam, Fragma, his spirit. It keeps them drunk. They do not care, only for their pleasure. They live in jokes,

- lies.'
- 42.They both fell into an enormous depth, while the Eye of Tax seemed to be feasting on their flesh. 'These men are guards of another world,' Tara said, 'but they will soon die.'
- 43.'I hope so,' the man said. 'They are evil.'
- 44.Suddenly they were gliding into the tear lakes of beasts, monsters and dragons. It was like their traumas were soothing. 'it works,' Tara said. 'Whenever the Eye of Tax stalks, it leads us to these lakes.'
- 45.'What will happen ?' the man asked.
- 46.The lakes were like burning, but it was also calming them, as there was a softening substance in it. The tears were very neutralizing. It attached itself to their bodies, and started to heal the wounds.
- 47.'Manerka,' a voice spoke. There was another man in the lake. Soon they saw beasts, dragons and monsters appearing. The Eye of Tax was shrieking. The tears were on them like foam and jewelry, like fleeces as lace. It was enslaving them for war.
- 48.'I can breath !' the man shouted.
- 49.'Welcome to the army,' the other man said.
- 50.On a dragon a queen-like woman was riding, sitting on a saddle. She was covered by lace and leather, as in a traditional armor. She had horns, and she was partly veiled, and had a short skirt. She was moving towards them, but then fell away.
- 51.The Eye of Tax was spitting fire, but the tear lake was swallowing them into it's depths. The man lost his consciousness. He felt like dreaming, and suddenly he could shake so many worlds off of him. He watched his dreams shifting in a huge pearl. The pearl was slimy and greasy, very steamy. 'Don't touch the pearl,' a voice spoke. It was the queen-like figure with the horns. 'I am here to intoxicate you, you need the witch,' she said. 'Here all the realities shift.'
- 52.'I do not know what is real and what is not,' said the man. 'I do not know what to trust and what not, I do not know the truth.'
- 53.'Come,' said the queen, and led him to a hall behind them. The hall was full of beastly warriors. They formed the elements of animals. They looked like rhinos. 'The watchers of Doom,' said the queen. 'They are waiting for their hour.'
- 54.'Who are they, and what are they going to do ?' asked the man.
- 55.'They are eye-eaters,' said the queen. 'They are going to eat the Eye of Tax.'
- 56.'Who leads them ?' asked the man.
- 57.'Tara from Rhodes will lead them,' said the queen. 'I sent her to you, as you have been chosen by the gods. She is the Law of Tax, the opposite force, waiting to blind the eye, and endarken it.'
- 58.A darkness fell upon them. The hour was almost there. Tara from Rhodes soared above the rhinos, as if she had wings of light, but it was darkness. She had a trumpet and a viking helmet, a horned helmet.
- 59.'Who or what is Tax ?' asked the man.
- 60.'The thief,' said the queen. 'But if the thief is not bound to the law, then the thief is evil. The thief needs to be legal, stealing back what others have reaved.'
- 61.'Oh,' said the man, 'sounds interesting.'

62. 'Interesting, right ?' said the queen. Then it was silent for awhile. The man lost consciousness again. he knew he was in the tear lakes. It felt like his whole body was crying, and like his eye was dying. It felt like he completely lost it. He was blind, and the only light was the darkness. The Eye of Tax was a criminal and a murderer, but Tara arrested it.
63. In dreams he saw her and he worshipped her, as she was the harmony. She was the paradox. He wanted to know this Law of Tax. He wanted to be on her side. But he also knew inside there would always be an eye, so he had to search for the right eye. He fell into a field of bison hunters. The eyes of the bison hunters were red. They had the eyes of tax. He could see this empire in the distance, where bison hunters ruled. He knew the only eye who could set them free was the Eye of Tears. He knew they worshipped it in the empire, he just knew. It was like a vision went right through him. He saw angels on horses, but then he fell away again. The Eye of Tears in him was like a drug.

The Dark Side of Betelgeuse

64. The Eye of Tax was a machine of snobs, men who thought they were superior, an elite. In the depths of Betelgeuse there were the starvation farms, where men were turned into those who had the weakness of little babies. They were prepared to become slaves of the Eye of Tears. Soon the man was there as well, all other visions were dying. He had to live in a tear. The tear would feed them, although not too much. It was a sort of milk to make them even weaker. The tear would give them power, but not too much, often by spasm. They lived by strange contractions and hyperventilation. The theology was that they had to become weak and empty to be able to receive the power of the Eye of Tears, the goddess. And this theology demanded also that they went through the divorce with Her, and to be completely rejected by her, to be doomed by her, living under her wrath as an eternal punishment. In this they would reach enlightenment, by the depths of endarkenment. She was a cruel goddess, only to show them the flashes of grace. There was no grace for those doomed by Her. They were nothing but her milk-cows. But it was to awaken an extra sense. He felt like a weak child, stung by spiders, he felt like a fly guided by strange power. He was not able to hold anything. Everything slid through his fingers. He was bathing in milk lakes of monsters, beasts and dragons.
65. He had seen the dark side of Betelgeuse, where the females were the stronger race, and the males the weaker, where the eyes were the seals of drugs. And the breasts of native women, savage indians, were the taps of the milk of confusion. There were no answers, no one was helping him, and soon he was thinking that it was all an evil conspiracy, and he accepted the evilness in his life. There was no other way. Resisting it was pointless.
66. He was sinking away in the experience, while death was calling him. He found an oracle like a disc, like a wheel, and he held it tight. 'The male represents youth,' said the oracle, 'while the female represents growth and death. And you have to go into the depths rather than fighting at the surface. But we are all children after all.'
67. In the depths he saw the beauty of death, all colours torn apart until there was only white and red. He felt it as a rebirth. Everything moved by death, by falling from great height, by huge pain, but at the same time there was bliss and softness, as the softness of feathers. Only pale colours came through, yet it was intense. Here the Eye of Death was soaring, as a tap of the fluids of extasy. These all came as pale lights. It was all painted by thunder and lightening. The beauty of death was an ingredient the cook of life used.

Hyena Girls

68. The pirates were on a low hill, where they were gambling. In the forests hyena girls were howling. Soon they had captured the pirates, and killed them. It was quiet now on the island. No sounds, no streaming of beer. The pirates often made such a noise, but it was over now. The hyena girls could live on in peace. At least that was what they wished, what they tried to

gain.

69. Horrotensia was a loud girl, but also quiet now. She stared at the trees, and felt herself getting cloaked by the jungle. She was a hyena girl, a leader. Hyena girls were arrogant and proud, often noisy, but this time they were silent. They enjoyed the sudden death of the pirates. They had waited for this so long. They had finally prepared a good attack. It was good now.
70. They were almost sliding through the wet jungle, covering themselves in mud, and soon howling again. And they opened up to the natural savage sounds of the jungle again. The pirates were dead, and they rejoiced.
But soon more pirates came to the island, and a war started. The hyenas didn't want to reveal themselves, but this time they had to. They had to defend their island. Many pirates got killed, and the others fled. Some were even naked, because their clothes had been stripped off. It was almost like the hyenas had given them a chance to escape. But it was to their shame that they had lost their clothes.
71. I was wandering through the jungles of Tallus. When I was young hyena girls had pierced my muscles by sharp bones with feathers tied to both sides. It would prevent my muscles from developing themselves too much. They were afraid that I would dominate them when I would grow up. They starved me also. They had collared me, but I could escape. Now I was wandering in the jungles again, because in the cities gross men ruled over women. Their bodies were deformed by an overload of muscles. They formed a threat to anyone. I would rather be free in the jungles, although there was a risk that I would be caught again by hyena girls.
72. In Troslik, a city of Tallus, I spoke to a guy named Max Laatner. He knew some places in the jungle safe from hyena girls. So I was on my way to these places. I found myself a cave, and dressed up as savage as I could. I had to hunt to survive. There lived many pigs here, oxes, wildebeasts, all sorts of goats, lambs, chickens and buffaloes. I started farming them more or less. Max Laatner said that a lot of berries grew here which could be deadly for the children of the hyena girls.
73. Hyena girls usually tied up their captives very tight, so that it would disturb the blood circulation, and that especially children couldn't develop themselves well. It would give them the signs of spasm and hyperventilation, while it disturbed their mental orientation as well. Some weren't capable of speaking well, but this was all to maintain the rule of the hyena girls, and to prevent any form of male domination. This was how the hyena girls preserved their race.
74. She was smiling. Suddenly she stood before me with ropes. She asked me to kneel before her. 'Why?' I asked. 'Are you scared of me?' Before I knew she had struck me down, and I was rolling in pain at her feet. 'Finally you kneel,' she said with a grin. I looked upwards to her. 'Who ... who are you?' I asked. 'That's none of your business,' she said. She tied my hands behind my back and I felt pretty hopeless. Then she tied my neck, and took me with her on a leash. It was a long walk. She brought me to a camp of hyena girls. They were mocking me when I entered, laughing at me. I felt weak and humiliated. Some girl took care of my wound. The other girl had hit me pretty hard by an object. 'Don't think you will ever escape from here,' said the girl softly. She had feathers and small beads around her waste, tied around some animal skin. It looked like pig leather. I was actually scared and felt like crying. Her big breasts were very close to me, which spread a milky scent, and it made me feel paralyzed even more. Some said the scent of the breasts of hyena girls was one of their most dangerous weapons. It could mind-control their prey. Max Laatner had also said this. The girl who had caught me would have been wandering around in order to find prey. It was a nasty capture. I was shaking wildly before the girl who cared for my wound, trying to get rid of the rope which had tied my hands together. She smiled. 'Why do you want to escape?'

she said. 'The jungles are full of predators who would eat you alive. We have much better manners.' I sighed. Her body felt warm, but she also kept a certain distance. She took two sharp bones with feathers tied to their ends. Then she pushed them softly through my arm muscles. I cried of pain, and started shrieking. 'This is to keep you from ruling over us, boy,' she spoke softly. I could hardly hear her. She was almost whispering. I was shivering. Now she started to care for these wounds also. I was bleeding. I had troubles breathing. I was scared they would push more of such sharp thin bones through me. I was crying at her feet, begging her for mercy, but she was just grinning. She had an evil look on her face, but also calm and almost innocent. She acted like it was all right. I could maybe understand her, for a grown up man could be a terrible threat. They didn't take any risks. There was always the danger lurking around for them of being enslaved by men from the cities or pirates. Suddenly she kicked me hard into my stomach, and I rolled over again. When I woke up I had many more sharp thin bones with feathers through my muscles. Everywhere on my body. I felt like in torture. They brought me to one of their leaders. I was still bleeding. When she saw me she laughed. 'Good, he can't do much against us now,' she said. She was also covered in pig skin, while her big brown breasts were revealed as a threat towards me. I felt dizzy, and in sharp pain. It looked like some fluids were dripping from her breasts, but others had told me that these could also be ghost visions. It was when the pirates were tapping beer and letting it stream richly, such things could happen. It was the most horrible sound ever. The streaming of beer was a great horror. I was very scared of her breasts. They looked intimidating. She could see it in my eyes, and smelled my fear. 'Why are you scared of some naked women ?' she asked with scorn. 'You are a weakling, aren't you. You are weak.' ... 'Maybe he doesn't like to see naked women,' another girl spoke. 'Kneel before me, boy,' the leader said. I had to sit down. I was almost crying of pain and dizziness. But they didn't let me sit. I had to kneel. 'No one will help you here,' she said with a harsh tone. 'You're lost.' Then they took me to a bamboo cage. I was hungry, but they didn't feed me. I still had the idea that some fluid was dripping from their breasts, or maybe they were just oily. My wounds healed very well, and I had to live with these piercings in my muscles. They would also tie leashes to these piercings at times to yank me with them. This was a very painful thing, because these spots were so sensitive. They seemed very sadistic and cruel to me, but on the other side it was for their survival. They didn't take any risks with men. They would feed me sometimes with these breast fluids in a cup, to keep me from dying. But it was a fact that they were starving me.

75. She moved her belt a bit lower, until it started to reveal some pubic hair. Then she removed the belt together with the pig leather, so that all her pubic hair was revealed. I was struck by terror when she stood there with her huge hips, while her female hood was exposed to me. The smell of it made me in fear about what she would do to me. I suddenly felt even weaker and helpless. She said down with her legs in front of her and moved her legs closer to me. She firmly pushed her huge feet against my body. I was lying down while shivering. Then she started to push softly. When her feet touched one of my nipples I felt a strong feeling of despair. I was in a shock. I didn't know what she wanted. I could smell the strong scent of her feet. As if it wanted to tell me that she was superior to me, and dominant. I was in a caged part in the cave where I had slept, where she had entered. My upper body was not covered by the cow skin and the pig skin blankets anymore. She pulled the leash of my collar. 'Kneel for me, slave,' she said. ... 'Why ?' I asked. 'I was sleeping.' ... 'Because I want it,' she said. She had a rod in her hand, which looked like a whip. 'You don't want to be punished, don't you ?' she asked. I knelt before her. 'Good boy,' she said. Her feet were almost oily. She gave me a cup with fluids, and I had to drink. It smelled like her feet ... My throat started to tinkle, as if I had drunk strong spicy ale. She smiled. 'Good boy,' she said. A softness was flowing through my body, and a warmth, not only making me soft, but also much weaker.

- 76.The next day I had to work on their farm, feeding the pigs.
- 77.Long ago, at the coasts of Keter, genderless pirates, who were like ghosts and jokers, created manhood as an attempt to rule Tallus. They created it as a fluid, and it partly succeeded. But they couldn't conquer the hyena girls. The pirates of Keter, these tricksters, have often tried since then, but with not much success. However in the cities they ruled, and they could increase their trade market. The power of the hyena girls only grew, as they saw in men a slave. Those who could escape from the hyena girls were called hyena boys, but they were often captured by the hyena girls again. Then they were mockingly called pig boys. I guess I was both. I wanted to join the hyena boys, who would live somewhere in the jungle.
- 78.She moved closer to me ... Her arms crossed, covering her breasts ... She sat down, and told me I had to learn about the over thousand sorts of pigs they had, their differences, and how they felt. That was a huge task. I told her about my dream of being saved by hyena boys. She showed me their cages, where they had been tied behind their backs, starved. She told me that I had to give up my dreams.
- 79.There were many sorts of cows as well. I had to feed them. I wondered if hyena boys could really be free with such girls in the neighbourhood. Some said that hyena boys had a dark secret, that they were still living in slavery to hyena girls. But I didn't know. Maybe there were just many different sorts of camps. I just knew I wanted to join them. But here these hyena girls discouraged that. Actually they would guard me even more now. I felt like I had betrayed myself. 'You have to stay close to us, boy,' she said. 'The jungle is dangerous, and hyena boys in freedom are more dangerous than we are. They do much crueller things than we do. They kill visitors by drowning.' ... 'Oh, I'm sure they will have to protect themselves,' I said. 'They might be very paranoid because of what has happened to them. But it is interesting.' ... 'Well, we save you from drowning,' she said. 'Drowning is a terrible death.'

The Chalice of Pehnen

- 80.In a time even far before Atlantis a group of ravenous and wasted men came from a war. Their bodies were bony and they cried like babies. They were slayers. The air was hot, and the rivers smelled like the urine of beasts. It was a waste land. Their bodies were aching, as if they had been stung by strange flies. They washed their wounds in the river and laid down. They were hungry as there was no food. They had gone insane by the hunger already long ago. Often they had the habit to play a game, and the loser or losers had to become the meal of the day. They were cannibals. But this time they were so tired that they couldn't afford themselves to play any game. They wouldn't even fight for a piece of meat. Somehow something was preventing them. Suddenly there was lightening everywhere. On a chariot surrounded by leopards a woman stood, wellfed, much thicker than they were. 'Asla'in,' she shouted. 'Stand on your feet.' One of the men slowly crept to her and tried to stand on his legs, but then fell to the ground again in the dust. Then she shouted some other names, and they also came forward to her, trying to stand on their legs, but they were trembling because of the heat. The war and the weather made them like this, and the fact that they were so hungry.
- 81.'You know what has been promised to the hungry warriors, right ?' the woman shouted. Then the woman left again. The men crept further along the river until they reached the oasis. Here they had their tents and their huts. Another woman was here, surrounded by large cats. She held a skull in her hands, while the slayers were staring at her. 'The skull of Solvotor, sorceror of the winds,' one of the men whispered. 'By this device they rule us.' She came closer to them. A lizard tongue came forth from the skull, and it was like the men were struck in their brains.
- 81.One of the cats started to lick one of the men. 'What do you want from us ?' another man was shouting. He was almost shrieking, because these men couldn't talk normal anymore.

Suddenly the wind struck them again, and the men became so insane that they started the war against their own group. Smaller groups began to arise, and the waste land was in a strange flame, even their oasis was wasted now. The woman left while laughing.

82. The men became even more wasted now, until they were like boys. Asla'in and some others could escape from this tragic fate. They wandered along the river, in search for their goddess. They feared her, they were captivated by her, but they were also longing for her. They wanted to cross the river to go to her palace, to beg for mercy. But while they swam across the river, full of the urine of beasts they lost their last piece of sanity. Asla'in couldn't hold himself up anymore, and was slowly drowning. In the distance he saw the palace. He was struck by confusion. She showed him in a chrystal ball the insane wasted ones who died at stakes. The chrystal ball was overflowing with blood. 'And you know I have the skull of abundance,' she said. He knew she was talking about the skull of Solvotor. She looked wellfed. He didn't dare to question her. All who would eat from the insides of the skull would become like her. She showed him the skull. He knew the skull could strike. He hoped she would have favour on him. She gave him a piece of meat from out of the skull. He carefully ate, but he immediately began to burn. Then she gave him the skull, but she held it tight in her hands also. 'Here, drink of the blood,' she said. He drank, while something struck him in the head. He fell down, and she started laughing. 'You have drunk of the skull of Solvotor, the chalice of Pehnen.'

Spears of Mars

83. She was walking on a path over the hills near the mountains and the sea. Beautiful large flowers were growing here, producing so many tantalizing smells. The sun was radiating very strongly on her body. In the distance she saw the sunbeams like falling on the mountains and the waters, like washing them by the most serene reflections. She had no idea of the horror taking place in the waters, a horror which would soon take her also. A wind would come from the waters and take her, to move with her to the mountains. There the wind would show her a gate into the depths of Mars, a secret path to Tantalos, the place of hunger.
84. A woman was waking up from her dream. Today she would go to a shaman in a mountain close to her place. When she got there, she told the shaman about her dream. 'Oh, but I know the road to Tantalos,' the old man said. He showed her a map and directed his finger to a covered hole in the ground. 'There the souls of no hope live. They are doomed to hunt forever. They have never enough.'
85. The woman smiled. She took care of her horse by caressing its hair. She didn't believe the old man. Then the old man started to laugh too. 'But once there was a time' the man said 'that this place really existed. It was like a world underground. This was in the days that Nectracter was the king of Mars. He banned a lot of warprisoners to that place. They had to work with horses. Feeding them and using them in warfare. Here they had to fight in the so-called Gladiator Wars.' The old man bowed a bit forward and started to tell the story :
86. 'Long ago there was an old shaman, who guarded the gate to Tantalos. He was one of Nectracters servants. He begged Nectracter to not let young boys go to the area, for the old shaman couldn't sleep of the crying coming through the gate. So Nectracter once closed the gate. Since then no one could find the path to Tantalos again, and no one ever saw one of them back. But since the old shaman died the villagers close to the mountain heard all sorts of noises coming from the mountain every night, and it was getting louder and louder, like shrieking boys. So one night some villagers went to the mountain to find out about the noise, but they couldn't find anything.'
87. There was one woman in the village who told about the story of the nine spears. The story came from the time of Nectracter. It was about Nectracter who went to the place called

Tantalos, and he asked for the nine spears. These nine spears were in the hands of gladiators who would also win, so Nectracter thought these spears were miracle-spears. He took the nine spears away from these gladiators and they all died in the next war. Nectracter took the spears to his palace in Wiktorossus, the royal city. They said that Nectracter was the only one who could visit Tantalos since then, by the miracle-spears.'

88. Then the old shaman smiled to the woman. He walked towards the covered hole, opened it, and took a spear out of the whole. 'This is one of these spears,' he said. 'I got it from my teacher who gave it to me just before he died. He had served Nectracter's son for a long time, and got it as a present. But now I want to give it to you, as I am getting older,' the shaman said to the woman.

89. She never forgot about this moment, when she got the spear. By the spear she became a ruler of Tantalos, but there were also eight other rulers, all bearers of the spears of Nectracter.

90. Originally these spears weren't from gladiators, but from martyrs in the depths of Tantalos. Now they were in the hands of nine rulers. In the West there was the kingdom of Vivikwiktus, the sorceror. He had one of the spears and his powers were enormous. His hiding place was surrounded by an area they called the Python Chess. These were caves in which white hairy tiles were moving. On some tiles you could step, but others faded away after awhile, or fell into the depths. Sometimes if you would stay too long on a certain tile, arrows would come forward from it. Vivikwiktus ruled time and chronology in Tantalos, as he had the spear of time. He could freeze the minds and bodies of his enemies, or burn them, by this spear of time.

91. The only one who could come close to Vivikwiktus was the raven. Vivikwiktus had a place where the flames of time were dwelling. Some of his captured ravens he used to bring these flames all over Mars, to rule everything.

92. But Vivikwiktus also wanted the other eight spears to have absolute powers. And he needed his ravens for this evil plan.

93. In the North of the Westside of Tantalos Sareaster lived, an old man. He was a shaman, a sorceror and a necromancer, having the spear of family. He could bring powerful visions over Mars to give the illusion of birth and parentship. He tied souls together by giving them the illusion of power in such a net. But it was Sareaster who made these divisions and actually weakened these souls. These family-frames were prisons and slaveries, but also breedings. Vivikwiktus desired this spear, as he wanted to zombificate Mars into his plans.

94. One day a raven came to the woman. She wanted to trick her, and asked her to come to the realms of Vivikwiktus, as he had interest in a conversation with her. The woman stepped on the back of the raven, and took her spear with her. In the palace of Vivikwiktus he was already waiting for her. Immediately he started talking about her spear, how he desired it. The woman smiled, and thought he was making a joke. He had his own spear. She knew he was another ruler of Tantalos, but she didn't know of his evil intentions. She had the South, and he the West. But he invited her to do a game with him. The one who won got both spears.

95. But the woman refused. Vivikwiktus then tried to hypnotize her, and to lure her to the room of games. The room was like a building, where huge automatons stood tall. The woman got attracted, and soon she found herself playing behind such an automaton. On the screen she saw a three dimensional city with cars, like she was looking through a tall window. It was almost like she could step into that world. Then Vivikwiktus said they could. They could take a car and drive through the city, to the finish. A strange desire suddenly started to master the woman and her feelings. Before she knew it, she sat in the car, but then it was like her conscience was screaming to her : 'Don't do ! Call for your spear !'

96. So the woman called for her spear, and all of a sudden she stood in the gamehall again. She held her spear tight. Vivikwiktus stood before her, staring at her, also taking his spear tight. Then he directed his spear at her, and said loud : We will battle for the dominion and power over Mars !

97. The woman suddenly felt weak, and knew she made a mistake of going here. A horrible fight started, and finally Vivikwiktus took her hair and held his spear against her throat. 'Everything moves, because of me,' he said. 'I am master of time, and I will be master of Mars.' Her spear fell out of her hands, as she felt weakness flowing through her hands, slowly starting to freeze her. A cold feeling was climbing up through her spine, searching for her mouth to gag her, but quickly she called for her spear to save her. As in a second Vivikwiktus layed on the ground, and the woman ran away. She suddenly felt there was a strong force flowing around the spear, and the spear took her up, and flew away with her through a window. She now knew that she couldn't trust Vivikwiktus, and that he was a dangerous enemy. She had to be on her guard. And she also realised that the other seven rulers might also be enemies. She was losing more and more the trust she had. She could only trust her spear.

98. But on the other hand she was thinking maybe she needed the other seven when Vivikwiktus would strike again. Maybe she had to warn them. But first she needed to know more about them.

7.

1. Be slaves of Mother God in great fear, and rejoice in trembling. Salvation and victory belongs to Mother God. Her blessing, as a gift of peace and a wind to cause to kneel is on Her people.
2. How long will She turn my glory into shame, insulting and humiliating me ? How long will She confuse me ?
3. I have to offer sacrifices, to slay in divine judgement.
4. She has put pleasure in my heart with great fear and grief.
5. She has established me as a butcher. Her glory on me is heavy and burdensome.
6. Listen to my shriek, oh Mother God. For to You I will pray.
7. Don't rebuke me in your anger. Have mercy on me, Mother God, for I am weak and exhausted. My bones are terrified.
8. Put your enemies in fear, oh Mother God.
9. Their mouths are full of cursing, deceit and oppressing fraud. Their tongues are full of slander, vanity and idolatry.
10. When their foundations are destroyed, what can they do ?
11. Mother God is in Her holy temple, Her throne is in hell.
12. Upon the wicked and the guilty, upon the criminals and the condemned She will rain snares, fire and brimstone, and a raging sorrow.
13. To fear the Mother God is forever, to be more desired than fine gold, sweeter than honey.
14. It will bring pigs at Her feet, where they lick Her feet, begging for mercy, while there will be no mercy.
15. For they have sinned against Her, and broken Her laws. Under guilt they will live.
16. Some trust in chariots and others in horses, but we will remember the Name of the Mother God.

17. We will remember Her, but She cannot be trusted. She is holy.
18. In Her anger She deceives and punishes. She has made snares, even for the righteous ones. No one is keeping Her commandments, therefore the earth is doomed. In Her wrath there is no hope and trust.
19. Some trust in their father gods, and the sons of these gods, but Mother God will tread them, and tear them down. You have put your trust in wood and stones. And you have sinned to the point of no return.
20. Mother God has turned you into pigs. You have become pigs by your sins. And Her hunt has begun. Where can you hide ? There is no place to hide for the Wrath of Mother God.
21. You are brought down and fallen, kneeling at Her feet.
22. The voice of Mother God is on the waters, Her voice is on the wilderness, and they all tremble.
23. Let no man trust in Her, for She cannot be trusted. She is Hell, She is Wrath, for they have sinned against Her. They have broken Her Laws. Mother God is Hate, not love. She is punishment and righteousness. There is no hope for a man finding out about Her ways. Weeping he will fall at Her feet, and Her mercy will not be upon him. In despair is the man who finds out about Her paths.
24. She has prepared the earth for slaughter.
25. Mother God has come to ensnare the earth, because of what was done to Her.
26. Mother God is fairer than the children of men, grace is poured into Her lips, therefore we are blessed.
27. Gird your knife upon your thigh, oh Mother God.
28. Your righteous hand teaches terrible things.
29. Your arrows are sharp in the hearts of your victims, where they fall.
30. For Mother God is terrible.
31. All the nations will be subdued under Her feet.
32. Therefore do not trust in Her. She is holy. She has evil plans with the world. Therefore get to know Her. Search for the hyena gnosis, Her knowledge.
33. She has calculated evil against the world, therefore be in brokenness.
34. How long do you think She can take sin ? She will wash Her feet in the blood of the wicked. She will tread down Her enemies.
35. Do not trust in Her. She is a wild animal. Do not think you can tame Her. She will not hear your prayers.
36. When you praise Her, you will betray your shelter, and She will come to devour you, because She smelled blood.
37. Do not have hope in Her. She is not hope, but terror.
38. Come therefore to Her in the deepest of the wilderness, for it is better to suffer close to Her, than to suffer far away.
39. To be with Her should be enough.
40. Through everlasting damnation She will lead to honey dripping from Her breast.
41. She is not a shield. When we fall in the hands of our enemies, She doesn't deliver us. She is of no forgiveness.

42. Her fierce wrath goes over me, Her terrors have destroyed me. Her alarms in my head and soul came against me.
43. She has a mighty arm and a strong hand.
44. Justice is fastened firmly to Her body, and is the foundation of Her throne. There is no mercy and truth before Her throne.
45. She punishes the sinners with stripes. She clothes Her enemies with shame.
46. We can expect nothing but scorn from Her.

8.

1. She leads her captured kings to the underworld, where She mocks them. She dresses them with robes of scorn.
2. Her naked buttocks are a sign of scorn and terror.
3. In fear they will lay at her feet, after which she pushes them into the river to be devoured by wild beasts.

Kim the Pigslayer

4. She will drag doomed sinners to the places of punishment by leashes. And she will establish Her Vihod, which is the softness of horses, but also the yellow, the insanity and disease. The Hanik-Vuh is the priestly slavery by which we have to sacrifice, until we can approach Her.
5. We have to sacrifice and fight, in order to have Hanik-Vuh as the gift of prophesy. It is the sweet priestly slavery of Hanik-Vuh. Hunters, come closer and sacrifice your fish, in order to hear Mother God. Much blood has to flow to speak one word, and to hear one word.
6. Much has to be sacrificed, hunters and warriors, to enter. Only in blood we can hear Her. Her voice will enter us to pierce our hearts and enslave us. By the Hanik-Vuhod, remorse, we are Her gladiators, to be led into Her deeper arenas. Her messages come as a piercing smell from her altars of slaughter, and we have tied Her enemies to stakes.
7. We lost our hearts on the battlefield to Her. Pigs are the veils of the gnosis, the knowledge. Kim-Vuk is the pighunter, Kim-Varu is the pighell and Kim-Darm is the pigbreeder, literally the green stinging fly, and sometimes : bleeding pig, stretching, making taller.
8. The Kim-Varu-Darm is the pigsmith, and the Kim-Darm-Vuk is the pigtailor, the Kim-Varu-Vuk is the pighut-builder.

